DECEMBER

A. N. C.

# Esquire

**• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

**FICTION · SPORTS · HUMOR**
**CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS**

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## ARTICLES

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LAURENCE HOUSMAN
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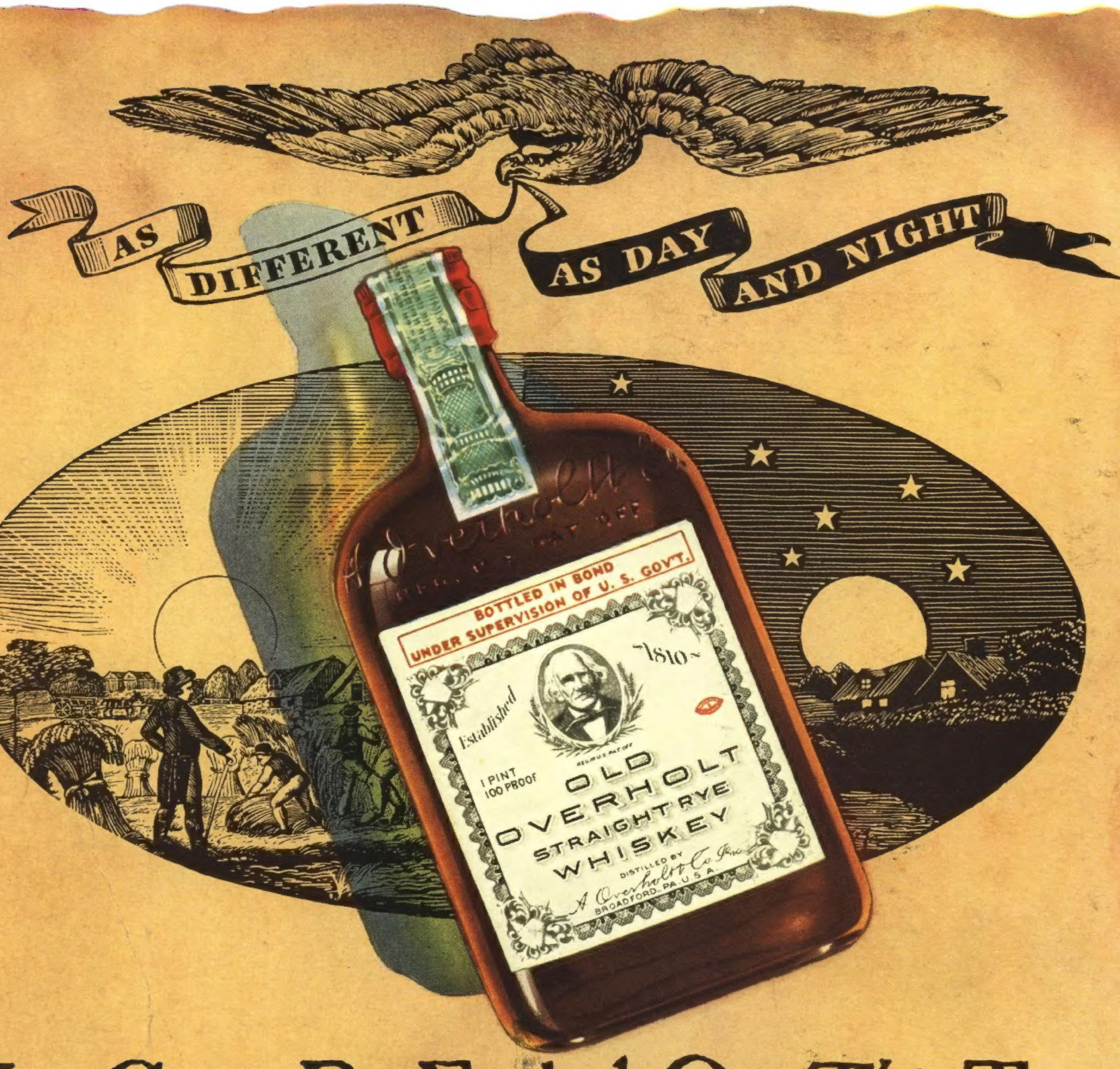
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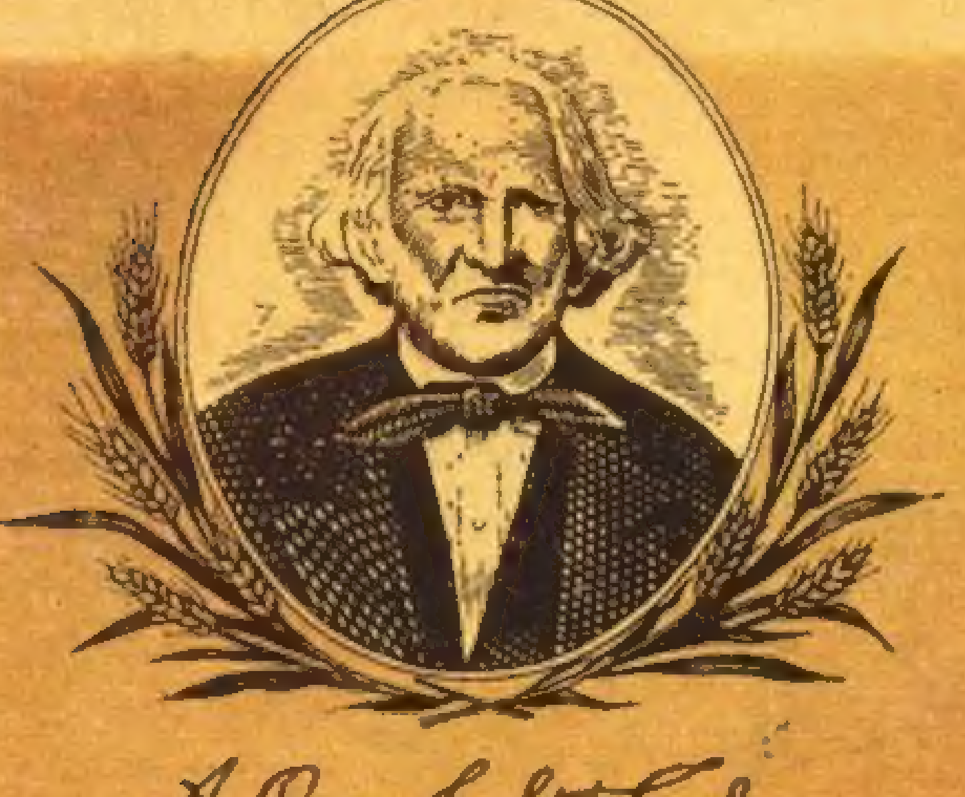

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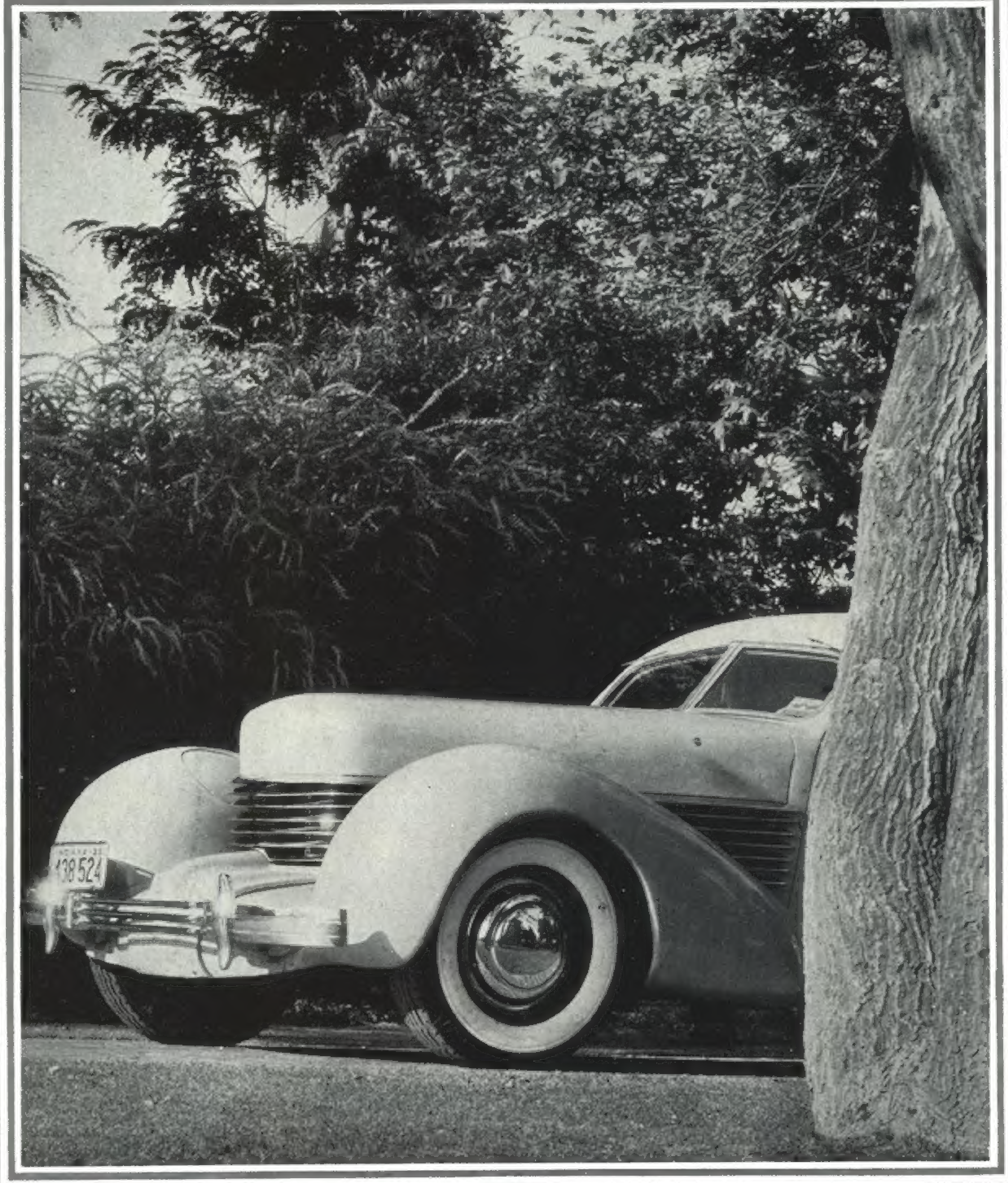

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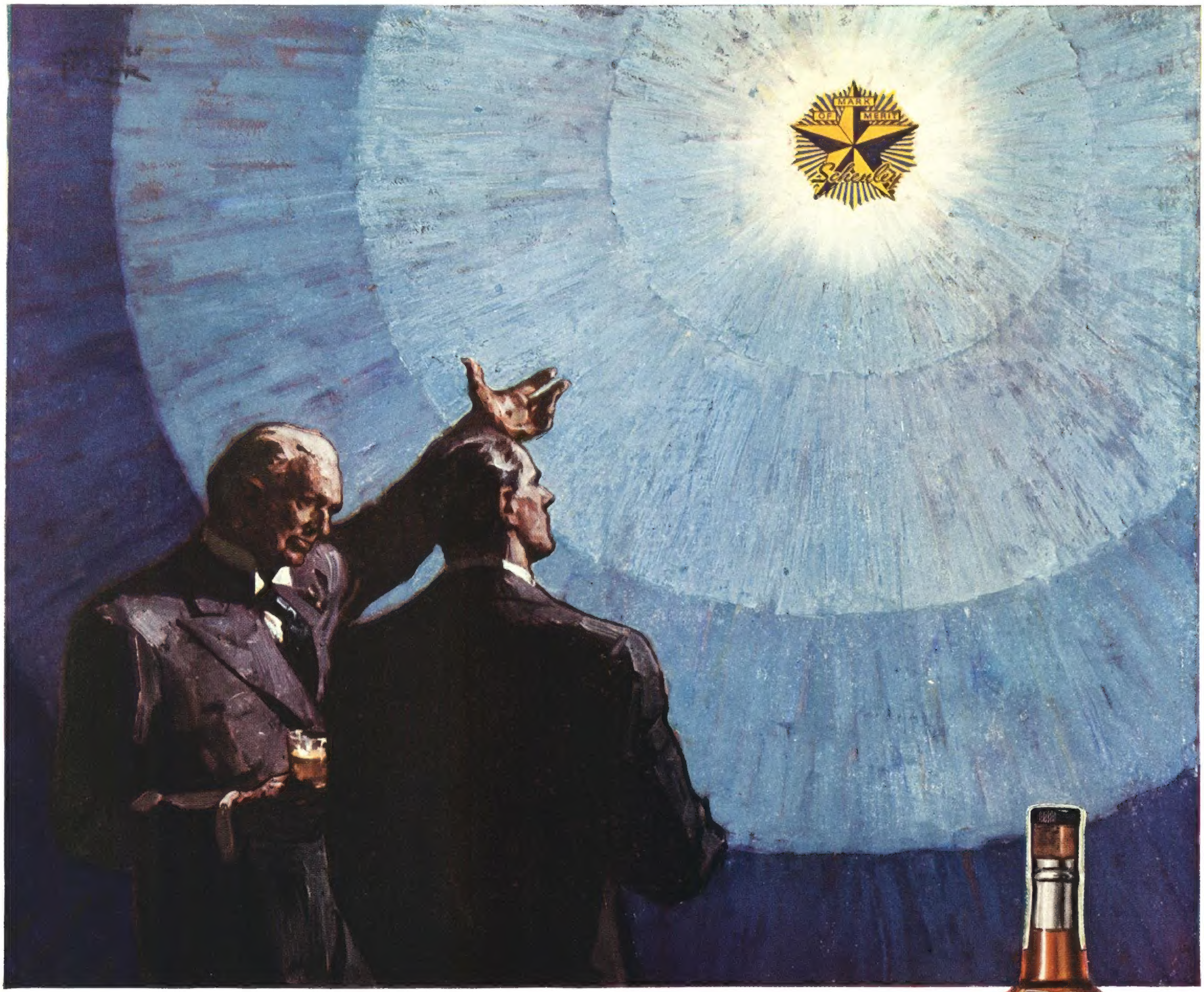
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Straight
WHISKEY
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SCHENLEY'S
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MADE IN U.S.A.
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ONE QUART
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100 PROOF
OF THIS SPECIAL RESERVE STOCK THERE IS BUT A LIMITED SUPPLY OF WHICH THIS IS BOTTLE No

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Never sold until 4 years old. Proudly wears the Mark of Merit.

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**Straight Whiskey** **Bottled in Bond**

**Under U. S. Government Supervision**

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Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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*Art Directors:* John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

### *Autobiography of a two year old*

On October fifteenth, the day this was written, the magazine was two years old, this fifty cent magazine that the experts said couldn't hope to sell more than twenty-five thousand copies, this magazine whose first dummy-prospectus was shown during the ominous calm of the bank holiday, whose first number was put forth, like a tentative elbow to test the warmth of the bathwater, as a quarterly rather than a monthly, and the non-appearance of whose next issue was predicted by the "insiders" every month that whole first year. That first issue, in case you never saw it or have forgotten it, had no little Esquire figure on the cover, had no theatre, movie, and record departments, no *Painting the Town* or *Talking Shop*, no liquor ads, since Repeal was still around the corner, no Sakhnoffsky streamlines, and naturally, since it was a first number, no *Sound & Fury* section. Among those who are still present, it had Hemingway, Caldwell, Komroff, Seldes, Buckner, Campbell, Groth, Baer, Ty Mahon and Petty. With December and the first monthly issue, dated January '34, came Rascoe, Sakhnoffsky and Stage-Door Johnny Weaver. And little Esq. appeared on the cover. (We hate the nickname Esky.) We threatened to print "a story that no commercial magazine would touch with a ten-foot pole," and the Langston Hughes controversy was on, to rage in the *S & F* for ninety days, bringing in mail from every civilized country. There were blank pages for the liquor advertising space in those copies intended for the dry states. But we ran short in the wet states, and "dry" copies had to be shipped into New York where the blank pages were a nine-day wonder. And Christmas Eve, around eleven o'clock, a fellow phoned from Detroit to give us ten gift subscription orders, and we all pitched in to get the magazines addressed and the gift cards filled in in time to catch the midnight train. The circulation was a little over a hundred thousand. You could almost count the ads on your two hands. With the February issue Meyer Levin joined up, and sanity and reason came at last into the handling of manuscripts. Printed rejection slips were abandoned. The front cover still carried, and kept for two months, the legend Now Issued Every Month. March brought Louis Paul's first published story. March also saw the folio numbers moved up to the top of the page. With May Gus began handling the makeup, and sanity and reason came into the carryovers in the back of the book. In June of that year we discovered Maurice Freed. In July the advertising department was seething because advertisers and prospects complained that a Maurois story was risque. The editorial department got Cautioned. August saw the beginning of Georgie-Porgie Nathan's six-months' romp in the *S. & F.*, where he made 'em all cry. September: We began labeling the fiction, articles, etc. November: Russell Boyd set out to make the world safe for piano players and John D. Morse made a casual mention of Stewart's *Handbook of the Pacific*. Inquiries about it still clutter our mail. And Paul Webb alienated the Mother's Day interests with the one about *Maw's baby*. December: Louis Paul's first published story won the O. Henry Memorial Award. We recorded astonishment that the magazine's circulation was almost two hundred thousand. January: Carol Dinan captured the *S. & F.* with a single crack. February: Petty began building body-jobs for Old Gold and the country's college boys. March: Maurice Freed discovered New York and Eric Lundgren discovered Chicago. April: Lawton Mackall began *Painting the Town*. Petty wowed 'em with "Oh you would—would you!" and women kept calling up and writing in for an explanation. And some people say it isn't a man's magazine. We naively offered a few free reprints of a Campbell spread. Twenty thousand requests swamped the mail room. May: Robert Saunders Dowst gave you *Omaha* in the Derby without ifs or buts while the odds were still sweet. And Johnny Weaver predicted that *The Old Maid* would be Pulitzer Prized and that the choice would be unpopular. June: Invention and installation of the Dingus, the typographical equivalent of ringing a gong to show that a story is ended. That was also the month we "discovered" Ambrose Bierce. September: *Notes on the Next War*, Hemingway's Ethiopian dope-sheet, was reprinted from coast to coast and in several European countries. October: Dobbs advertised women's hats. Frank Scully predicted that Joe Louis would crack Baer in half in five rounds and if you still aren't rich it's because you believed the "insiders" who said it was in the bag for Baer. November: Men, bullets, scalpels, the malady of power and the power of propaganda. December: Johnny Weaver sights greener pastures and tells us that the January issue will have to be his last. Two contributors who have never missed an issue are Gilbert Seldes and E. Simms Campbell. We record astonishment that the magazine's circulation is almost three hundred thousand. . . .

ESQUIRE
Dec., 1935

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Canada, Central America and South America, $5.00 in advance; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. IV, No. 6
Whole No. 25

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### FUN IS FUN BUT . . .

I am taking a moment of my time, and of yours, to tell you that I think you are doing a splendid and vitally important thing, in publishing such articles as Mr. Hemingway's *The Malady of Power*, and Dr. Maltz's *Men, Bullets and Scalpels.* Such powerful straight thinking articles must influence and inspire all who are so fortunate as to read them.

I thoroughly enjoy all the fun which you present so entertainingly, but I feel that it is of the gravest importance, now, to insist upon a serious consideration of the war situation.

I am a busy woman, with an eleven year old daughter to support and educate, and I think I am accurate in saying that I have never felt impelled to write this type of letter, previously.

May we have more subject matter such as the two articles referred to? I wish they might be read and thoughtfully considered in every home in the United States.

Sincerely yours,
Germantown, Pa. Lalah Taylor

### ROUSING THE IRISH IN MEYER

Those who break into a cold sweat under the "climb up on my knee Sonny Boy" approach on the stage and screen and over the radio probably gnashed their teeth at Levin's review of *The Irish In Us.*

However, a constant reader, who has studied human nature not alone through psychology textbooks, but by reading hundreds of case histories of mental patients and by talking with dozens of them is here to congratulate Levin on this tiny bit of propaganda against the fostering of the mother-fixation.

Of course your reviewer didn't have any enormous social and psychological reform in mind, but unconsciously or otherwise displayed a psychiatrist's insight into emotional life.

Perhaps this communication will never get into print in the *Sound and Fury* because it displays a paucity of wisecracks. Still, the world is so jammed with sufferers from an Oedipus complex that I wish you would call especial attention to Levin's review of the movie horror which is so often repeated.

Utica, N. Y. George La Fond Cantzlaar

### CARPETCALL FOR JOHANNES STEEL

When Johannes Steel wrote *A Tyrant in Tears* he doubtless assumed that the editors and readers of Esquire knew so little about Ethiopia that he could get away with it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Steel's article is a crazyquilt of truths, half-truths, inaccuracies, exaggerations, distortions, imaginings, speculations, surmises, guesses, innuendoes, absurdities, nonsense and poppycock. It betrays such a palpably vicarious and third-hand knowledge of Ethiopia that I am surprised that the editors of Esquire, who strike me as being pretty fairly intelligent, should have failed to see through it.

For my part, I have no patience with those writers—"scrapbook men" they are called in newspaper offices—who weave news despatches, Sunday supplement yarns, rumors, tittle-tattle, juicy bits of scandal and backstairs gossip into articles which they present to the public as authentic.

Throughout his article Mr. Steel betrays an ignorance of Ethiopia which will make those who really know that country smile—or toss Esquire into the waste-basket. For example, he speaks of the "Seraies" of Addis Ababa being closed. "Serai" is a Persian word meaning "inn" or "harem" and is never used in Ethiopia. He refers to the Duke of Gloucester as "the British Ray's son," apparently confusing Le Roi Soleil with the Hindustani "raj." He speaks of "tribal lords being carried out on Houdahs," which is a particularly choice bit, for "howdah" is the Hindustani name for the railed seat on an elephant's back, there are no domesticated elephants in Ethiopia, and, if there were, it may be doubted whether their howdahs would be employed as stretchers to convey chieftains who have passed out to the vomitorium.

These are slips which might be made by any one unfamiliar with the country who was trying to give his narrative an air of verisimilitude by splashing it with local color. But the same cannot be said for Mr. Steel's implication that Haile Selassie did away with the late Empress Zauditu. (I note that Mr. Steel spells her name "Zaudita.") Incidentally, she was not Haile Selassie's mother-in-law, as Mr. Steel states, but his aunt. She told me so herself. I do not know whether she was poisoned or died a natural death, but I am perfectly certain that Mr. Steel does not know either.

Mr Steel makes the flat assertion that Haile Selassie "in 1923 served at Tetuan, under an assumed name, as private in the Spanish Foreign Legion." Now, as it happens, I was in Addis Ababa for a considerable time in the early part of 1924 and had many talks with the then Ras Tafari Makonnen. He told me that he had never set foot outside of Ethiopia, barring a two-day trip to Aden, and the British and French ministers and the doctors in charge of the American medical mission told me the same thing. As these gentlemen saw the Regent almost daily, it is to be assumed that they knew whereof they spoke. The assertion that the ruler of Ethiopia absented himself from his capital for a considerable length of time, made his way incognito to Morocco, and enlisted in the Spanish army under an assumed name is not only incredible, it is fantastic.

I hold no brief for Haile Selassie—the American press and public seem to have recognized the ability, shrewdness and courage of the man—and on occasion, when it does no harm, I am not averse to drawing the long-bow myself. But, for the sake of sensation, Mr. Steel has virtually accused the present Emperor of Ethiopia, a figure of world-wide interest and importance, with having ordered the murder of the Empress Zauditu, his aunt. This is a very grave accusation. Yet in support of it Mr. Steel does not offer a shadow of proof—not even the sort of proof that might be accepted by a Nazi police court.

If, in the future, you wish the articles in Esquire to be taken seriously, then you should label any further contributions by Mr. Steel as fiction.

To take the bad taste out of your mouth, let me add that the articles on international affairs by Ernest Hemingway are the best, fairest and most convincing that have appeared in any magazine for a long, long time.

Sincerely,
Carmel, Calif. E. Alexander Powell

### MEMO: TELL DOBBS ABOUT HARPER'S B.

So sorry just another female invader of your "Magazine for Men," but I couldn't resist the urge any longer. I come to hoist the white flag of truce, and admit defeat. It's true that an ad for women, even Dobb's, has no place in Esquire. After all, women have a monopoly on ad space anyway. If they want to look at styles, there's *Harper's Bazaar*. Same price and lots of hats. And what hats!

Just received your November issue, but haven't gotten any farther than *Sound & Fury*. That department keeps me so busy going back over the previous issue that I practically never catch up.

*And Sudden Death* should be read by all those scatter-brained drivers, but probably won't be. I thought Buckner's *Father Forgive Me* excellent, but that *Monkey Thinking* thing didn't have much point, except to remind us of something better forgotten. *Enchanted Slippers* brought a snicker, and not just to me either.

Petty's for November is a great improvement over October's "Maid," that is comparing the legs. *Rape of Rhona* a masterpiece.

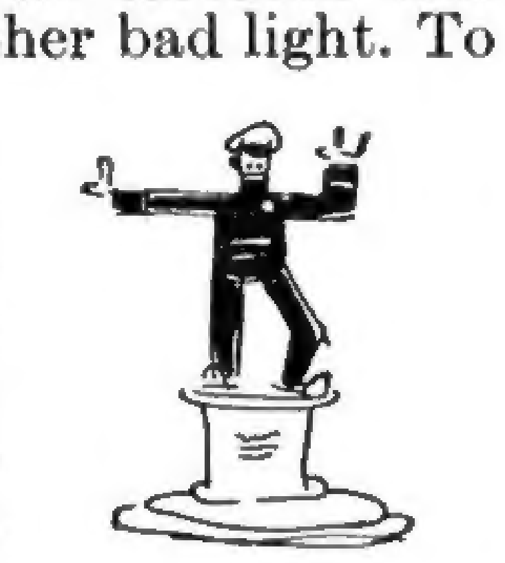
No one agrees more heartily with Carleton Smith on tenors than I. Though I can't say much about their love life (Thank God!) I will now take the grand plunge into November.

Detroit, Mich. B. Turner

P.S.—I've seen men dressed like those in Esquire, and they weren't sissies either.

### CARTOONS AS CRIME PREVENTION

In the October issue I found two cartoons that showed the police officer in a rather bad light. To me this is not as bad as if it appeared in a children's magazine but nevertheless many men have childish ideas in regard to the law enforcement agencies of their own community. Will not Esquire join in the fight against the criminal rather than belittling the officer who in most cases is doing the best he can in face of a great amount of political interference?



Very truly yours,
Police Department, D. Ransom Sherretz,
Honolulu, Hawaii Head Crime Prevention Div.

### AGONY COLUMN

Will the gentleman from Indianapolis who forgot to sign his name or address to 2500 highly interesting words on Monopedia in response to *The March of the Wooden Legged Soldiers* in the September issue of Esquire communicate again with an extremely grateful author so that the correspondence may be continued?

Faithfully always,
Burbank, Calif. Frank Scully

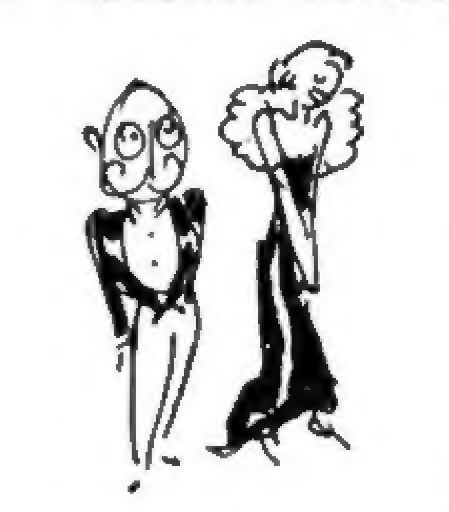
### PROPAGANDA ITEM

Meyer Levin: I was very glad to see your forthright declarations concerning all this militaristic movie propaganda. There can't be too much exposure. It has been laid on so crassly it is indeed disgusting and nauseating. It is refreshing to know one major publication and reviewer will remark this criminal fomenting of war—and remark it forcefully and at length.

Chicago, Ill. Ernest Brooks

### OBJECTION TO OBJECTION

We have never, until today, written to a radio announcer, a movie star, or an editor. We have been tempted several times to congratulate you on your most excellent magazine, but someone else is always doing it and we shouldn't like you to become conceited. We read each issue of Esquire through from cover to cover. We like your drawings too—and here is a special orchid to Mr. Petty. If we were Americans we would certainly smoke Old Golds.



You seem to be collecting a great deal of malicious criticism recently. Good old *Sound and Fury* is becoming more and more sound-ful and certainly more fury-ous. Maybe our intellect isn't all it should be but we cannot imagine what is the matter with those people. They must have nasty minds. Besides, if your magazine is as sordid and soul-effacing as they say, we fail to see why they read it. We believe that the public libraries still expound the virtues of Horatio Alger —and thereby fifty cents may be saved.

Our reason for writing you is this. We object to the fact that some of your masculine readers object to the fact that we read your magazine, and that you cater to us just a bit. (Reference—a couple of letters in the November issue.) We suppose that these outbursts were caused by the appearance in the October issue of an unobtrusive piece of feminine head-gear. Well, we didn't like the hat either. In fact we wouldn't be found dead in it. We think you did an injustice to yourself and Mr. Dobbs by advertising it. (Somebody must have complained because this month's hat is much better.)

In spite (or because) of the aforesaid, it seems a shame that you men should have a monopoly on the privileges in this world. So, with(out) your kind permission we will continue our subscription to Esquire.

Toronto, Canada D. and N.

P. S.—Unlike our friend of the November letter, we won't cry if you do not publish this. We haven't mentioned it to a soul.

P. P. S.—If you require an honest-to-goodness signature to the above, one of us is,
Naomi McGahey

### JUST ONE OF OUR YES-MEN

*A Thought on Women's Ads*—Do the Gentlemen of the Fury still object? Yes—a thousand times yes. Dudley B. Tenney's letter on page 171 of the November issue voices my own thoughts on the subject almost completely. If he had said, "keep letters from women out of *The Sound and the Fury*" he would have made my letter unnecessary.

I am no misogynist nor even a misanthrope. But here was a magazine for men and I liked it. There are dozens of magazines for women—even the *Parents' Magazine* is for women. It is amusing to see how hard the poor thing tries to give the impression it is meant for fathers as well as Mothers. (Capitalized intentionally and practically inevitably).

Married? Oh yes—seventeen years—same wife—two boys, two girls.

Women are all right. But in a magazine for men they should be viewed and considered objectively—should take no active part—otherwise—well v.s.

Yours very truly,
Princeton, N. J. Frank T. Gorman

*Continued on page 8*

# *A brand-new, grand new toast to Thanksgiving!*

# . . . THE FOUR ROSES COCKTAIL

*The new Four Roses Cocktail . . .*
*easy to make . . . a joy to take!*
(for 4 persons)

4 jiggers Four Roses Whiskey
2 jiggers French Vermouth
½ jigger White Creme de Menthe
1 dash Angostura Bitters

Shake well in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glasses, serve with twist of Lemon Peel.

• • •

THIS year, give your Thanksgiving dinner a glorious start to success with a brand-new cocktail—the Four Roses Cocktail!

It's a drink with all the alluring bouquet and all the full, satisfying flavor that have made Four Roses Whiskey the choice of connoisseurs.

For in Four Roses you have a whiskey made by the costliest method in the world—a method that takes more time and more grain. You have a whiskey so velvet-smooth, so mellow-rich, that it makes any drink taste better . . . So lay in a goodly supply of Four Roses. Let it help make this Thanksgiving the most pleasant you've ever known!

Three other famous Frankfort whiskies: PAUL JONES, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—blends of straight whiskies.

Send 10¢ in stamps for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

Four Roses
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Four Roses
One Pint

**FOUR ROSES WHISKEY**

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

Three thoughts I've had this week. None of them clever. Here they are:

1. About four o'clock this morning while doing the graveyard shift in a local papermill I opened my November ESQUIRE to the page devoted to Painting the Town. At the same time I opened my lunch box. Now I have never eaten caviar and know practically nothing about it, although I have heard strange tales about the potency of local sturgeon's eggs, especially when eaten in the evening. However I made myself the uninvited guest of the Town Painter and tagged along to Mon Paris, Coq Rouge, Tony's, the Waldorf and the French Casino where I watched him sample Snails a la Bourguignonne, Terrine of Liver of the Goose Mon Paris style, and such like, confining myself to a bologna and onion sandwich and a thermos cap full of not-too-hot coffee. We dined substantially, and it was during that period of comfortable relaxation which follows that I had my first thought—that ESQUIRE is to be congratulated in that it appeals to and reaches all classes.

2. Browsing on toward the cartoons my attention was arrested by the striking advertisement which temptingly offers a set of smart twin lighters for men only at prices from seven-fifty to one hundred dollars, and I made a mental correction in one statement in that ad and increased the truth of its copy about a hundred per cent. The revised statement reads, "For SOME Men Only."

3. And of course there is the subject of women's ads. The editor turns half a column into a half-hearted apology for so slipping, and then goes right ahead and slips some more. I suppose there is nothing we can do about it, but since the editor asked the question as to whether or not the Gentlemen of the Fury still object, the answer, for this Gentleman (thank you), is YES.

Yours nevertheless,

Neenah, Wis. H. H. ADERHOLD

### CHORUS OF ONE

I have postponed writing my opinion for one simple reason . . . to see how consistent ESQUIRE is. And now, after twelve months of fairly constant reading, I offer you my sincere congratulations.

Seems to me though that certain of your readers take too much for granted. In their epistles to *S. & F.* they try to talk for all the readers. This "we" stuff is right painful. I, for one, will try to vent my feelings, and mine alone. While I do object to devoting too much space to the feminine readers, I do enjoy reading their letters. Let them write, I say.

An orchid to Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky for his work in the November issue on the designing of a certain watch. The same to the watch company. Being in the business, I enjoy such things as this ad immensely.

Fresh out of writing material, so I'll close with the original thought of this humble brainchild . . . congrats. While I don't pretend to understand ALL the reading material, I hope to progress with Eskie.

A contributor,

Tampa, Fla. O. A. JENKINS

### HOW TO WIN THE RESPECT OF A DOG

You have utterly wasted valuable space in printing such drivel as *Crazy Over Dogs*, by Walter de Steigeur in the October issue of our magazine.

Mr. De Steigeur is disgusting to say the least, but if a confession be good for the soul then I trust his soul has been bettered.

There *is* something wrong with a man who doesn't like dogs.

The secret about Mr. De Steigeur is that he has an inferiority complex as to dogs. Whenever he meets a dog he shows it and the dog, no matter his degree of intelligence, senses it instantly and responds in the manner that Mr. De Steigeur approaches him.

I am not over-fond of dogs. I have only had one as a pet, and that was to do a favor for friends, by taking a puppy off their hands because they did not want him (with his ticks and fleas) around the children of the family. Yet, neither do I dislike dogs and dogs realize it instantly. I have never met a dog, no matter how vicious, with whom I could not and did not make friends.

Dogs only mirror the character of their human masters, and I always take this fact into consideration. Always treat a dog with respect, dignity, kindliness and friendliness, and the four-footed beast will respond in kind—be he watch-dog, lap-dog, bleary-eyed poodle, or the biggest wolf-hound to be found; for at heart a dog is a gentleman.

Mr. De Steigeur, conquer your inferiority complex, take the chip off your shoulder, and greet the next dog you meet in a genuinely honest friendliness, and no matter how extraordinary he be (as all the dogs in your article suspiciously are), he will respond in a likewise friendly manner. After that you will lose your disrespect for "man's most loyal friend," and it will be excellent for your soul.

Two things in the world can teach a man about his own character, namely, poker and dogs. Mr. de Steigeur, profit by the lessons that these dogs have been trying to teach you.

Very truly yours,

Jacksonville, Fla. BAYARD S. PITTS

### AS BETWEEN PILOTS

I wish to congratulate ESQUIRE for its achievement in securing the services of a pilot qualified to write about Aviation.

Every pilot knows that articles such as Mr. Craig's will help win universal confidence in Aviation. Mr. Craig's ability is exemplified in his description of nature's compensation to those who fly. Those ethereal scenes are just too much for most of us to describe. I have always regretted that most people are destined never to see them. I shall look forward to more of Mr. Craig's articles.

Private Pilot,

Baltimore, Md. S. A. KEDY

### MY HEART AT THY VOICE

Excerpts from *Visiting Strangers* by Aldous Huxley in the November issue:

—But what of naked voices?

—"In the whole world," she repeated; and the naked voice dissolved in tears.

—The nakedness of her voice was almost dry again.

—The naked voice seemed amorously to glow.

—"I'd been so longing to see you," she cried, nakedly, as she pressed my hands in both of hers.

—"And now," she went on with a rosier and more palpitating nudity of diction.

Now I ask you, isn't that a little too much nudity, even for ESQUIRE?

Nakedly yours,

Columbus, Ohio JAMES M. WESSEL

### THE DEAR DEAR PUBLIC

Never have I ever been so glad to see anything arrive as the attached expiration notice. The subscription was given me as a gift in the first place or it would never have been allowed space on my table, and God knows it takes up enough of that! No longer will I have to attempt to wade through the mess of drivel and fluff which you have the intestinal fortitude to call a Magazine (?). Of all the stuff and nonsense I have ever seen in my life you take the cake. Why don't you find a nice big hole and crawl in pulling the hole with you after attempting to perpetrate the lousy, obscene, licentious, unmitigated guff that you have been trying to put over on the poor long suffering public. Words fail me!

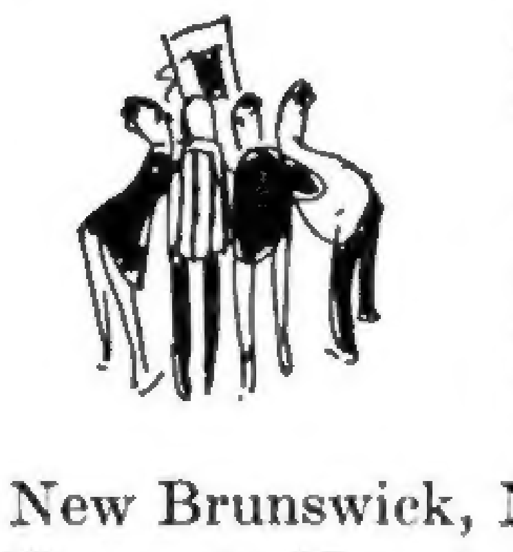
Insincerely,

Grass Valley, Calif. BAUM JORDAN

P. S.—How you lak dot wan, hein? Enclosed is my check for two more years and listen, you big bully, you lay off Gus, 'cause he tries hard anyway. And women's ads—BAH! Cheer-o.

### RIOT AT RUTGERS

This is one of the few times in my life that this has ever happened to me. Not that I'm bragging, either. I have found a gag that I just don't get. It seems that none of the other fellows get it either. It is the cartoon on page thirty-nine of the November issue. I can understand it if the young lady (?) is being *ad*dressed but otherwise, no reaction.



Please, please, please send an explanation soon; before there are raving lunatics running up and down the Banks of the Old Raritan.

Sincerely yours,

New Brunswick, N. J. J. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE! *The young lady (?) is not being addressed.*

### SOLD FOR FIVE MILLION

Today "Eskie" took the last four bits of this college boy's weekly allowance. After reading the article by Meyer Levin concerning "Annapolis Farewell" the investment was justified. I'm glad to see someone who frankly admits his dislike for the roles given Tom Brown and Dick Cromwell, but Levin preferred jumped a hundred points after that crack about "sweet and lovable Dickie Powell." I wish I had his courage to tell the gals what I think about their favorite hero.

I finally got my four Petty Pippins from Old Gold (adv.) and now I'd like to know if there are any other reprints of his masterpieces available. Any price below $4,800,000,000 will probably be accepted.

Very truly yours,

Washington, D. C. TOM CLINTON

### SO VAT?

I do not know the correct name for the disease which makes people write to magazines and newspapers but it is something akin to feeblemindedness, while in my case it may be just the desire to see my name in print, it is no doubt some sort or branch of the above. To tell you that your Magazine is good would be silly because you know it's good so why bother.

In some previous issue you requested that someone should write to you because you had nothing to do and wished to fill in the time between publication. Will you be kind enough to tell me why you insist to make your poor readers, who wish to enjoy an article or story turn from page 39 to 136 or some such? Is this really necessary? Why not bunch the Ads and give the reader a chance. The Ads of today are interesting enough in themselves and if they aren't they should be—so Vat 69.

Your "They shall not pass—the Ads" would be quite funny if it wasn't so sad—what is the matter with the charming sex? If the big He-Men for whom you edit this ESQUIRE balk—why just let them balk and make them like it. You really should give the girls a break, how about giving them one issue out of the 12 in which they can tell us things we may not like but should be told? How about it young man?

Your Candid Cameraman deserves a raise and I did enjoy *Monkey Thinking*, it certainly hits home, which of course, makes it rather embarrassing. This brings me to the "Finis." We are insulted when someone calls us a Jackass, but it would be interesting to know just what the animal thinks of this comparison.

Yours forgetfully,

Northampton, Mass. ERIC STAHLBERG

### BACK TO NATURE

Hello again. After six silent months I just have to chip in again. (Your reply to my last letter got me down no end.)

Hemingway told me how to write a story in the October issue. You're close to the big lug so see if you can get him to tip me off on how to write *and have printed* a letter to *S. & F.*

I like your thumb-to-nose attitude with the dizzier of the hecklers who are always threatening non-renewal of subscription over some small thing that doesn't please their puny brains.

Petty has been giving us too many pretty backs in his later classics—call off the censors and turn the gals around.

Play up to the ladies in the ads. It's oil in your can and doesn't hurt the mag a bit. Mine jumps in my lap to read ESKY each 15th. Gentlemen, at least for that I thank you.

You have a swell sense of humor. Don't lose it grubbing for four-bit pieces.

Yours very truly,

Vancouver, B. C. JACK R. ROSS

### CALL FOR EZRA POUND

What does Ez in Italy think about Hem in September?

I hear they sometimes agree.

It would be interesting—and stimulating—to us who are not in on the know—to know what is Ez's point of view.

Give us a break.

Yours,

Oakland, Calif. M. D. PETERS

*Continued on page 10*

Firestone
HEAVY DUTY

## Your guide to safety

In this day of fast-moving motor cars, safety from blowouts and skidding is of vital importance. To assure motoring safety for you and your family, Firestone builds tires that are made blowout-proof by the patented process of Gum-Dipping. The scientifically designed tread will stop a car 15% to 25% quicker than other well known makes.

Take no chances, equip your car now with Firestone High Speed Tires — *the Masterpiece of Tire Construction.*

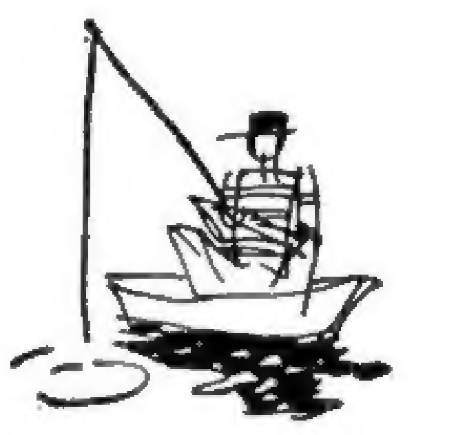
*Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks, Nelson Eddy, Margaret Speaks. Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network*

**Firestone**

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## MIAMI, WHERE FISH ARE FISH

As only one of the millions of fishermen in the United States I wish to register a request that Esquire use more, instead of less, articles on fishing as written by Ernest Hemingway and that he be encouraged to write more of them.



I am enclosing herewith check for one year's subscription to Esquire and I am subscribing with the sole purpose of not missing any of these articles. In fact it is quite satisfactory with me if you clip out and mail to me, the balance of the magazine, at a reduced rate, to go to some of these yauffers who have had their feet in the mud and never had their nose out in the blue.

Yours truly,

Miami, Fla. C. N. Cook

## BROAD-MINDED ESQ.

*A Tyrant in Tears* and *The Now Sainted Huey* are hereby commended for interest and timeliness. Ezra Pound on various accounts, and *A Primer of Economics* for clarity—and the *Memory of Fourteen* story for fineness, which is a quality not too common in good current fiction. Wm. Seabrook is always interesting. But one isn't prepared to say Nov. Esquire is one of your best numbers till we come to *S. & F.* Y'all's deportment in the matter of failing to print Paulsen's letter, resulting in his dire confusion, rather closely parallels offering a hungry trusting child a tidbit, only to snatch it from his eagerly outstretched hand. Here's hoping his reprisal, which could not be said to err on the side of understatement, gave surcease to his harrowed soul.

But what distinguishes Nov. Esquire above all other Esquires which was and which is to come (we feel confident), is the absolutely priceless communique from Casual Reader, Los Angeles. It was infinitely better than *What Are You Thinking of, my Love? Mrs. Dionne!* which is perhaps Esquire's highwater mark in cartoons. One could wax even more panegyrical over the caption and footnote to that entrancing letter. But it was sweet of the lady to promise to actually read an Esquire article. It is to be hoped that Esquire's editorial staff is properly appreciative of such a signal honor from a lady who so much reminds one of Proust's Mme. de Cambremer.

So, we cannot altogether contemn the incursions of the gentler (!) sex into the pages of Esquire—if confined to *S. & F.* But if you're going to run female ads the least you can do is to remove the *Magazine For Men* line; a magazine's ads are as indicative of its character as anything else in it. But one cannot but admire the brainy if specious argument favoring female ads.

I bet that Warshaw lad is a nice feller, and I hope Jean appreciates him, but don't take his advice about reducing the size of Esquire too seriously. There's plenty smaller magazines available. For instance, I can read every word in *Vanity Fair* (and usually do) in half an hour.

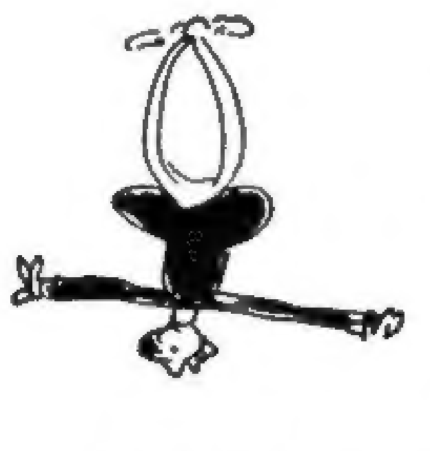
Altamont, N. Y. O. A. Williamson

P. S.—I'd have given four bits to have witnessed Hemingway's reaction to that luvhley perfume ad, smack dab agin his piece.

## ESSAY ON IMPACT

I read the article *And Sudden Death* by J. C. Furnas in October Esquire with keen interest. Especially since I had my right arm nearly amputated in a minor accident in 1922.

After five surgeons said it had to come off, one specialist gambled on leaving it remain with me but promised it would never be useful. Three months in the hospital, plus two operations, plus six month's religious exercise, netted me a good, hard socking right arm except for a scar that looks as though a hungry lion had chewed on it a while.



I decided to brush the dust off my slide rule and do a little figuring for you. In your article you mentioned 65 M.P.H. as a fair speed at which to have a nice sociable accident. That speed reduced to zero in the wink of an eye results in very nearly the same thing as jumping from the top of a 150-foot building to the street below. A trifling difference, 10.2 foot tons in the former case and 11.2 foot tons in the latter.

And think of it, the 30 calibre Springfield Express rifle bullet, one of the hardest hitting army rifle bullets in the world, shot from a rifle or a machine gun, hits you at a mere 1.47 foot tons—enough energy to drive it through forty ⅞-inch pine boards or ½-inch of cold rolled steel.

Here are some calculations. Average human weight 150 lbs.

| M. P. H. | Ft./Sec. | Ft. lbs. Energy | Ft. Tons Energy |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100 | 147 | 50,400 | 25.2 |
| 90 | 132 | 40,500 | 20.2 |
| 80 | 117 | 32,000 | 16.0 |
| 70 | 103 | 24,700 | 12.7 |
| 65 | 95 | 21,000 | 10.2 |
| 60 | 88 | 18,000 | 9.0 |
| 50 | 73 | 12,400 | 6.2 |
| 45 | 66 | 10,200 | 5.1 |
| 150-ft. Bldg. Jump | | | |
| 67 | 98 | 22,400 | 11.2 |
| 220 grain Bullet impact | | | |
| | 2,450 | 2,940 | 1.47 |

$$E = \tfrac{1}{2}MV^2 = \frac{WV^2}{2 \times 32.2}$$

$$W = 150 \text{ lbs.}$$

$$V = 95 \text{ ft./Sec.} = 65 \text{ M. P. H.}$$

$$E = \frac{150 \times 95^2}{2 \times 32.2}$$

$$= 21{,}000 \text{ ft. lbs.} = 10.2 \text{ ft. Tons}$$

Remember that a foot ton means a ton of material dropped or moved in space one foot.

Now suppose you select 40 m. p. h. to amiably nudge, head on, another car whose driver also feels 40 m. p. h. to be a fair cruising speed. Total impact speed were he standing still is 80 m. p. h. Now if you weigh 150 lbs. you hit the windshield at 32000 ft. lbs. energy, which probably disturbs the tranqulity of a splinter, or even a mob of splinters of glass, which might weigh as little as 220 grains (same weight as the 30 Springfield Express M.C. bullet). Said pieces of glass may be rude enough to spring at your face at 100 ft. lbs. force and were your face as hard as pine boards they would still penetrate to a depth of 1.2 inches. Pleasant thought isn't it.

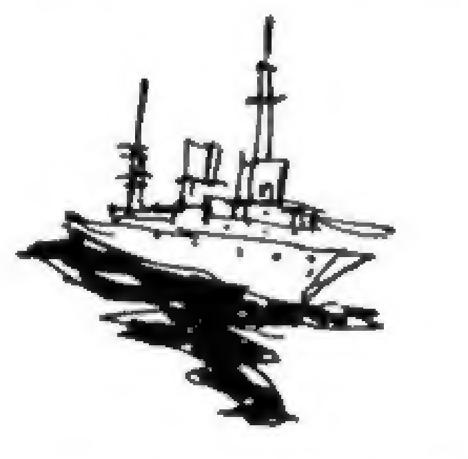
Perhaps forty miles per hr. is too sluggish a pace for you. The salesman said the old boat would do 90 miles per hour. You try it. Forty—fifty—sixty are passed up like needy relatives. You lean on the gas throttle as it were the rock of Gibralter. You succeed in doing 90, the world's fastest automobile doing 300 m. p. h. on a western dry lake is capable of only about three times your present speed. Thrilling, what? Now perhaps you have a tire on the car, new of course, that contains a hidden flaw which escaped the factory expert's tests and it decides to give up the ghost. Your car goes crazy and you hit the ditch or the inside of the car at any number of impacts from 40,500 ft. lbs. at 90 m.p.h. down to 18,000 ft. lbs. at 60 miles per hour if you're still interested. Likely as not you are in no position to be interested in anything from that instant. I thank you.

Yours truly,

Los Angeles, Calif. Noel P. Herrmann

## HANDSHAKE FROM THE FLEET

If Mr. John R. were to be placed in one of the situations described by Mr. Hemingway he might find himself becoming one of the "emotional morons" he so despises. Of course being only a seaman I lack the much vaunted intelligence. Even so I believe my courage both mental and physical is equal to that of the average man; and the average man to say the least, would be disgusted if not horrified.



Endure the horrors of war for what?

If it is selfish to desire a life of peace and beauty, then myself and a few million other morons are selfish to the highest degree. If there is anything beautiful in wholesale murder, then war is perfection. If masters of mob psychology are justified in working the public into a war fever then past wars were justified. But; to me with my admitted limitations of thought, the only real justification is invasion, and that excuses but one party.

If the highly improbable invasion did take place, the so-called "craven sentimentalist" would probably be found as far out in the front ranks as Mr. John R. of Pasadena.

Eskie I apologize for writing (my first and last attempt), but there comes a time.

Now if you'll shake the hands of Messrs. Rascoe and Hemingway, for me, I'll go below and turn in.

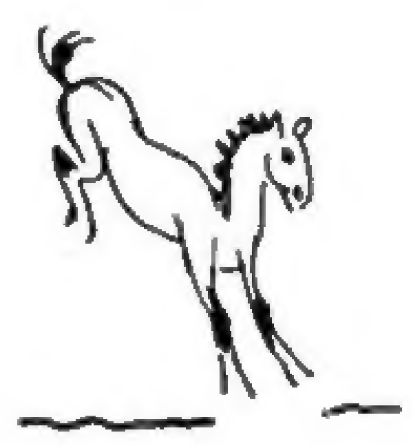
Sincerely,

U.S.N. *U.S.S.Chester* E. D. H.

P.S.—This may be badly written but it comes straight from the shoulder.

## BOOTS & SADDLES AT 20 PACES

Orchids to Raymond Browne for his swell article, *The Horse Will Appreciate*; orchids to the editors for getting someone to write this article who really knows what he is saying and hasn't lost all emotions, which once upon a time were considered gentlemanly.



In fact this article so aroused my feelings for Esquire that I take new hope for its longevity. And I would bet that there are plenty of horses who feel just about the same if any novice bothered to try some of Mr. Browne's swell suggestions.

But in my hearty agreement with Mr. Browne I see some points that may cause lots and lots of trouble, especially here in the Mid-West. Mr. Browne advocates the "saddle seat" and is frank enough in his own tastes to say that "you know that you cannot control your horse if riding in a forward position." But if he has never heard of Captain Santini, I will bet that he will before the month is out, probably from the Captain personally. But just in case, Capt. Santini advocates what is known as the "Forward Impulse" and that means just what Mr. Browne taboos.

So if Mr. Browne has to meet Capt. Santini in the woods at dawn some day and would like a good second, I offer my services, and I bet there will be lots of horses there roaring for their new-found hero too.

Chicago, Ill. A "Saddle-Seat" Horseman

## MEYER'S AMEN CORNER

Amen! More power to Meyer Levin for his outstanding tribute to the American public. That tirade against war propaganda pictures was magnificent. But he slipped up in giving the aforementioned public credit for a semblance of common sense. No, Meyer old keed, when the time comes, our patriotic politicians will take their bellies in hand, mount the ol' soap box, and start waving the flag. Can't you see it?

Being just fifteen years old, I can pretty well get the opinions of the "younger generation." Yep, Meyer, they're just as willing to go to war today as they ever were.

But thanks for your intelligent stand anyway.

Very sincerely,

Detroit, Mich. Charles B. Maxwell

## BUT FOR THIS . . .

"Believe it nor not" but after reading the story, *But For This*, by Lajos Zilahy in the October issue of Esquire, imagine my surprise at having to draw a check for a carpenter by the name of John Kovacs who had just completed a small job for us.

It was such a coincidence that I could not resist writing you.

Cordially,

Los Angeles, Calif. J. H. Backstrand

## BOTH CLEAR AND SIMPLE

Swell magazine and all that.

And now I wonder if E. W. Towne and others of the like would improve on this little mystery.

From the library desk in the Home was stolen a gold fountain pen which was on the desk along with a gold eversharp pencil.

It was missed directly after three of the inmates, each of whom had the opportunity, had left the reading room which contained Braille as well as printed books.

Of the three, who were now suspects:
One was dumb and blind,
One was blind and deaf,
One was deaf and dumb,
And all were sane.
Now who stole the pen?

The phrase "each of whom had the opportunity" means of course that those who were blind knew the pen and pencil were on the desk and knew no one could see them feeling the surface of the desk.

Now if this seems clear and simple to you, Mr. Editor, leave out this answer.

Sincerely,

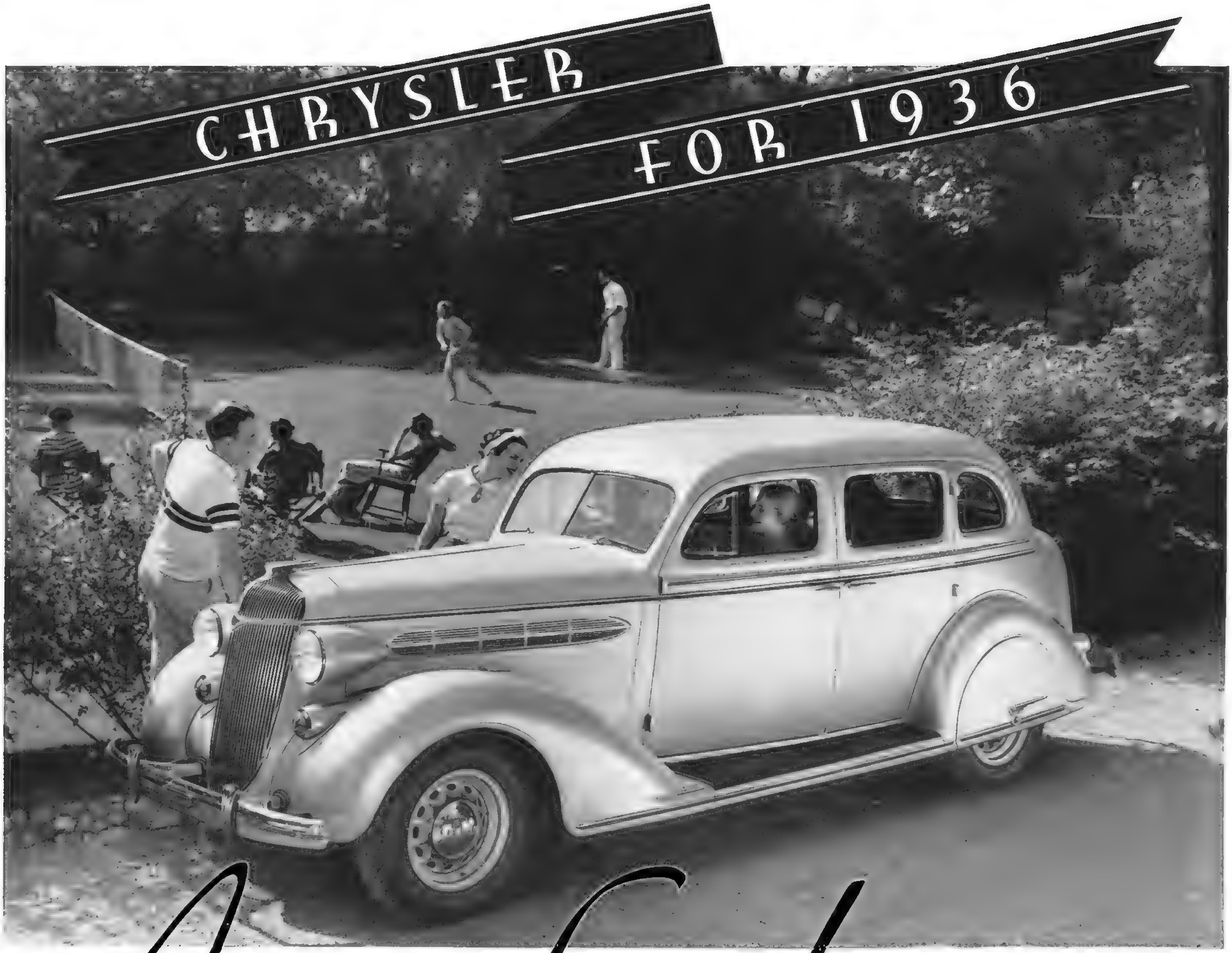
Sea Cliff, N. Y. Ben Smith

## SECOND GUESS

And only last summer the omniscient Mr. Hemingway was telling us that Britain would be *pleased* to see Italy invade Ethiopia!

Yours,

New York City Charlton Andrews



THE BIG NEW CHRYSLER SIX

# Accent on Luxury! . . . IN THE MOST DASHING SPIRITED CHRYSLERS EVER BUILT!

☆ THEY'RE CARS for sportsmen, these 1936 Chryslers. They're also cars for luxury lovers. More than that they are unquestionably the biggest money's worth in history.

There are four cars in the line . . . and there is something of interest to every buyer in every one of them.

The 1936 Chrysler Six is a marvelous performer . . . a big car at close to small-car price. Its 118-inch wheelbase gives plenty of room for comfort, plenty of length for a real Floating Ride. You see it pictured in the illustration above.

There's the new DeLuxe Chrysler Eight . . . big brother to the Six in lines and style. For thrilling performance, it bows to nothing on the road. There are smart luxurious bodies on 121-inch wheelbases, and several special custom-types on 133-inch wheelbases. The convertible coupe and convertible sedan are just about the smartest-looking cars that ever took the roads of the nation.

Just a little higher in price are the 1936 Airflows . . . magnificently restyled, superbly appointed inside. There is nothing in the world to match their glorious Floating Ride . . . for only Airflow design makes possible the fullest advantages of new weight distribution. No car is built so safely . . . with the passengers riding *inside* the frame.

For speed with economy, we believe the Airflow Chryslers are literally without equal. The big, luxurious Imperial, has officially registered 18.1 miles per gallon on a coast-to-coast run.

Before you buy any car at any price for 1936 see and drive the four great new Chryslers.

☆ 1936 CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ 1936 DELUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase. Seven body types.

☆ 1936 AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger sedan and six-passenger coupe.

☆ 1936 AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger sedan and coupe.

**Wouldn't you like a catalog?**
We will gladly send you our 1936 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12226 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE MAGNIFICENT AIRFLOW EIGHT

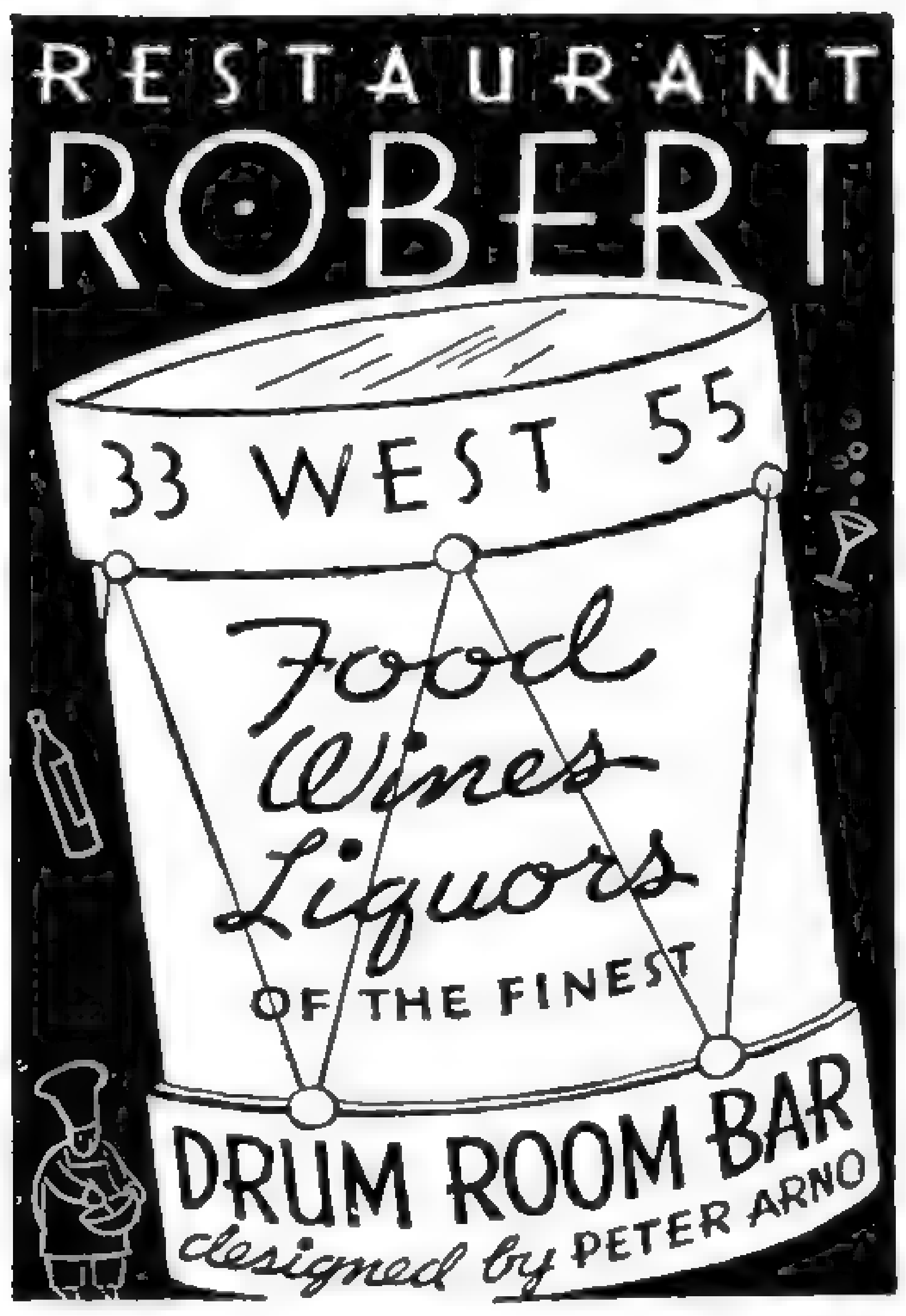
# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

SPECIAL BUFFET
HUNT
BREAKFAST
SUNDAYS • NOON TO 3:30
ONE DOLLAR
the Lombardy Bar
111 EAST 56TH STREET
Just off Park Avenue

BAR
•
ONE
FIFTH AVENUE
at 8th Street

"A GREEN-HOUSE FULL OF ORCHIDS"
—Winchell
Dine and Dance to the Music of
CARL HOFF and TOMMY DORSEY
French Casino
The World's Most Famous Theatre-Restaurant
(Clifford C. Fischer's)
Folie Parisienne
2 Shows Nightly Includ. Sunday 6:30 P. M. to 4 A.M. No Cover Charge
7th AVE. at 50th STREET — COL. 5-7070

Try a glass
Pilsner Urquell
THE ONLY GENUINE
PILSNER BEER
IMPORTED FROM PILSEN CZECHOSLOVAKIA



RESTAURANT
ROBERT
33 WEST 55
Food
Wines
Liquors
OF THE FINEST
DRUM ROOM BAR
designed by PETER ARNO

It's a dastardly lie, this rumor that the craze for cheek-to-cheek dancing was instigated by the Razor Blade interests. Sideburn and side-curl areas have responded to a mating urge, that's all—with orchestras abetting.

Especially in the Hotel Lincoln's new and festive Blue Room does such "heavening" on the hoof prevail. For here Maestro Isham Jones weaves his potent-rhythmed sonorities, giving Romance a build-up and making hearts fonder of this 8th Avenue and 44th Street spot than your astonished scout had imagined possible. In addition, Earl and Josephine, personable exemplars of the light-and-airy, do neat numbers including a Hawaiian specialty with some mighty sweet handwork.

Down at the Pennsylvania's MADhattan Room it's collegiate—the sort of place to take your roommate's good-looking sister to—with fratman Hal Kemp genteeling and giddying on the rostrum in command of select whoop-de-doo. You can gauge his popularity by the extent to which couples forsake their food and drinks and congest in front of the bandstand. Maxine Gray (beauteous) sings, Towne and Knott dance the clutch-and-fling, and somebody does a desk job at a "pipe-organ" which has full scope but, thanks to electrical wizardry, no pipes.

For a pleasant hideaway between steppings let me whisper the name Hour Glass, pertaining to a tidy spot (42 East 53rd) where Chicken Mexican and Scallops of Bull, Jr., au Madère, are cheffed in no mean fashion while guitars are heard from or Alice Nevins obliges at the ivories . . . Also the pet of a special clientele is the Club New Yorker (38 East 51st). Here dancing and a bar are indulged in and at. Arthur Brown balladizes agreeably and Kay Parsons puts new life into "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard" or "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," or any other vintage ditty you call for . . . The Perroquet (134 East 61st), named after the green conversationalist in the cage beside the coat-check wren's coop, formerly boasted mere food and beverages. Now this Club has added unto itself the Ethiopian Ramblers who manufacture songs and dance music, and the breadth of the smile of mine host Ivan is greater than ever. Even the new Chinese-red bar-sofas beam . . . In the snug-panelled Bar of the Hotel Lombardy (54th Street, East of Park Avenue) where good cheer is under Charley McCauley auspices and servers of drinks look like keepers of the hounds, the high spot of the week is Sunday Breakfast—noon till dusk. Lesser summits occur one might say continuously . . . The Russian Kretchma (meaning "Inn," at 244 East 14th) has outdone itself this season with new dollments and a rip-rousing show including big basso Adia Kuznetzoff (he's got lungs enough). And don't miss trying the Shashlik Cavcasky—lamb hunks braised on a skewer. Nor overlook the facilities of the cosy Vodka Bar.

Yenning for French cuisine, dropped in at the Mascotte (60th, east of Fifth Avenue) and partook of a crumb or two. First, dry Sherry, served as preliminary for Hot Canapé Mascotte (toast chafing-dished in butter and covered with a sauce of chopped hard-boiled eggs and a mystery relish in which sardines, tomatoes, and Worcestershire could be detected). Next, Consommé Africaine (beef and turtle). Then hen of the Guinea, in casserole, graced by a sauce invented by the great Escoffier and improved on (secret confided to me) by his pupil, now functioning at this restaurant. Wine therewith: Chambertin (king of Burgundies) 1928 (great year). In conclusion, *Crêpes*, Italian style, prepared with Cointreau and Cognac, filled with *zabaglione*. And, with coffee, *Fine Champagne* over 40 years old, completing my crumb rather nicely.

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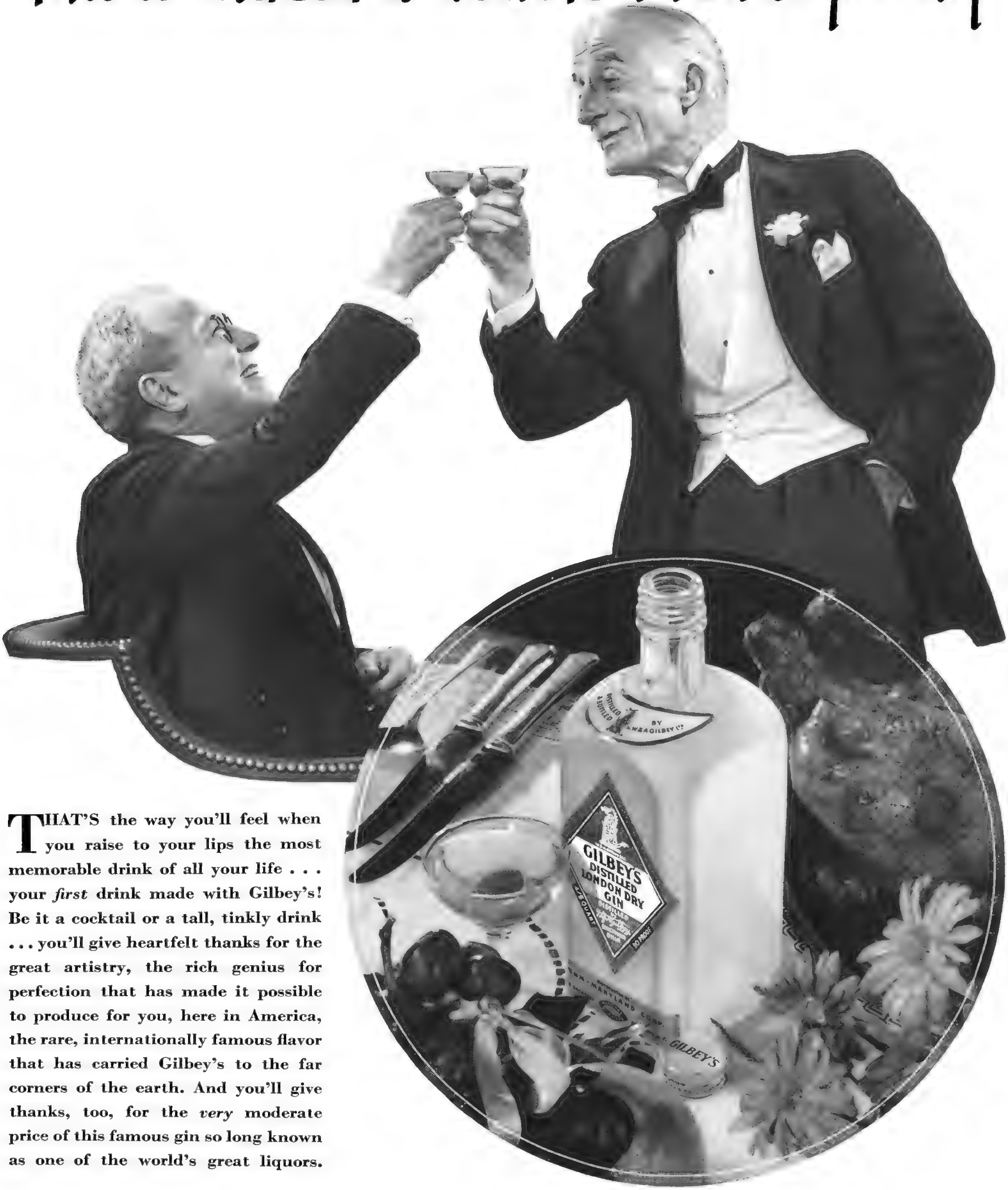

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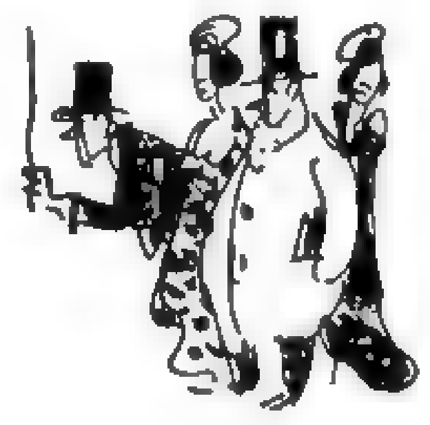

Clever work at the cross-roads in Millburn, New Jersey, where Chanticler's latch-string, never tucked in, is continuously tugged at by the chariot trade. Gus Steck and his ankle-urgers? Partly. The nourishment? The bar-goods? Seemingly. But what keeps friend Rooster perched top-rung on the social ladder is proprietor William E. Naue's zeal for one-bettering 'em. And as a bonus there's *braw bricht* Dave Johnstone, of Drummond Castle, Scotland, with his heartily burrrred welcome.

In mere Manhattan much smart stir has been occasioned by the opening of the Savoy-Plaza's new Savoy Room, where Eugene, formerly of the Rainbow Roof, presides amid a *décor* pronounced by the cognoscenti to be duck soup of the duck soup. Dick Gasparre and orchestra power the oval with tunes; goddess-like Rosita and her partner, Fontana (curse him!), dance; and Dwight Fiske gets down to cases at the piano off-colorfully.

Mr. Solomon's flourishing cottage-on-the-hill in Central Park, has its ceremonies mastered by the increasingly popular Rodney McLennan, who, beginning there as just a singer with looks, has been going places all over the place. Personally I wish that Maestro Leo Reisman, clowning image of Franz Schubert, had lingered, too. But one can't have everything. And Henry King, his successor, is a lot.

Down off the Roof again, Waldorfian dinner and supper excitements have betaken themselves, not to last winter's Empire Room, but to the Sert Room, freshly fixed up, where Spanish-muraled Don Quixote is having his chance to know Irish-musical Al Donahue—beansy numbers being supplied by Xavier Cugat and his tangoists. Plus Ivar Peterson, accordioning, and Russell Swan, slight-of-handing.

In the time-honored Brevoort nothing is ever changed except the tablecloths, or gourmets would riot and write letters to *The New York Times*. You either enjoy communing with, and conversing over, superbly prepared food amid bare white walls and mirrors, or you don't deserve what the Brevoort has to offer.

Dining there recently, I put palate's fate into the hands of Monsieur Barrère, the manager who hovers affably. The result was Hors d'Oeuvres Brevoort, Strained Gumbo, Fried Sole Hôtelière, Fresh-Killed Squab Chicken in Casserole (delicate as bullfrogs' leapers), and ice cream assisted by figs and liqueurs—not to mention sundry non-contemptible beverages, partaken of before, during and after. The impression grew upon me that I was dining.

A Sunday evening social thrown by Susan Palmer apropos of the fact that she was opening her new place in the Town House (108 East 38th) revealed a prideful White Leather Bar and other apt appurtenances. Among those gallantly bending elbow to her were Thomas Wolfe, Courtney Ryley Cooper, and the zoölogians Frank Buck and Sydney Franklin. May she get on with it, is my sentiment.

Persons who check their toppers at the entrance of Le Mirage (125 East 54th) do so unwisely. They'll need them to toss to the copper-glinting ceiling when Eve Symington comes on. For she's incomparable—breeding, brains, beauty. Not to mention charm, an amazing French accent, and a voice with a strange, eery rediness that gets you. Indeed, one topper per listener-and-gazer seems niggardly.

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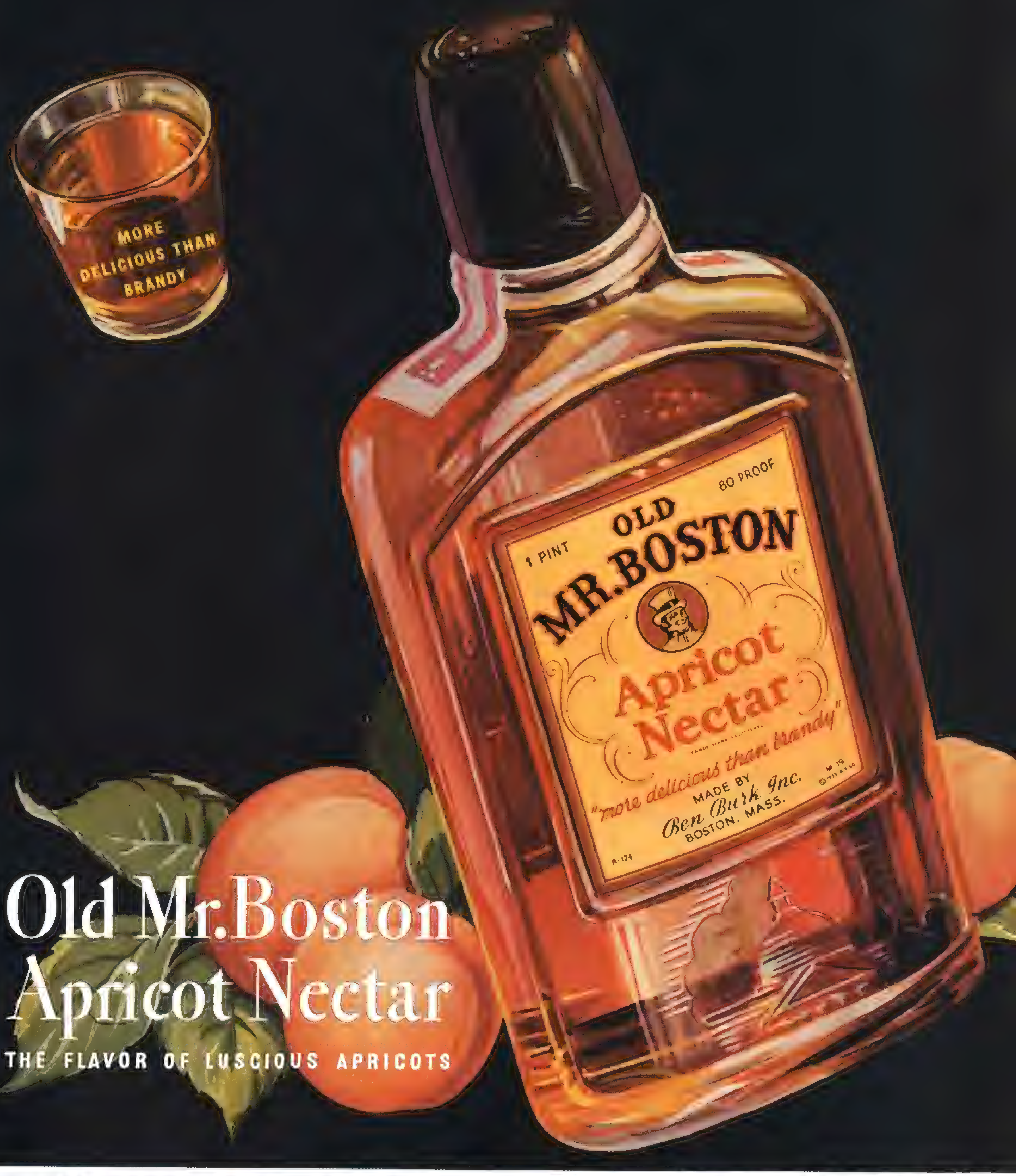
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Freddy Martin
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75c—with the Barker Trio.
*Hotel* LINCOLN
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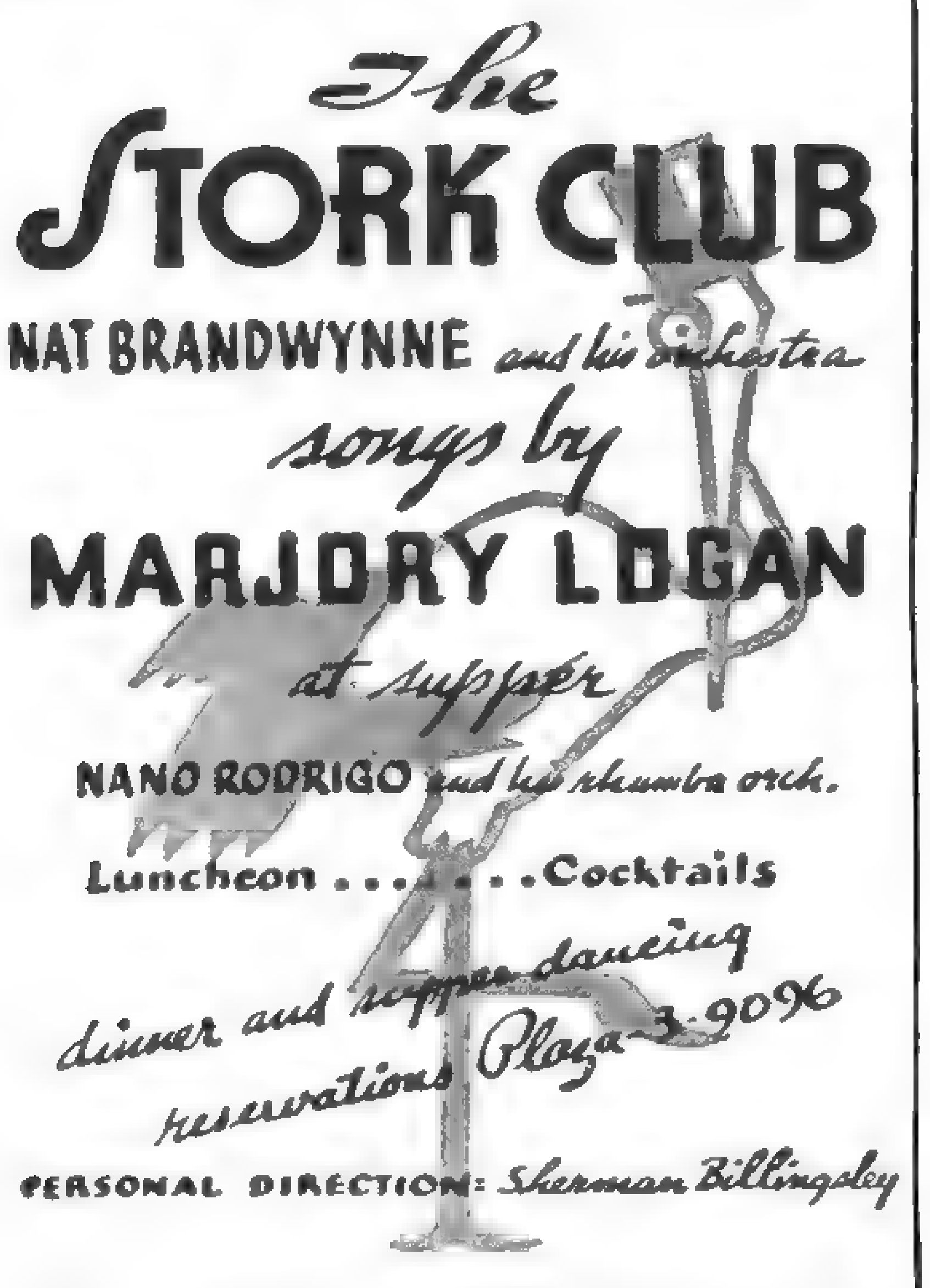

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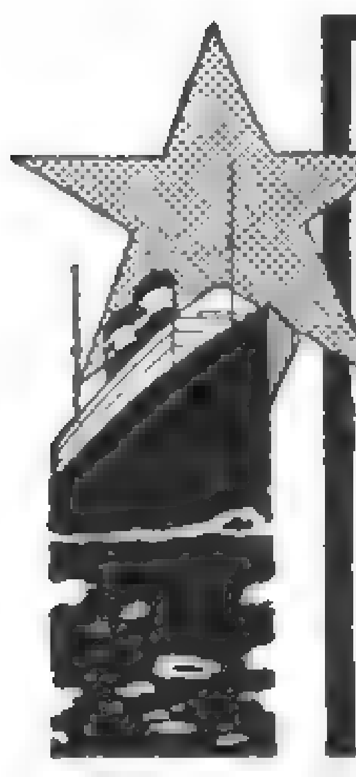

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Except that they rope you out if you have neglected to file your application for a table, the management of the Lexington's Silver Grill—New York's Ozzie Nelsonry—are really quite humane. The eats gratify, and the wine-steward, Georges Tessieur, (crepe-suzettist extraordinary), knows his grape goods—as your earnest scout took the trouble of verifying to the extent of a bottle of Pommard 1923 and, for a chaser, Champagne Runiart 1926 (Brut), with Cordial Médoc as an afterthought. Honestly, Ozzie Nelson's music makes you feel lovely!

Interesting rendezvous with Piper-Heidsieck at the Salon Madrid of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, scene of maestro Harold Stern's nightly activities. You might think that an establishment possessing one of the best-liked bars in town, entitled Amen Corner, would be satisfied with its popularity. But no, these hostelries are insatiable when they set out to please.

The Biltmore, for dinner and supper purposes, has grabbed off Howard Lally and band out of Hollywood's "Roberta," with Florence and Alvarez dancing. The Ambassador has architected itself a gladsome new Room, found to contain Vincent Lopez at the clavier and Dorothy Stone ahoof with hubby Charles Collins. The Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room has self-opening doors (electric beam) to prevent killings in the crush of getting to Clyde Lucas and orch. Persian pleasures at the Plaza have the benefit of the gracile De Marcos, under Duchin sway. Father Neptune's Grill at ze Pierre offers the one and only Pancho and crew. The Caprice Room of the Hotel Weylin (Madison Avenue at 54th) provides a lavish confusion of D-lights: Diane Denise, singeuse; Dadio and Diane, dancers. After three drinks, your earnest scout quit trying and just relaxed, listening to Louis Breese and orchestra.

The St. Moritz, its Continental Room ungrilled and re-styled, is going strong to the tunes of little Jack Little and the gifted pants of Pat Casey's accordion. The Music Hall Boys are favorably heard from and, in case you go in for that sort of thing, there's a Bacchante Bar. Also a septet of glass murals, from France, suitably lit up.

Don Richards, who summered at Vivian Johnson's Jersey spinnery, is supervising a flock of violins, and harp, and other musical utensils, at the Casino Montclair in the hotel of that name (Lexington at 48th). String quartet technique his specialty. At the Commodore, Johnnie Johnson and band perform in the English Grill, evenings; Mischa Raginsky's men do duty among afternoon cocktails in the Palm Court, and at luncheon in the rejuvenated Palm Room. In the McAlpin's gay-tiled catacombs, known as Marine Grill, wand-waver Enoch Light maketh melodie and likable Mary Danis wheedles the mike.

The toplofty yet hospitable Rainbow Room, where maestros Ray Noble and Ramon Ramos spell each other, offers the Pickens Sisters in some of their much-cherished coiffeur-shop harmonies, and young pianiste Imogen Carpenter who could be a sister to yours truly at any time she cared to. This spot has the height of hat for party tossing.

Assorted notes and reason: The Wivel Restaurant (254 West 54th) holds *smörgasbord* as its chief lure, supported by Frank La Salles' orchestra a colorful floor show. At the Caruso (130 West 42nd and 19 East 59th) spaghetti de luxe entwines its magic about you. The more uptown one sports a Tall Story Bar decorated with such curiosa as bold huntsman getting shot by rabbit, and fish hooking fisherman. The Wentworth (59 West 56th) has a subterranean El Patio that's very good for lunch. Another deep one—larger and spiffier—is the Café Loyale, operated by L. H. Saltzman, whose gift for serving tasty food I ran across fifteen years ago and decided he had a future. At Armando's (54 East 55th) the suzettes are sauced with Henri Charpentier's own liqueur. Teddy Lynch (Fem—and how!) is singing 'em to the beau monde at No. 1 Bar (Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street) where Jules and Joe perrenial at the pianos.

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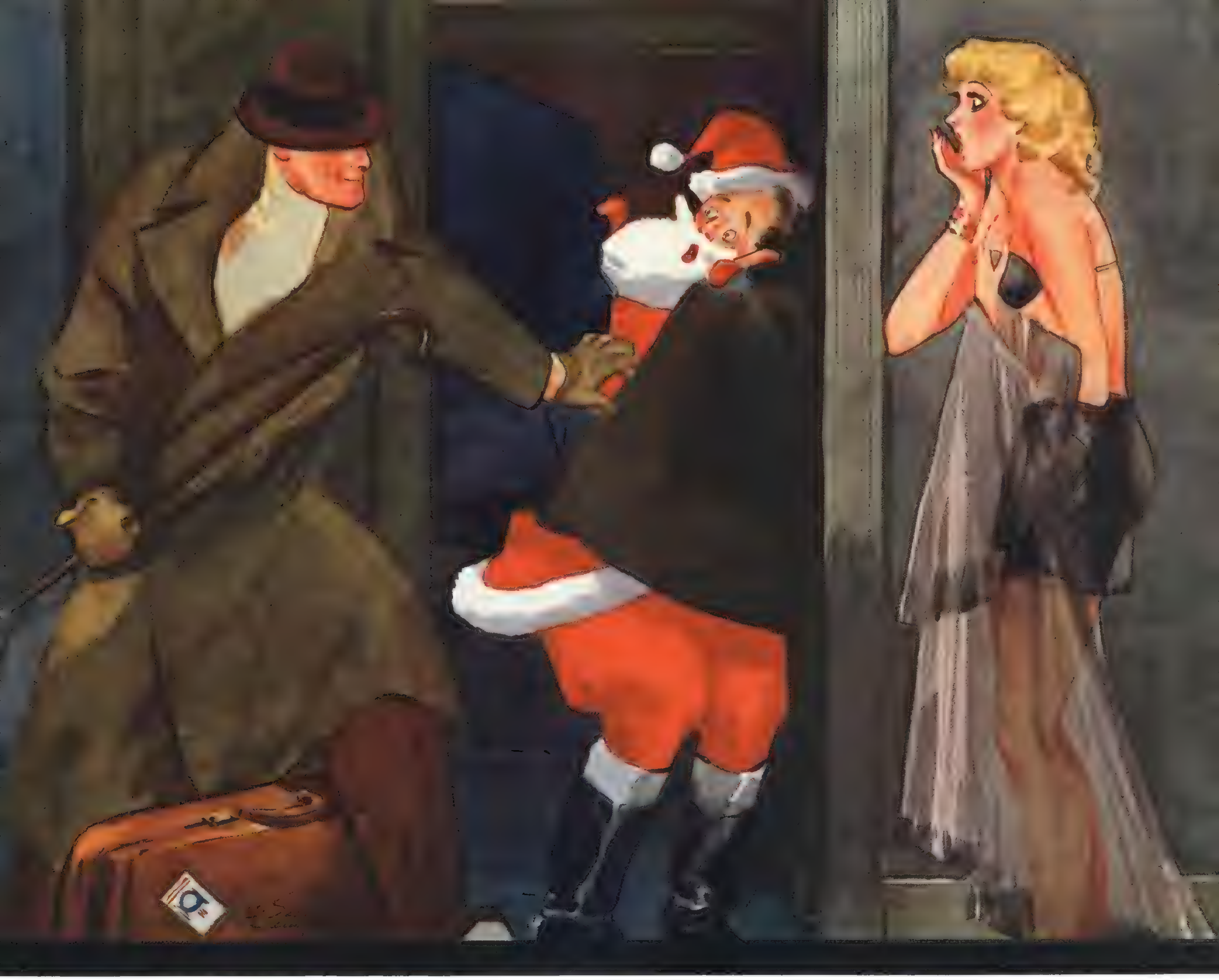
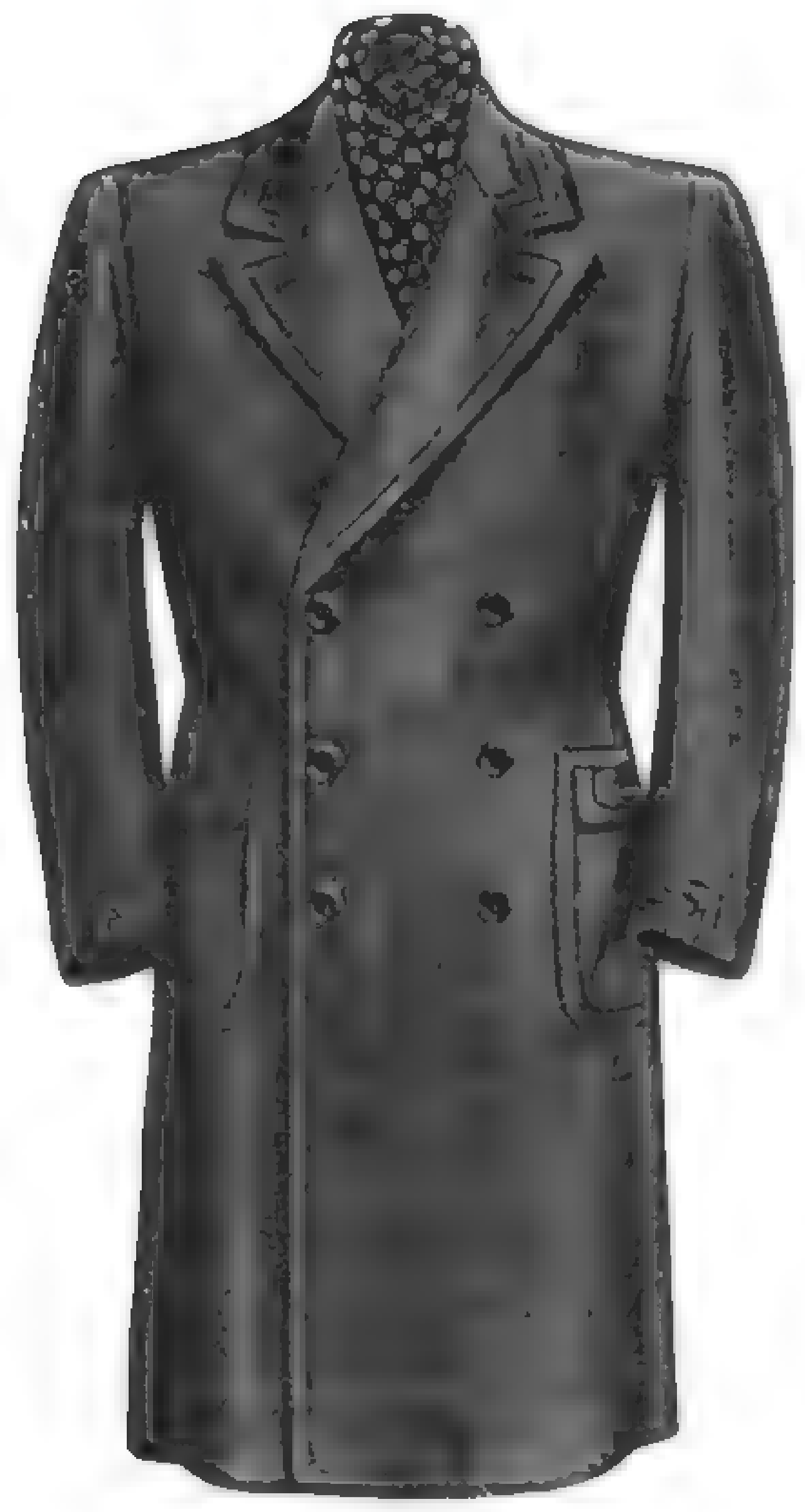


*"Honest, Mister, I was j-j-just admiring your Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes"*



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Evidently Santa has a weakness for good-looking . . . er . . . clothes. Anyway, we happen to know that for the past month he's been delivering smart new suits and overcoats to Hart Schaffner & Marx dealers all over the country. Each garment has what it takes to make a Merrier Christmas and a Happier New Year for the man who appreciates fine clothes. And when you see the moderate prices you will discover (with somewhat more enthusiasm than is depicted above) that there *is* a Santa Claus!

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FLORENCE & ALVAREZ
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AT DINNER & SUPPER
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A gentleman by the name of Cole (pipe, bowl, and fiddle-music business) who during the Diamond Jim Brady era was to be seen at the famous bar of the old Knickerbocker Hotel, is with us again. This reverend figure, painted by Maxfield Parrish and linked for years with New York's gaiety, has been rescued from retirement and set up in glory over a bar which glitters as though made of burnished gold. (I didn't count the karats.) But instead of Free Lunch, such as he once surveyed, there's St. Regis cuisine à la Vincent Astor and cellar goods personally checked over by Julian Street. (The Chateau La Tour-Blanche I sipped, to the strains of Emil Coleman, while dancers Medrano and Donna floor-showed their spiritedness, was certainly nobody's blunder.)

But King Cole and his Room have been undermined by Prince Obolensky with something Slavically exotic, called Maisonette Russe—one of the best-looking basements ever beheld—wherein Gipsy violinist Cornelius Codolban and his red-costume-wearers perform tunes that throb and ravish. So patrons of the St. Regis can go regal or princely as they choose.

For outright pampering the human interior with delicacies of a Parisian kind Park Avenue harbors, at No. 270, the well-known Restaurant Marguery, dedicated to serving any rarity you can think of. Sole imported from Ostend? Right on the fire. French oysters? Plenty—or would you prefer crayfish? Or Mules Marinières de Marseille with a bottle of Montrachet 1926? Or duck from Rouen à la Rouennaise, with orange salad and Romanée-Conti Burgundy (scarcest of the scarce) 1923? And suchlike. Even the curries are authentic, prepared by a *café-au-lait*-complected guy in a turban.

No complaints, either, on the subject of a casserole of Sliced Tenderloin of Beef à la Joe met with at the popular Mon Paris (142 East 53rd) where Marion Chase emits her personality in songs of the heart but not necessarily of the home. These vocalistes! What money and mobs they get! At the swanky Club Trouville (112 East 52nd) it's Donna Cristiana Torlonia (by Social Register out of Spain). At the Thronged Versailles (151 East 50th) Lucienne Boyer is slaying 'em in phalanxes with her Monmaître magnetism. And now the Stork Club (3 East 53rd), not content with the feminine swoonings caused by Byronic Georges Metaxa, has brought on Marjory Logan as a break for us gents. And at the Town Casino Club (9 West 52nd) Adrienne Lucine still ably touts amour.

Without benefit of any such, for it happens to be unique and inexplicable, El Morocco (154 East 54th) continues as the gala spot where the socially choosy love to make sardines of themselves for the sake of being in the select swim. Exclusive, too, is the snug institutionette entitled Chez Madeleine (6 East 52nd), the wall-pictures of which report a breezy state of affairs in Paris with ladies having trouble controlling their raiment. The food and wines are truly exemplary; Roxane (from Roumania) sings dramatically in assorted languages, and the small orchestra, featuring violinist Damar, has charm and suasion.

But the ruling sensation of the town is, judging by statistics of those attending, and by volume of applause, the French Casino. This entertainery set out to provide *everything* a pleasure seeker might be seeking for. And somehow got it—on a big scale, with not a bad looker or superfluous garment in the entire picture. In fact, even the bare essentials are splendid.

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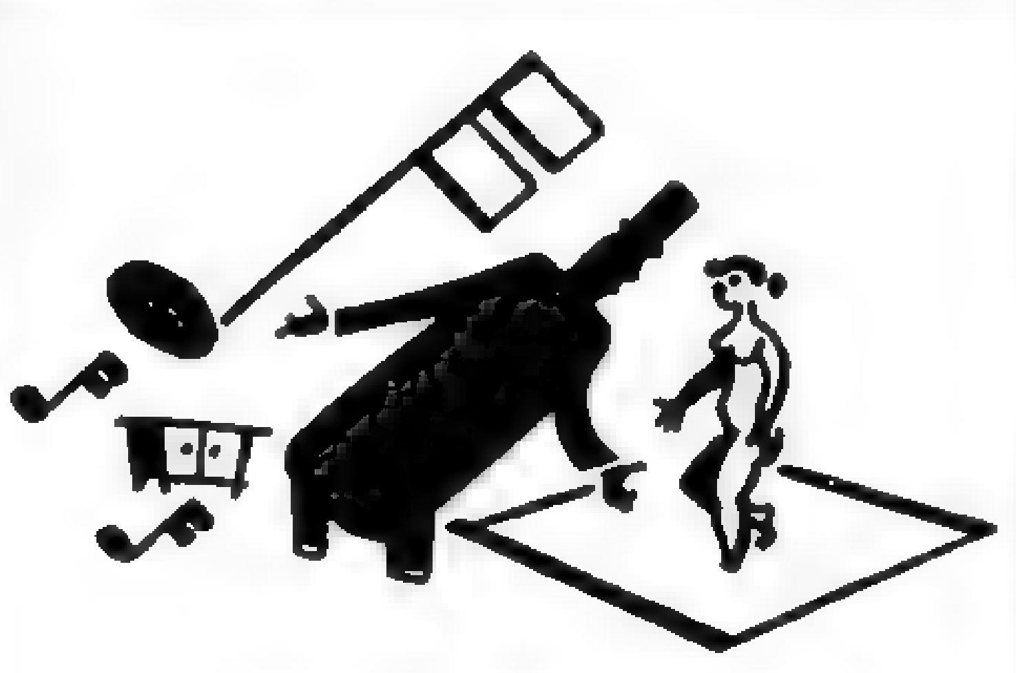

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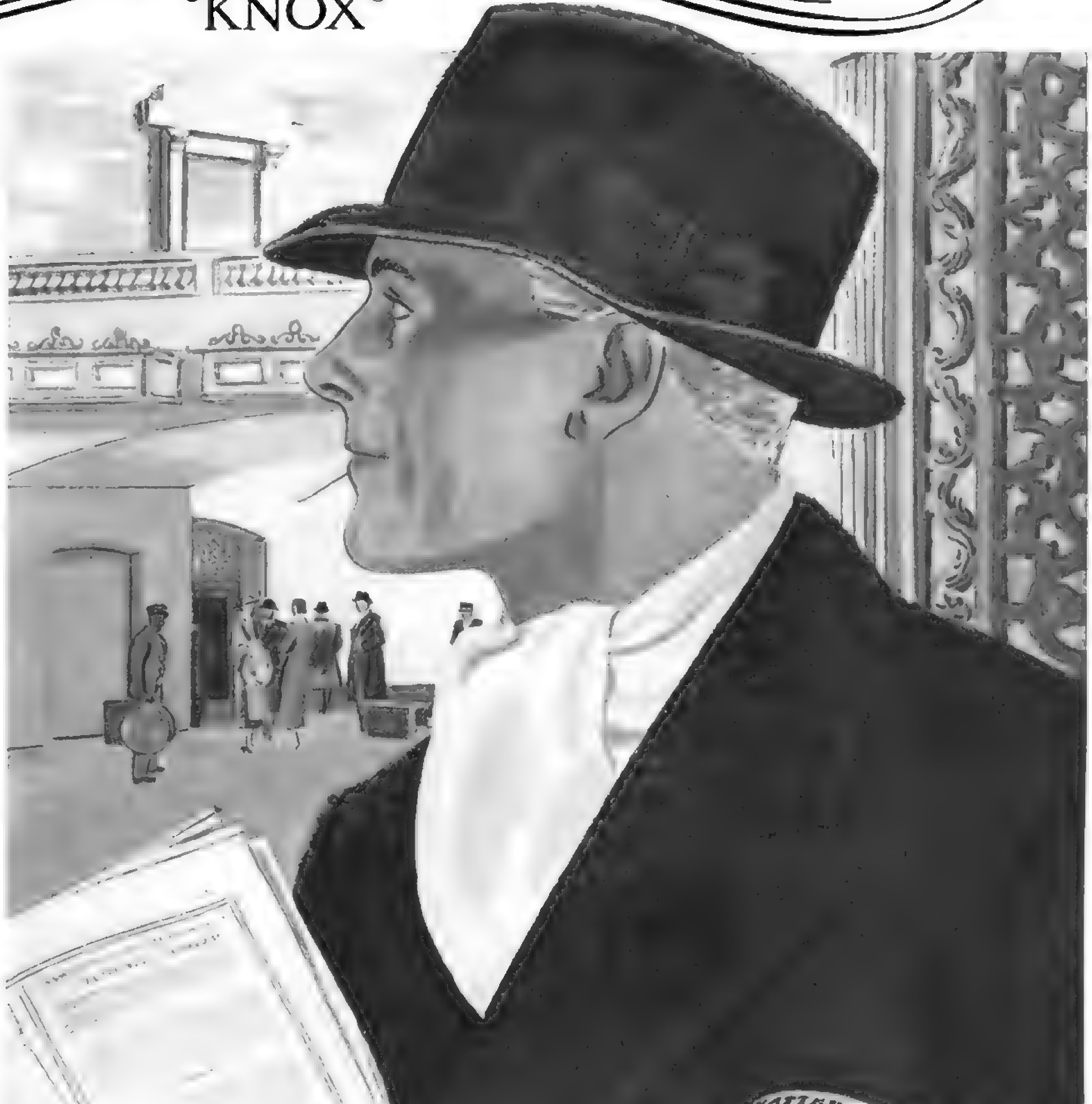
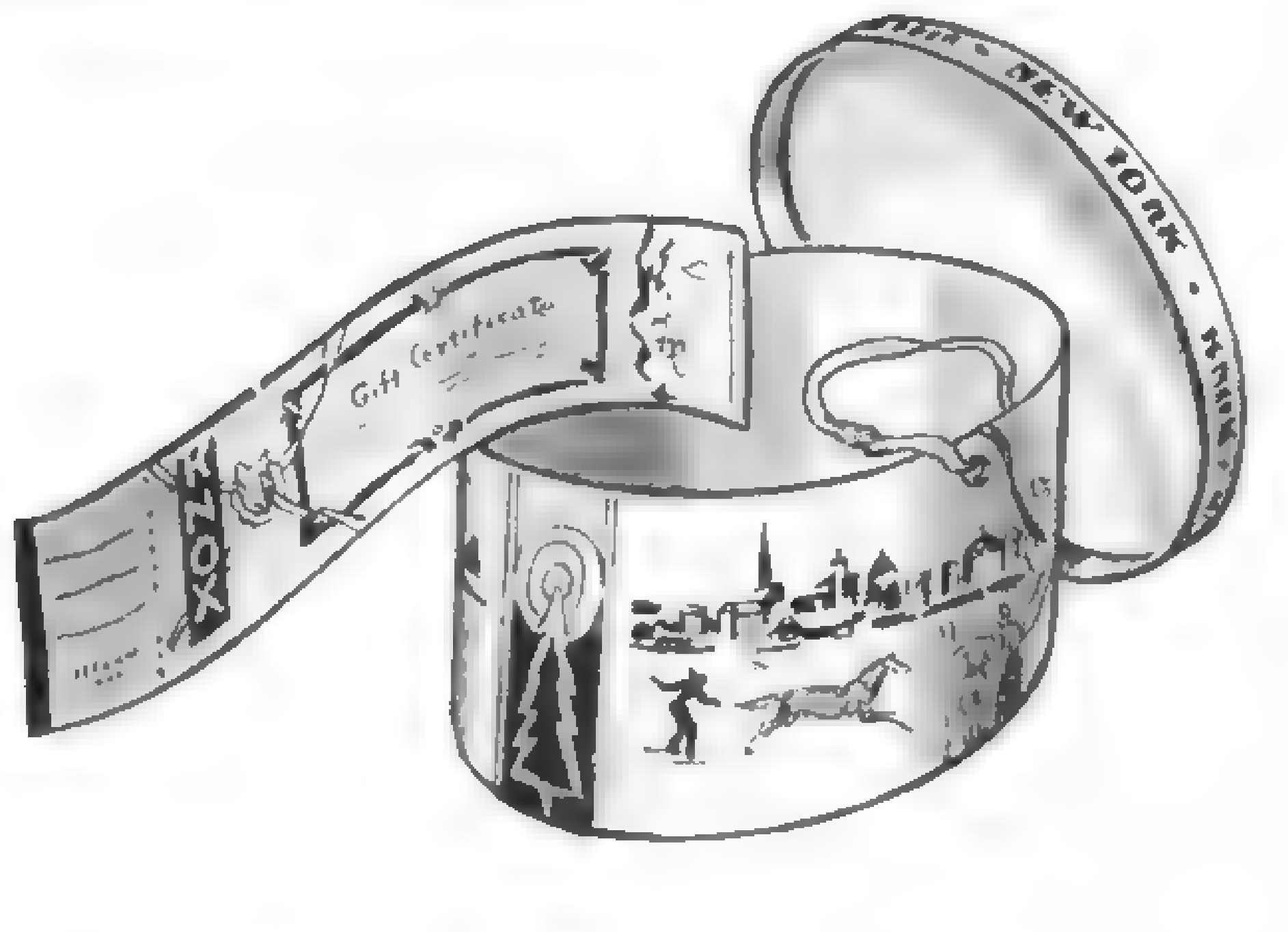
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX



AND THIS CHRISTMAS give him the Knox Flantex for preference . . . a fine fur felt, with the institutional mellowness of Yuletide in its cheerful, colorful mixtures . . . mixtures rough to the eye, but silken to the touch, shades to blend with briars, blackthorns and bracing days . . . "tops" with terrier and tweeds on a winter terrain . . . and the correct hat about town . . . made in "Ovalized Sixteenths*" to fit the type of head that Nature gave him and to preserve, as long as he wears it, its Knox originality of line. In a gay holiday box designed for gift purposes . . . $7

*If you don't know his Size send him a Gift Certificate*

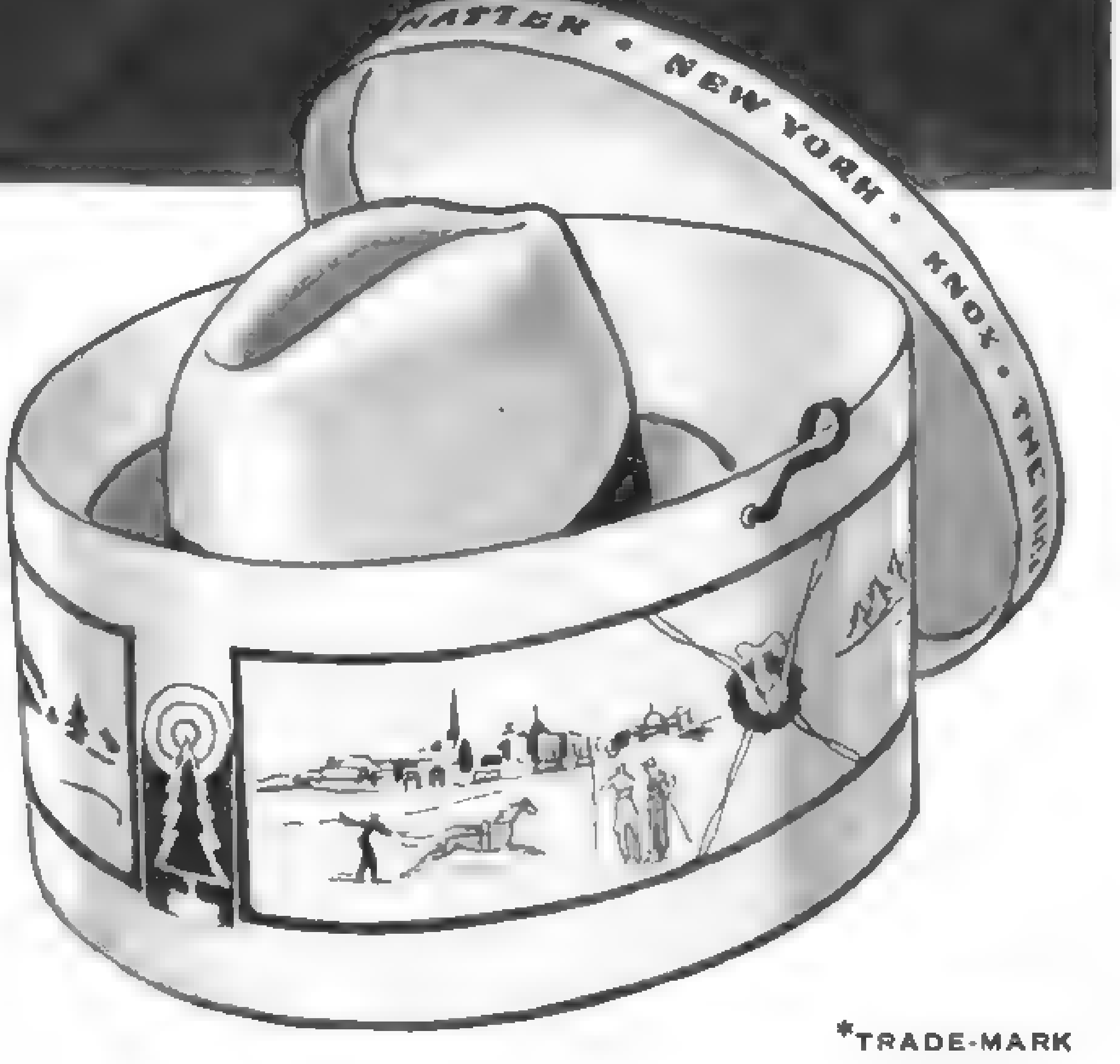
**This Gift Certificate enables him to get his correct size and his choice in Flantex shades at his convenience...and the Certificate comes in a gay little miniature of the big Knox holiday hat-box to give the illusion of a hat...just the happiest imaginable solution of A Gift For Him.**



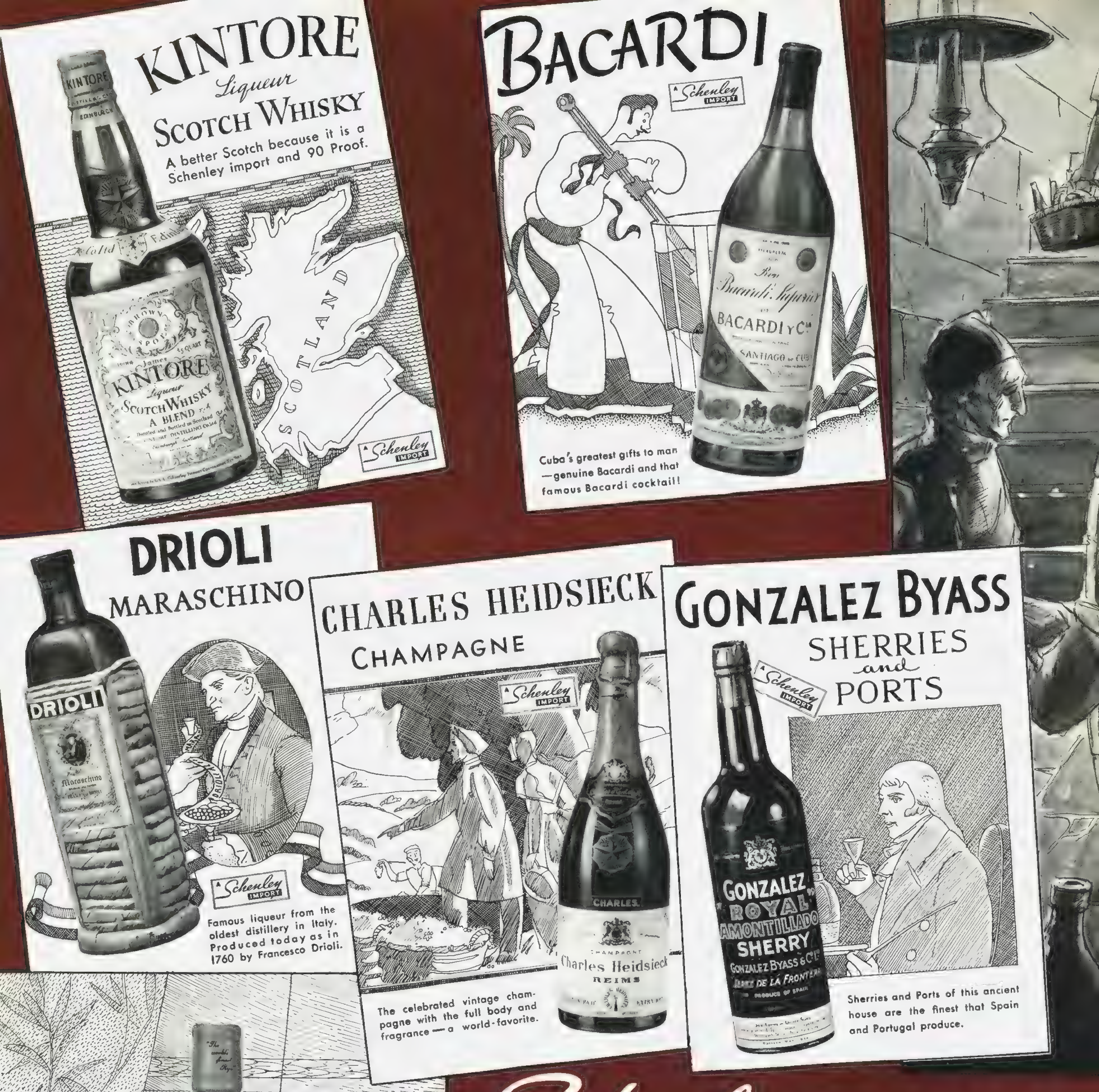
# KNOX

THE HATTER

**FIFTH AVE. AT 40th ST. • MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST. • BROADWAY AT 43rd ST. • 57th ST. AT MADISON AVE. • 161 BROADWAY**


HATTER • NEW YORK • KNOX • THE

*TRADE-MARK


KINTORE
Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY
A better Scotch because it is a Schenley import and 90 Proof.
SCOTLAND
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BACARDI
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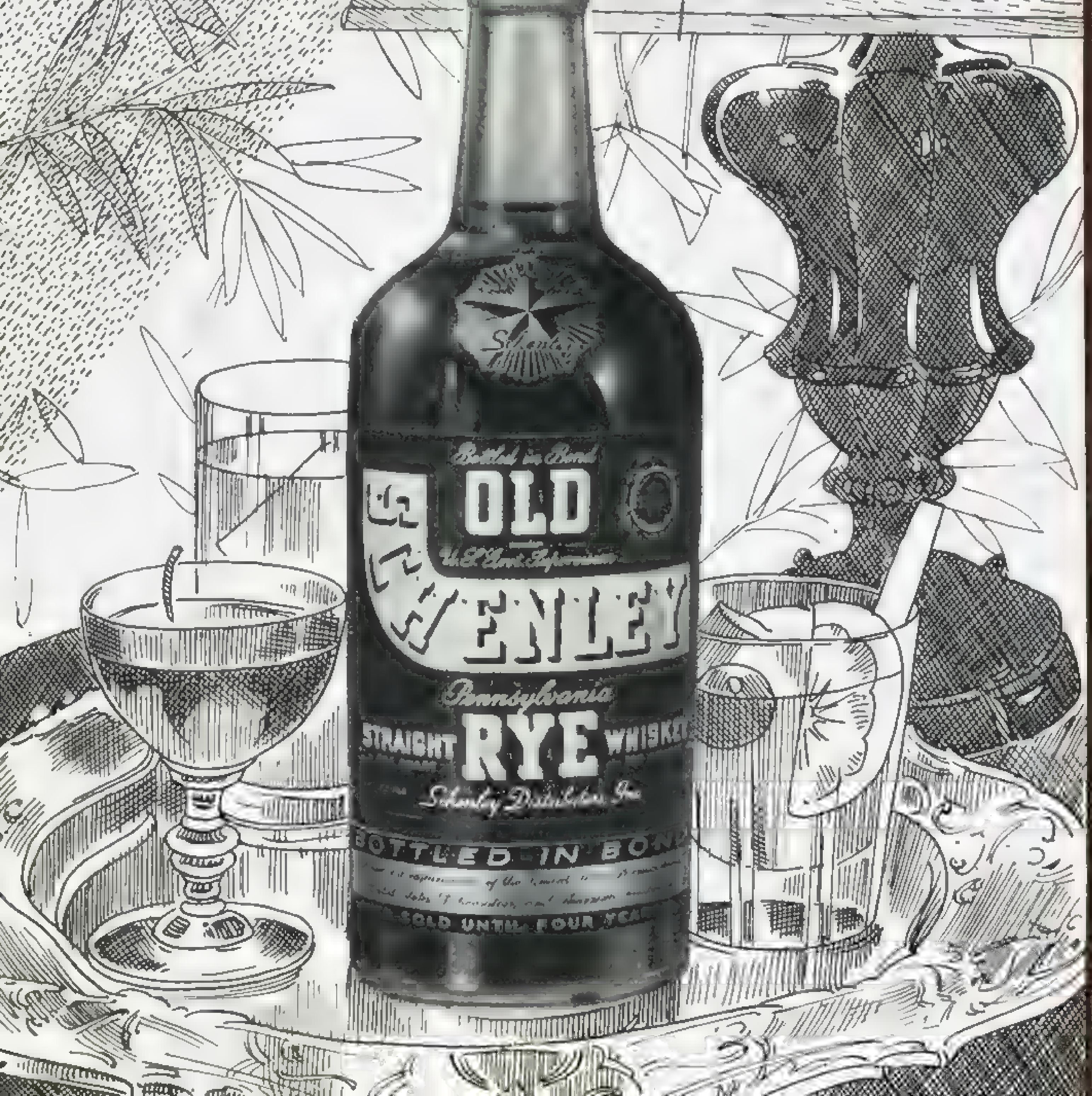
Cuba's greatest gifts to man—genuine Bacardi and that famous Bacardi cocktail!
DRIOLI
MARASCHINO
Schenley IMPORT
Famous liqueur from the oldest distillery in Italy. Produced today as in 1760 by Francesco Drioli.
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE
Schenley IMPORT
The celebrated vintage champagne with the full body and fragrance—a world-favorite.
GONZALEZ BYASS
SHERRIES and PORTS
Schenley IMPORT
GONZALEZ ROYAL AMONTILLADO SHERRY
Sherries and Ports of this ancient house are the finest that Spain and Portugal produce.


OLD SCHENLEY
Pennsylvania
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

# *Schenley* PRESENTS

## A Useful Guide in Selecting Your Holiday Liquors

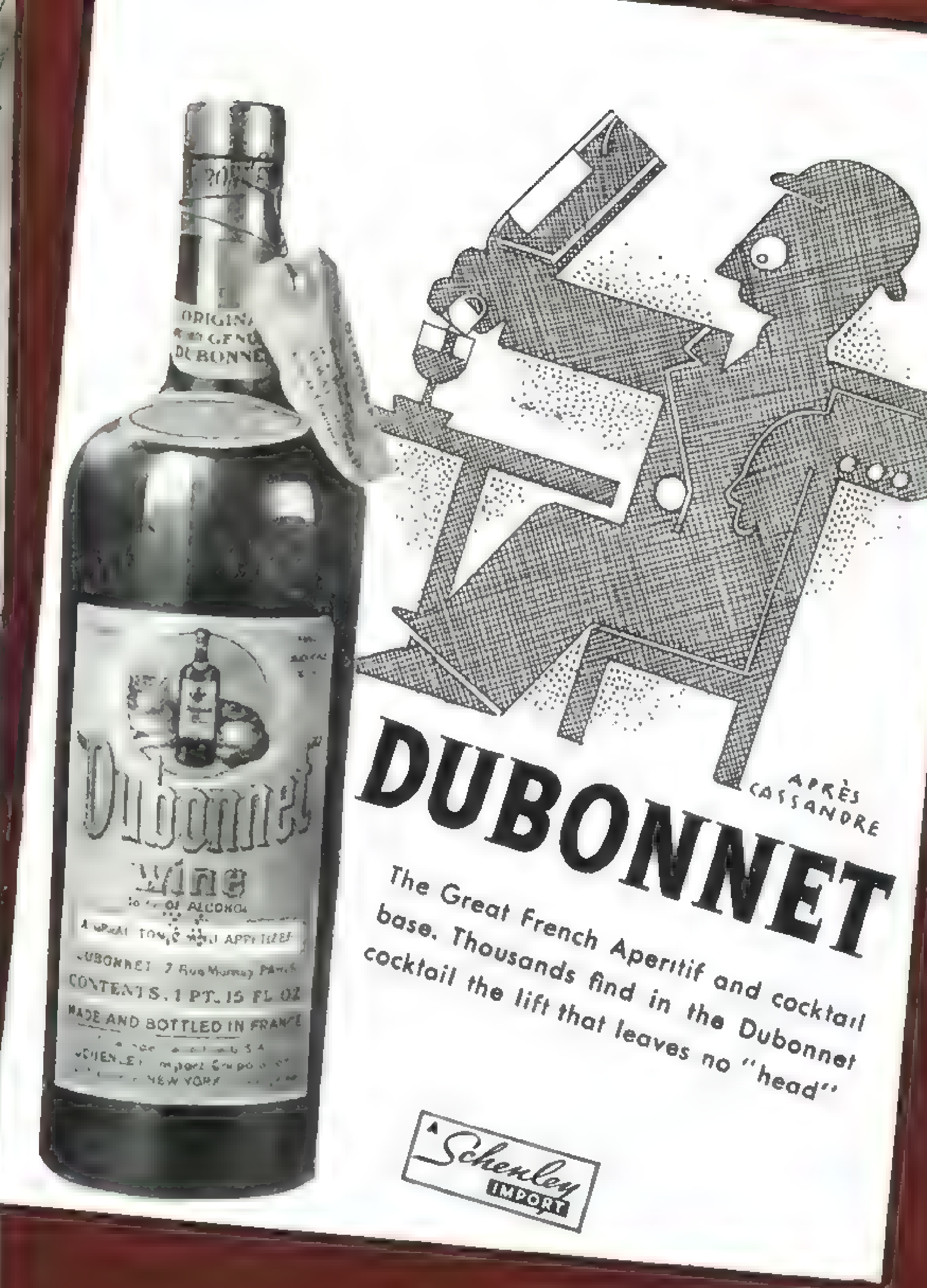
As exclusive representative of the most distinguished houses of Europe, Schenley offers you the greatest variety of famous wines and liquors available anywhere in the United States today.

Coupled with these eminent imported spirits are Schenley's own domestic brands: bottled-in-bond ryes and bourbons, straight whiskeys, blended whiskies . . . truly a dependable liquor to suit every taste and every purse.

Whether you shop for a rare European liqueur, an imported

**OLD SCHENLEY—Bottled in Bond**

Straight Rye Whiskey. Bottled in Bond under U. S. Government supervision. The world's most exquisite rye—every drop is at least 4 years old.


Original Genuine Dubonnet
Dubonnet Wine
Made and Bottled in France

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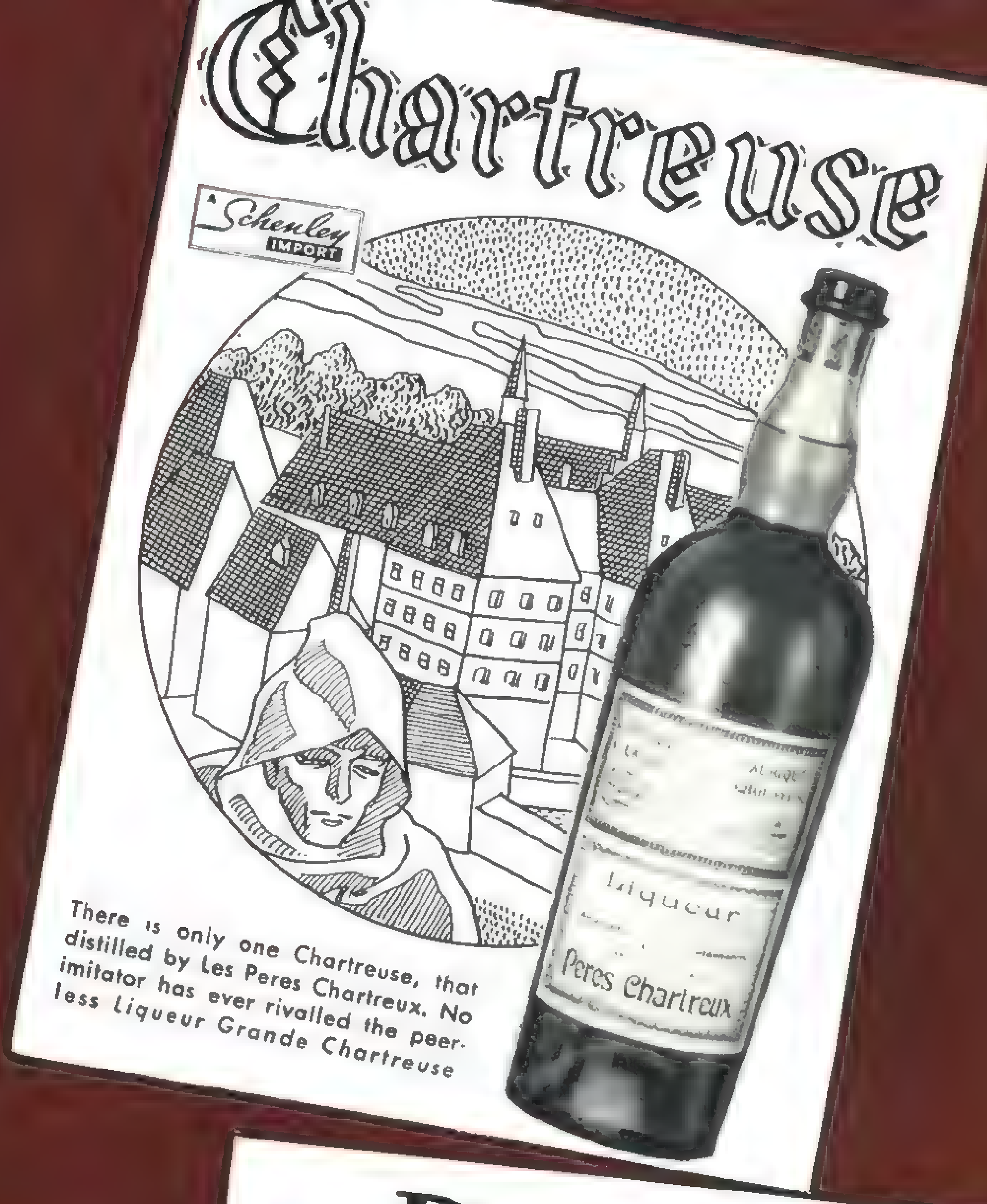
APRÈS CASSANDRE

The Great French Aperitif and cocktail base. Thousands find in the Dubonnet cocktail the lift that leaves no "head"

Schenley IMPORT


Liqueur
Peres Chartreux

**Chartreuse**

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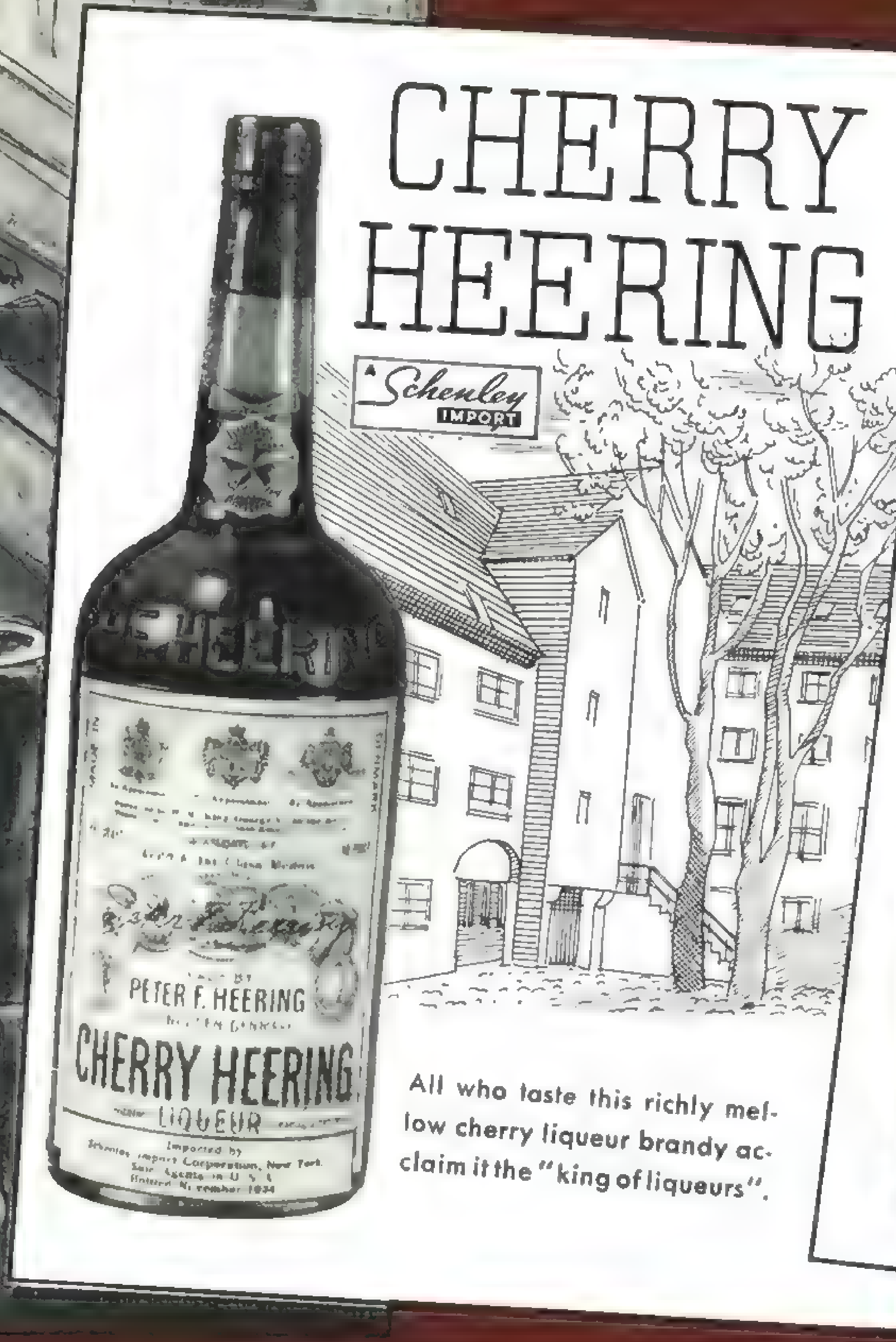
There is only one Chartreuse, that distilled by Les Peres Chartreux. No imitator has ever rivalled the peerless Liqueur Grande Chartreuse


Peter F. Heering
Cherry Heering
Liqueur

**CHERRY HEERING**

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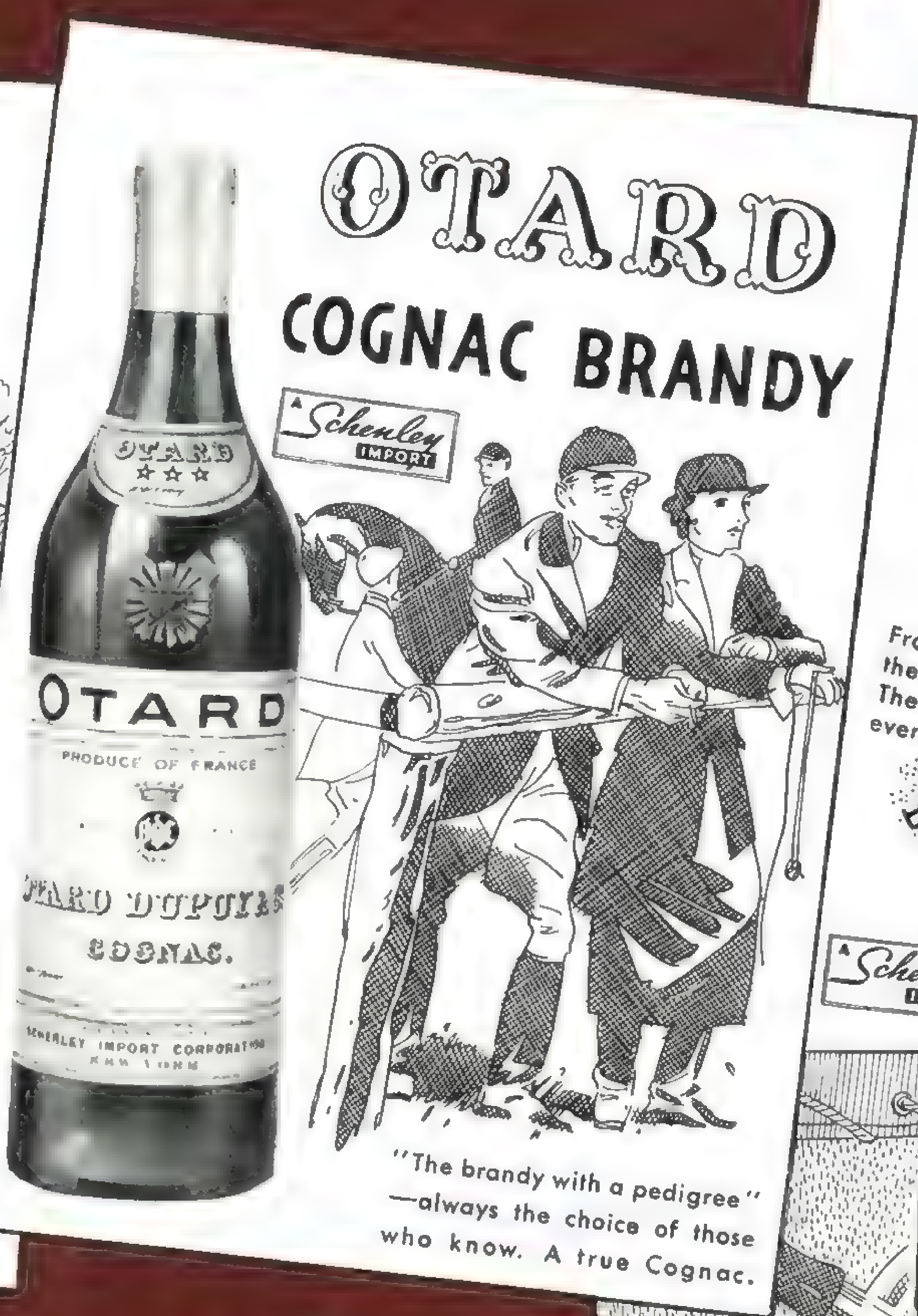
All who taste this richly mellow cherry liqueur brandy acclaim it the "king of liqueurs".


OTARD
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**OTARD**

**COGNAC BRANDY**

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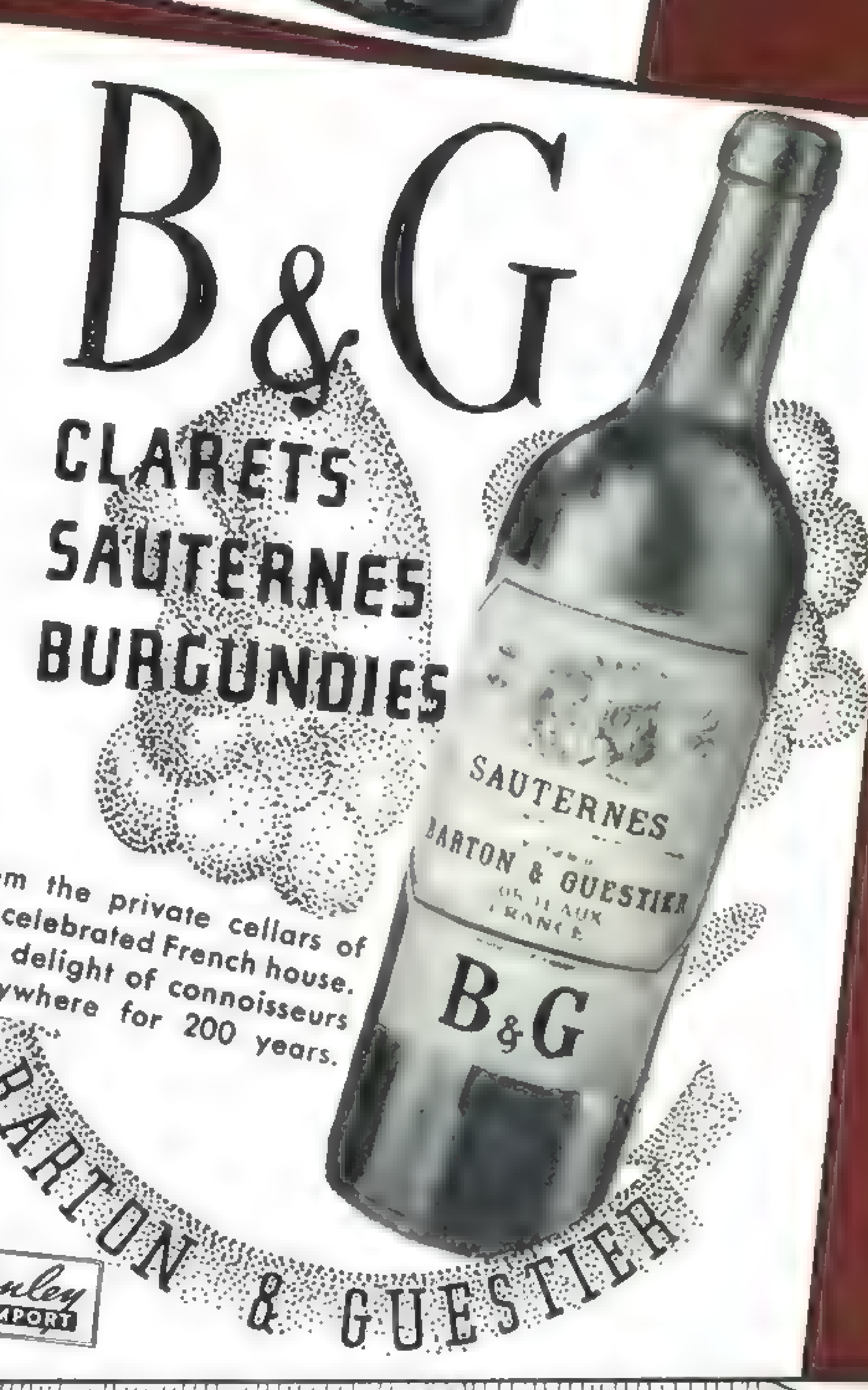
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From the private cellars of the celebrated French house. The delight of connoisseurs everywhere for 200 years.

BARTON & GUESTIER

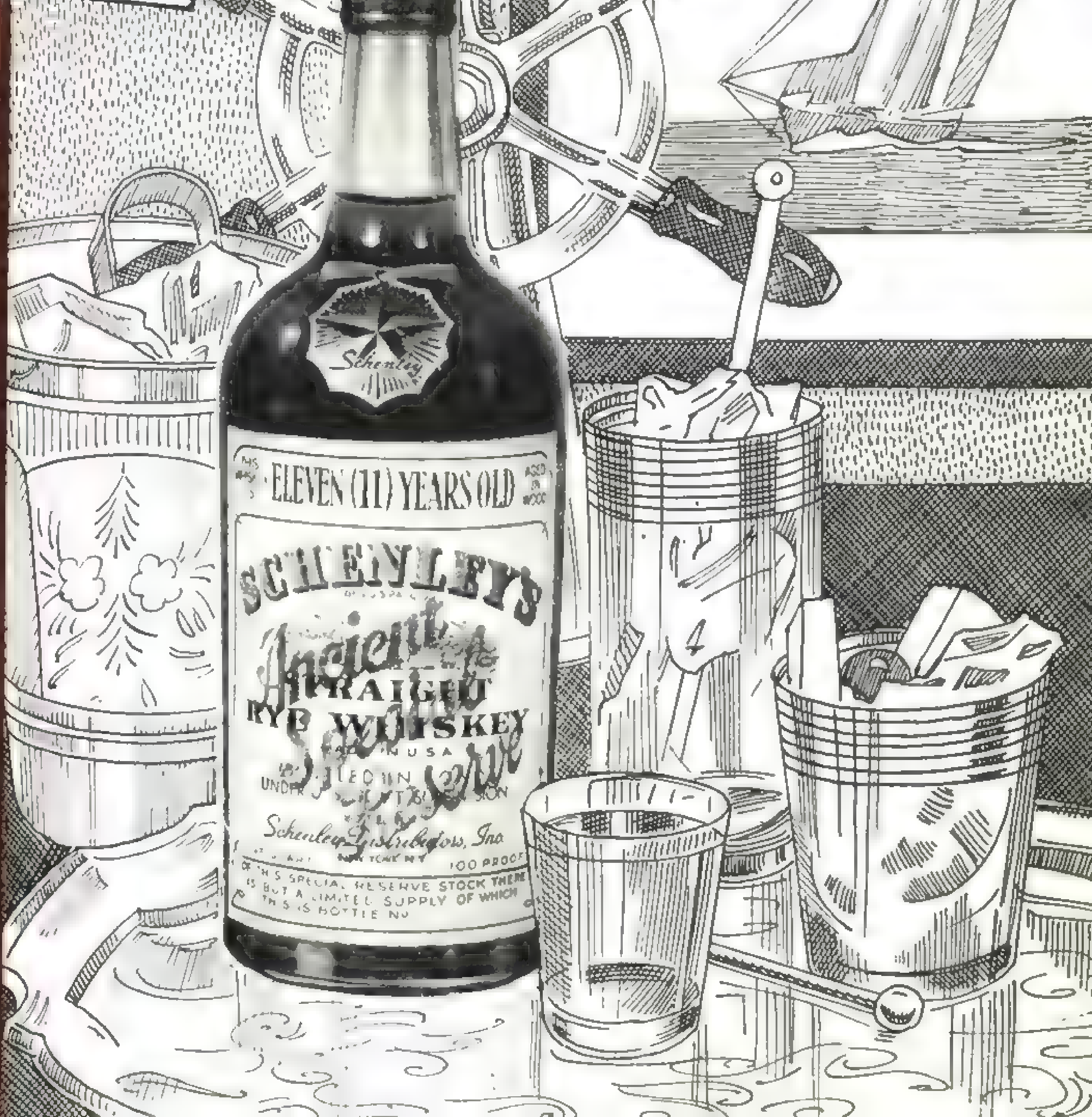
Schenley IMPORT

# THE CORRECT CELLAR

wine, or the choicest of American whiskies, look for it under the Schenley name. There you will find not only more to choose from, but each and every kind can be depended on for quality because of its affiliation with Schenley.

Make the Schenley pledge of quality your standard! It is your assurance of utmost value . . . of a price as low as the high quality of the liquors permits. There is a Schenley dealer near you. Visit him today!

Make the Mark of Merit your buying guide.


Eleven (11) Years Old
Schenley's
Ancient
Straight Rye Whiskey
Special Reserve

**SCHENLEY'S ANCIENT SPECIAL RESERVE**

Straight Rye Whiskey. Bottled in Bond under U. S. Government supervision. The treasured 11-year-old; last of a limited supply. Bottles individually numbered.

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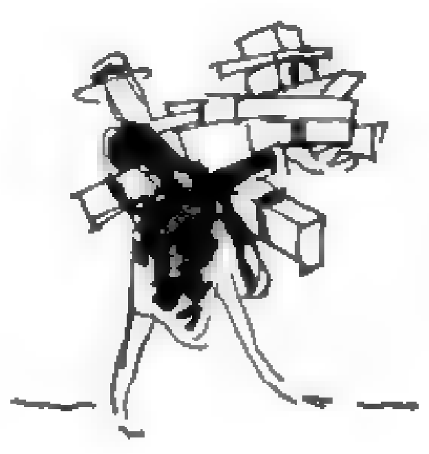
### FORMAL ACCESSORIES

The very latest foreign idea in formal jewelry, as reported in last month's Esquire. Links and studs in the square pillow shape, with knife edge. Gold-filled and beautifully made. $3.50 set. Mail orders promptly filled.
WEBER and HEILBRONER
550 Fifth Avenue New York

What with the Fashion pages and Advertising pages sold out to Santy Claus in almost equal measure, who are we to defy the season? So our aim this month is to take up with the suggestions where the others leave off.



Several offerings are in the one-of-a-kind class, and are consequently priced in keeping. They are primarily proposed for those people who either have everything or can buy everything they haven't got. While we aren't congenital antique browsers, we have come upon a few things, the sight of which had us dancing up and down.

First is a 17th century version of the well-known bird cage or chuck-a-luck which, as you know, are fancy versions of the old army game. The interior of this device is as complicated and as interesting as a planetarium. It works by pulling a string, wound around a pulley, so that the three dice set on pivots revolve in a proper dice-like manner. Pulling the string rather cramps your style as far as finger snapping is concerned, but forgetting this insignificant drawback, it is, at any rate, unique as a solution to the gift problem created by the necessity of finding something impressively useless enough to impress those who have no use for useful gifts—or is our meaning clear?

If your gift list includes a chess enthusiast, he'll go nuts over what we saw in the way of two sets of antique chess men. The first set has one side made of silver gilt, with the opposing chessman of silver. If we knew anything about chess, we rather imagine we should have some fun playing with anything as grand as these appear to be. Not quite as old, but equally as beautiful, is the other set of red and white ivory Indo-Chinese chessmen, which comes complete with an English leather chess board that takes on the appearance of a pair of finely bound old books, when folded.

We then found what seems to be the work of a 17th century Rube Goldberg, and proves, if nothing else, the fact that his contemporaries were spectacularly heavy sleepers. This is an alarm clock for the purpose of gentle awakening — a complicated, although highly decorative affair. The clock itself is one-handed, clock-making not then having reached the stage where the minutes as well as the hours were designated. The clock is set to the appointed hour for arising by shifting its position; the hand, reaching the predetermined time, touches a little pin and sets off a spring which causes the mechanism to perform as follows: (A) A maiden in distress appears at a castle window; (B) St. George mounted on his charger brandishes his spear menacingly at a dragon, with nostrils akimbo; (C) St. George's spear descends upon the dragon, setting off a small cannon on which the dragon stands — or whatever dragons do; (D) The rescued maiden returns to her safe abode. As you can readily see, it is all very simple. Nevertheless, we think it would be a highly appreciated and a really individual gift, and there are lots of people who would like this sort of thing.

Inasmuch as we mentioned something for aquaria enthusiasts last month, it seems only fitting to report a new fish bowl, which isn't a fish bowl at all, but a hanging brass lantern of a nautical nature, the chimney of which becomes the rather quaint home for a couple of guppies and their prospective families — or you can choose your own species.

A French "potteress" or shall we say "potterette" of note has "pottered" some pottery lamp bases. Their finish gives the effect of a deep colored wood grain. If you know someone who appreciates things modern, but not tricky, this is a gift we recommend wholeheartedly. These made a big hit with us, but they are available as well in lighter colors, perhaps more suitable for other decorative schemes.

### CUSTOM SHIRTMAKERS

DUDLEY G. ELDRIDGE, INC.
Shirt Makers
Now Located in the
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11-13 West 50th Street New York City
Custom Made Cravats
in Bright New Colors.

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Our talented teachers make it a real pleasure to learn the Rhumba, Tango or other Ballroom Dances, or Tap, if you prefer. Send for folder "A".

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Original signed etchings by 50 leading American Artists are available through unusual program at $5 each. Normally these works would be priced at $18 up. Five prize winners included. Ideal for gift or collection. Send for catalogue.
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Seven-fold Barathea Ties made of rich, gleaming pure silk in following shades: Como blue, Bronze, Tyrian Purple, Sage. Scarlet, Grape, Tobacco, Black, Royal Blue, $1.50.
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Smart Hat Fashions of Young's and Stetson for "Young Men About Town" who need Top Hats for their White Ties and Tails. Very smart, too, are the Black and Midnight Blue Felts for evening wear. Homburg shapes and flexible Bowlers for informal wear. Modestly priced at Young's 29 Smart Hat Shops in Greater New York.

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British six-by-three ribbed wool hose with neat hand-embroidered clocks. Soft, rich, long wearing. Colors: black, navy, dark grey, brown heather, blue heather, chocolate. $1. Mail orders promptly filled.
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Tel. Croton Falls 18 Westchester County

A new machine to speed up poker has five rollers, having marks between them for all of the 52 cards in the deck. A lever spins these and a hand of five cards appears at the top. Separate levers permit you to take out for pairs, three of a kind, etc., and then you spin the remaining wheels to draw for your hand. This is the only gadget we know of for draw poker, and you can also use it for stud.

If anyone on the Christmas list has a bar, here's a nice decorative item which might even be useful under certain conditions. We found a three quart beer glass that is rather nicely decorated with appropriate sketches on and about the bowl of the glass. As long as we have the beer drinkers in mind, you can also get two quart glass beer steins.

Not so much because it is new, but because it is one of the most fascinating of adult games, we are reporting on a modernized version of parchesi. This game depends upon any number of elements of fortune such as might occur to any man or woman during their lives – with the final objective being the monopolizing of all the factors in the game.

For inveterate pipe smokers, who must do their puffing in fair weather or foul, a new pipe that has a sliding cover over the bowl would be a welcome gift. Hod carriers who know how to smoke with bowl downward will, of course, not be interested.

What with the folks that sell those swell cruises just about ready to lay down a barrage of enticing tropic scenes, it might not be amiss to bring up the subject of your aquatic proficiency. There is an outfit that is accomplished in the art of teaching even the most timid of people to become Johnny Weismullers in the minimum of time.

Realizing the need for a more efficient gauge to be used with equal ease by the advanced stamp collector or the beginner, a gadget was devised which has a rotating gauge with oblique lines. You simply place the stamp in line with the guideline and turn the gauge. It is equipped with a magnifying glass and water mark detector – a swell gift for the philatelists.

There is a new mechanical pencil on the market which changes colors as simply as switching on and off an electric light. It writes in any of four colors, red, green, blue or black, and you get the color you wish by simply flicking a trigger on the side. It should appeal to the male's innate love of gadgetry. Restaurant table accountants should be able to get some interesting effects with this.

This brings to mind – that a ticket for one of those all expense cruises wouldn't be such a bad Christmas gift at that, or – having seen the auto show, one of the new 1936 models, we are sure, would be acceptable.

A new design of the Sheffield well-and-tree meat platter will be appreciated by those who take their carving seriously. The gravy well has been shifted around to a place directly in front of the carver, perhaps diminishing the likelihood of the attendant gravy spattering, and eliminating getting hell from the lady of the house.

Glasses which eliminate confusion by having individual decorations are always a boon to home bartenders. The latest innovation in this direction has found interest in the small inhabitant of field and forest. These glasses, in the various essential sizes, are to be had with twelve different subjects, most interesting being a raccoon, a weasel, a chipmunk, a rabbit and, of course, a skunk. They're known as "field" glasses.

Amid a maze of really beautiful clocks we found one of unusual interest. It has a crystal face, and you wind it by pulling out a cord and letting it snap back, which keeps it going for eight days.

**GALLERIES**

For HIS Christmas
Sportsmen's Etchings, by Bohl, Bishop, Tuttle, Seaver. Sent parcel post for approval. Send for catalogue and prices.
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MINCE MEAT

# Old English Custom

### by JOSEPHINE GIBSON

NOT the least prodigious of the achievements brought to perfection in the great kitchens of H. J. Heinz Company is the faithful reproduction of old-fashioned plum pudding and mincemeat.

Thus have Heinz chefs enabled any family to climax holiday feasts with either or both of these time-honored desserts, without undergoing the toil and uncertainties of mixing and cooking them. To accomplish this, it was necessary to borrow the very recipes which olden time cooks followed.

Mincemeat of the 57 Varieties is made of tender lean prime beef, suet, Valencia seeded raisins, plump Grecian case currants, firm and juicy apples, with lemon peel and aromatic candied citron—well spiced, blended together and seasoned just as it was done in the kitchens of our ancestors.

Heinz plum pudding is delightfully rich and fruity—mixed and steamed in the old-time manner, and, true to the Heinz tradition of real "homemade" flavors, is in every way a re-creation of the old English plum puddings Dickens wrote of.

Encouraged by the success of Heinz plum pudding, Heinz chefs produced two more varieties of steamed pudding. First, Heinz fig pudding. Made of Smyrna figs, light-textured, it is an ideal year-'round dessert.

More recently introduced is Heinz date pudding, also steamed and put up in tins, ready to heat and serve with sauce. All three of these delectable puddings are available in three sizes—for two, six and twelve servings. And on each label is a recipe for delicious pudding sauce, easy to make.

And so, thanks to the genius of Heinz chefs, this Christmas more holiday dinners than ever will be topped off with desserts traditionally in spirit with the season.

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

### MEN'S OUTFITTERS

IT FOLLOWS . . .
that if you've been following E. Simms Campbell's drawings for *Hart Schaffner & Marx* clothes in Esquire, you'll follow the crowd to their headquarters in New York—
WALLACH'S
5th Ave. at 45th St. Empire State Bldg.

### REDUCING BELTS

Remove fat without drugs, diet or exercise by using a *Lewis Reducing Belt*. Inches taken off in a few days. Permanent reduction guaranteed with longer use. Brings back old-time vigor and pep. Try this Belt 10 days at our expense. Write for FREE trial offer. Lewis Reducing Belt Company, Dept. S. 433 Elizabeth Ave., Newark, N. J.

### RIDING ACCESSORIES

For Smart Riding Boots and Togs as featured in this publication, write for our complete catalog "E"—illustrating all—Polo, Hunting and Riding equipment for both Eastern and Western needs.
KAUFFMAN SADDLERY CO.
*"Everything for the Rider and Mount"*
141 East 24th St. New York, N. Y.

### SPORTS APPAREL

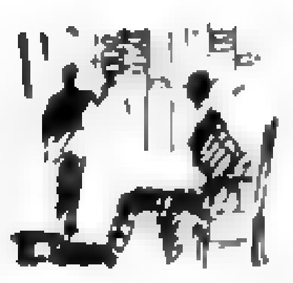
Unique pullover for golf and outdoors. Outside is a vest of velvety chamois. Inside is a knitted shirt, with attached collar, in maroon, navy, or brown. State small, medium, or large. $8.50.
WEBER and HEILBRONER
550 Fifth Avenue New York

### SCALP SPECIALISTS

ILON announces the opening of her uptown offices for the treatment of HAIR and SCALP under the established
ILON SYSTEM
50 W. 55th St., New York, 2nd Floor
for appointment phone CIrcle 7-5474
*A satisfied clientele our recommendation*

### SHOPPING COMMISIONS

STOP FRETTING over your Christmas list. I will do your shopping in New York for gifts, pictured in Esquire and other smart magazines, or for any particular item you may have in mind. This service is free. Send for a description.
Georgette Dunbar Evans 522 Fifth Ave.
Tel. Murray Hill 2-1193 New York City



### SLIPPERS

SLIPPER SLEUTHS!
You'll find plenty of Christmas clues in our extensive slipper assortment. Modestly priced from $2.50 to $4.50; they make gifts par excellence! Send mail orders to—
WALLACH'S
5th Ave. at 45th St. New York

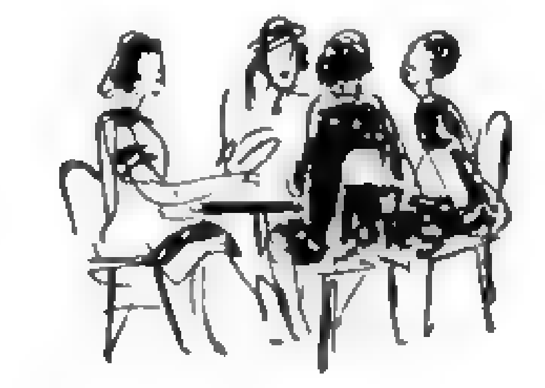
As a means of getting into our next subject, we should, perhaps, pull the line about the wooden whistle that wouldn't whistle, although we don't see that it has any direct bearing on the subject. However, we do want to report that the "gadgeteers" have turned to wood as a medium of expressing their cunning. They have taken a perfectly good rolling pin, jabbed a lot of little holes in it, stuck some colorful toothpicks in the holes, with the determined purpose that it be used for serving those miniature hot dogs. A natural wood finish, and a little paint here and there, have turned this lethal weapon into a rather unique and novel household gift.

Still dependent upon the old functional forms, these demoniacal wood workers have unlimbered their drills again and applied a similar operation to a potato masher. In this case, they have attached to the bottom of the potato masher a square platter on which room has been reserved for additional hors-d'oeuvre or canapes.

You may recall that several months ago we showed, on a page of smart wearables and accessories for the man in town, a table lighter in the form of a tinder pistol. Among the antiques, we found an original and authentic version of the early day lighter, made in the 17th century, and combining this useful lighting device with an inkstand. While the old-fashioned gadget is still in working condition, and would be highly ornamental for a desk at home or in the office, we must admit that the more modern version is a bit simpler for getting a light.

The pernicious influence of the good old speakeasy days seems still to be rampant. Consistent with the vogue for gingham table cloths, a high fashion note from spaghetti parlors, some dishes and things suitable for buffet supper purposes, are now embellished with plaid designs. You may choose these from an assortment of colorings, so that they may fit in with the prospective recipient's ideas on the subject.

Being Scotch only by imbibition doesn't prevent us from rising to heights of enthusiasm when we report what appears to be perfect congruity in the way of highball glass decoration . . . glasses decorated with Scotch tartan plaid patterns, the hottest of which is the good old Cameron which sports the most Scottish of colors . . . brilliant red and green. If anything can enhance the perfection of Scotch and soda, it would be drinking it from these glasses.



If some of your contract playing friends, present a problem in the way of gift giving, a new automatic card shuffler and dealer which is now obtainable, should prove to be the solution. This device performs the whole job up to the point where you start bidding. It is somewhat reminiscent of a cartoonist's sausage machine as the pack of cards is placed in a receptacle at the top, a small handle is whirled about, and out pops four hands.

In a famous gadget emporium, we came upon a brand new combination cork, cap and cover jimmy, and the fellow that invented this one sure went whole-hog. It has a cork screw that works practically by itself, given the least encouragement, is equipped with gadgets that remove the usual beer bottle type of cover, as well as taking care of the major problem of those tops that come on pickle jars, etc., and you can twist off a screw cap as quick as you can say "make mine the same." It's made of phospher bronze, which is supposed to be to gadgets what platinum is to wedding rings. To us it seems like a gift that would engender a long and mellow friendship.

Suburbanite late comer-inners, even of sober habits, will appreciate the gift of a leather key case that is equipped with a little light as an aid in finding the keyhole.

### SOCIAL SECURITIES

We thought you might be interested to know that the new Q T gum, a definite insurance against embarrassing breath situations resulting from onions, liquor, tobacco, and even garlic can now be had at your druggist for 10c the box, or write to the
QUI SAIT COMPANY
767 Lexington Avenue, New York City

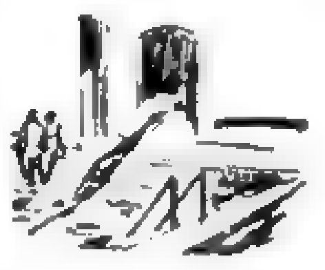
Do you ever have to SOBER UP in a hurry? SOBROSAL saves you from embarrassing situations. Sobers quickly (15 minutes in most cases), harmlessly insures against "morning after" hangover. Served at bars, sold at drugstores, or send 50c for 3, $1 for 7, to SOBROSAL, 2925 Av. L, B'klyn, N. Y.

### STAMPS AND COINS

PLUTOCRATS and plebeians
THROW OUT
those mildewed collections
of bottlecaps, spittoons, and matchboxes, and consider
AIRMAIL STAMPS
and the spectacular flights, glamorous names, and air history that they depict.
The start of such a hobby as a gift will make this Christmas a never-to-be-forgotten one for your sons or for yourself.
EMIL BRUECHIG
522 Fifth Avenue New York City

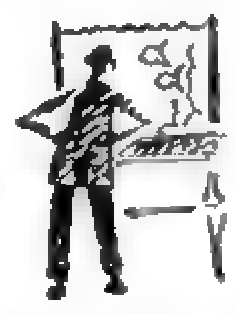
Visitors from the four corners of the globe browse over stamps of every nation in this unique shop. Let us serve you too in your collecting or in selecting an unusual "Stamp Gift" for Christmas. Mail inquiries invited.
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
STAMP SHOP
Concourse, RCA Bldg. Radio City, N. Y.

NO GIFT QUITE LIKE IT
The thrill that comes with the first *real* album, and fun that lasts for years are bound into
SCOTT'S JUNIOR ALBUM
$3.00 (boards) $4.00 (cloth) *plus postage*
*The most popular album ever published*
SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 W. 47th St. New York, N. Y.
*Write for free, complete price list*



### SWIMMING SCHOOL

DALTON SWIMMING SCHOOL
Established 1899
Specialized Individual Instruction
for nervous people of all ages
Send for Booklet C
19 West 44th Street New York City



### TROPICAL FISH

We kiss and faint, we climb and walk,—
we do most everything but talk. We're fish
but we're not snobs, though we live in ease.
We love ogling strangers, if you please!
And here you may in confidence buy our
every need to keep us spry.
CHARLES H. BROWNE 147 Nassau St.
WOrth 2-4925 41 Park Row N. Y. C.

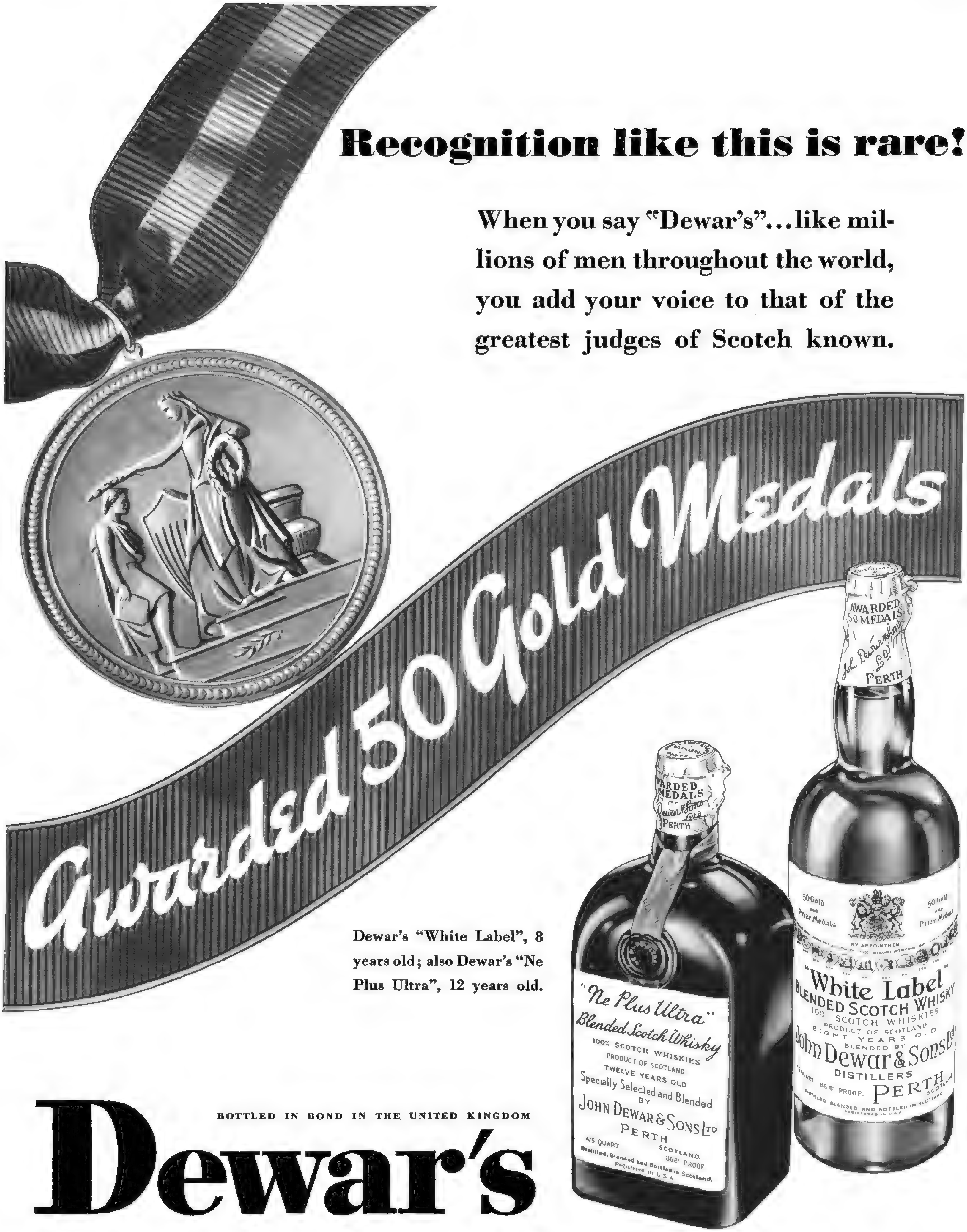
WINES AND LIQUORS

### WINES AND LIQUORS

THIS CHRISTMAS give a basket of fine wines and liquors from VENDOME—
famous for quality brands at *always* correct prices. Largest imported and domestic selection to choose from.
Write for Catalogue S.
Phone PLaza 3-5325 for prompt delivery.
VENDOME LIQUEUR, INC.
412 Madison Ave. New York City

# Recognition like this is rare!

When you say "Dewar's"... like millions of men throughout the world, you add your voice to that of the greatest judges of Scotch known.


Awarded 50 Gold Medals
AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
"Ne Plus Ultra"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially Selected and Blended
BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH, SCOTLAND.
4/5 QUART 86.8° PROOF
Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland.
Registered in U.S.A.
50 Gold and Prize Medals
BY APPOINTMENT
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100 SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
86.8° PROOF. PERTH SCOTLAND
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED IN U.S.A.

Dewar's "White Label", 8 years old; also Dewar's "Ne Plus Ultra", 12 years old.

BOTTLED IN BOND IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

**Dewar's**

*The Prize-Winning Scotch*

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

**JOHN DAVID**
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

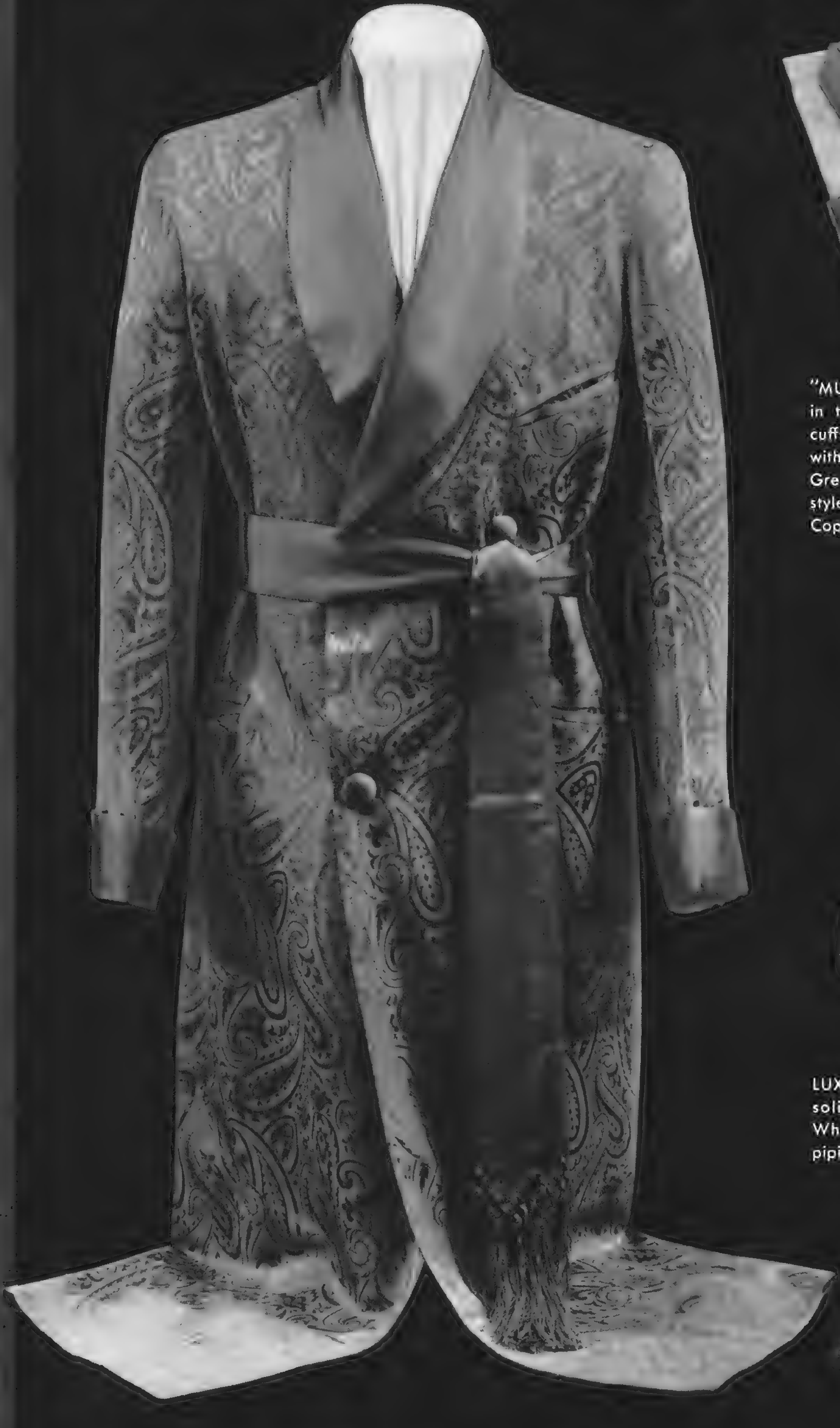
## A Gift with the Label of John David, Fifth Avenue, New York, is doubly welcome to any man because it represents style and quality and it adds distinction to your Gift.

"MUSKETEER" PAJAMAS of fine quality Broadcloth in two models. One style has contrasting collar, cuffs, pocket top and sash in choice of Light Blue with White, Canary with Black, Peach with Brown, Green with Brown and Gray with Maroon. The other style is plain Ivory with contrasting piping of Black, Copen Blue, Wine, Green or Brown ....... $2.95

LUXURIOUS SILK PAJAMAS in choice of seven solid colors — Wine, Copen Blue, French Blue, White, Honey, Tan or Green with contrasting piping on collar, cuffs and jacket ........ $4.95

HARD-SOLE SLIPPERS — Fine quality leather in choice of Maroon, Black, Navy or Brown ... $3.50

SOFT-SOLE SLIPPERS — Fine-quality leather in choice of Maroon, Black, Royal Blue or Brown $1.95

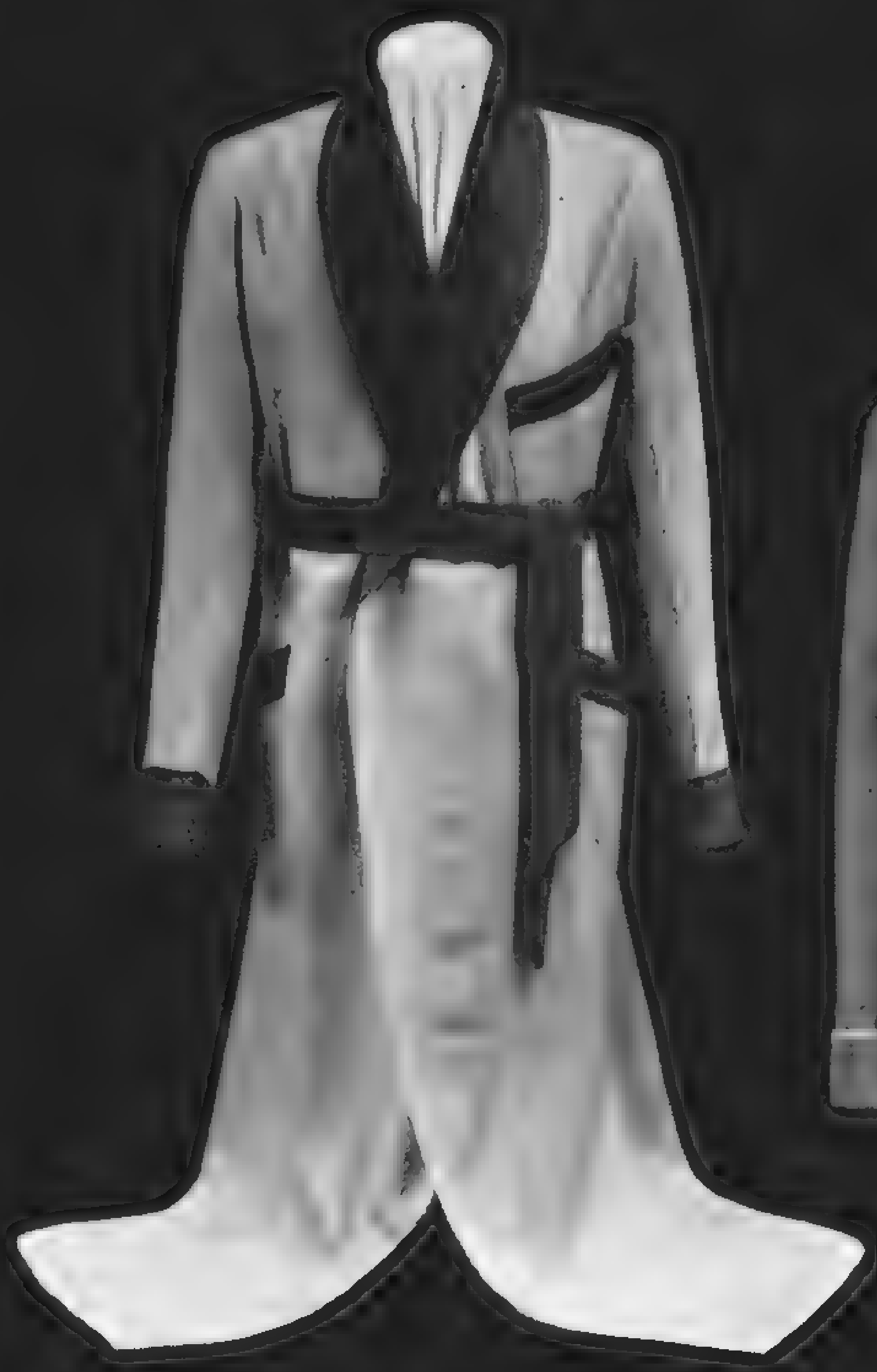


MATELASSE LOUNGE ROBE, luxuriously full Satin lined. Collar, cuffs and sash are of harmonizing plain shade in choice of four combinations, Maroon with Maroon, Navy Blue with Navy Blue, Black with Maroon and Brown with Brown ................................ $12.50

# JOHN DAVID

FIFTH AVENUE — NEW YORK

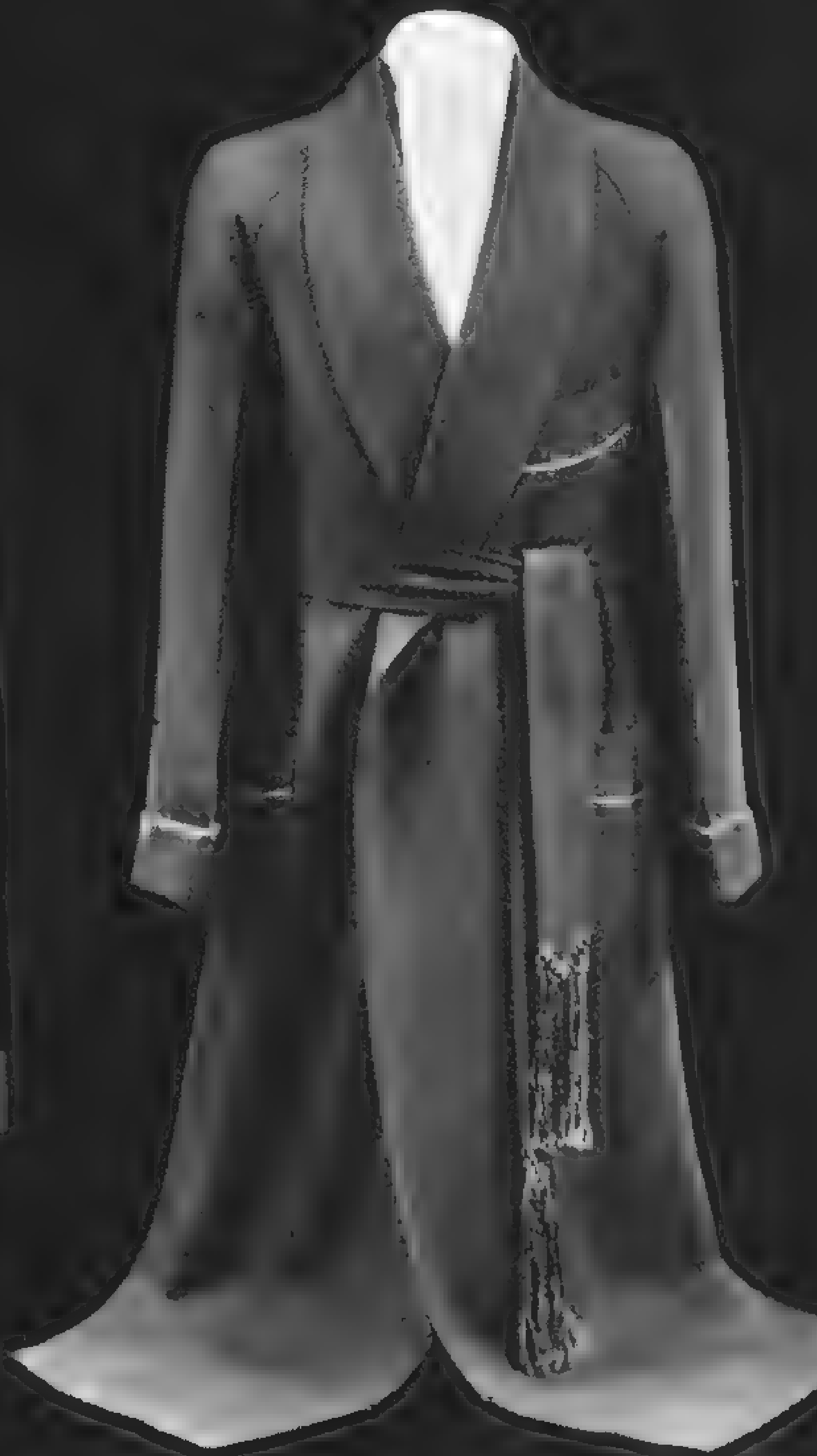
## Gifts for a Man



**ALL-WOOL FLANNEL ROBE**—An exceptional value. Solid colors with contrasting collar, cuffs, pocket tops and sash in choice of six combinations, Maroon with Red, Royal Blue with Light Blue, Navy Blue with Royal Blue, Green with Dark Green, Brown with Tan and Tan with Brown. Also a Wrap-Around Model in Maroon, Royal Blue, Navy Blue, Green or Brown with White piping **$5.95**

(Above Left) **MATELASSE COCKTAIL JACKET**, Luxuriously Satin lined. Self-faced collar and cuffs with contrasting piping. Choice of Maroon or Navy Blue with White piping .................... **$10.95**

(Above Right) **MATELASSE LOUNGE SUIT**—Collar, cuffs, pocket tops and sash are of harmonizing plain shade in choice of Maroon or Navy Blue . . **$12.50**



**ALL-WOOL FLANNEL ROBE**—An unusual value. A smart Raglan-shoulder model with contrasting piping on outside sleeve seam, cuffs, and pocket tops. Choice of five combinations, Maroon with Gold, Navy Blue with Red, Navy Blue with Gold, Brown with Gold and Black with White ............. **$7.95**

## LEKTROLITE
### Flameless Cigarette Lighter

No springs or hinges or moving parts to wear out. One or two puffs to light the cigarette in any weather. Easy to refill. Unconditionally guaranteed for one year.

At Left ............ **$3.50**
At Right .......... **$5.00**

JOHN DAVID, MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
1271 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Kindly send me the following merchandise:

Charge My Account ☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C. O. D. ☐

| ARTICLE | COLOR | SIZE | AMOUNT |
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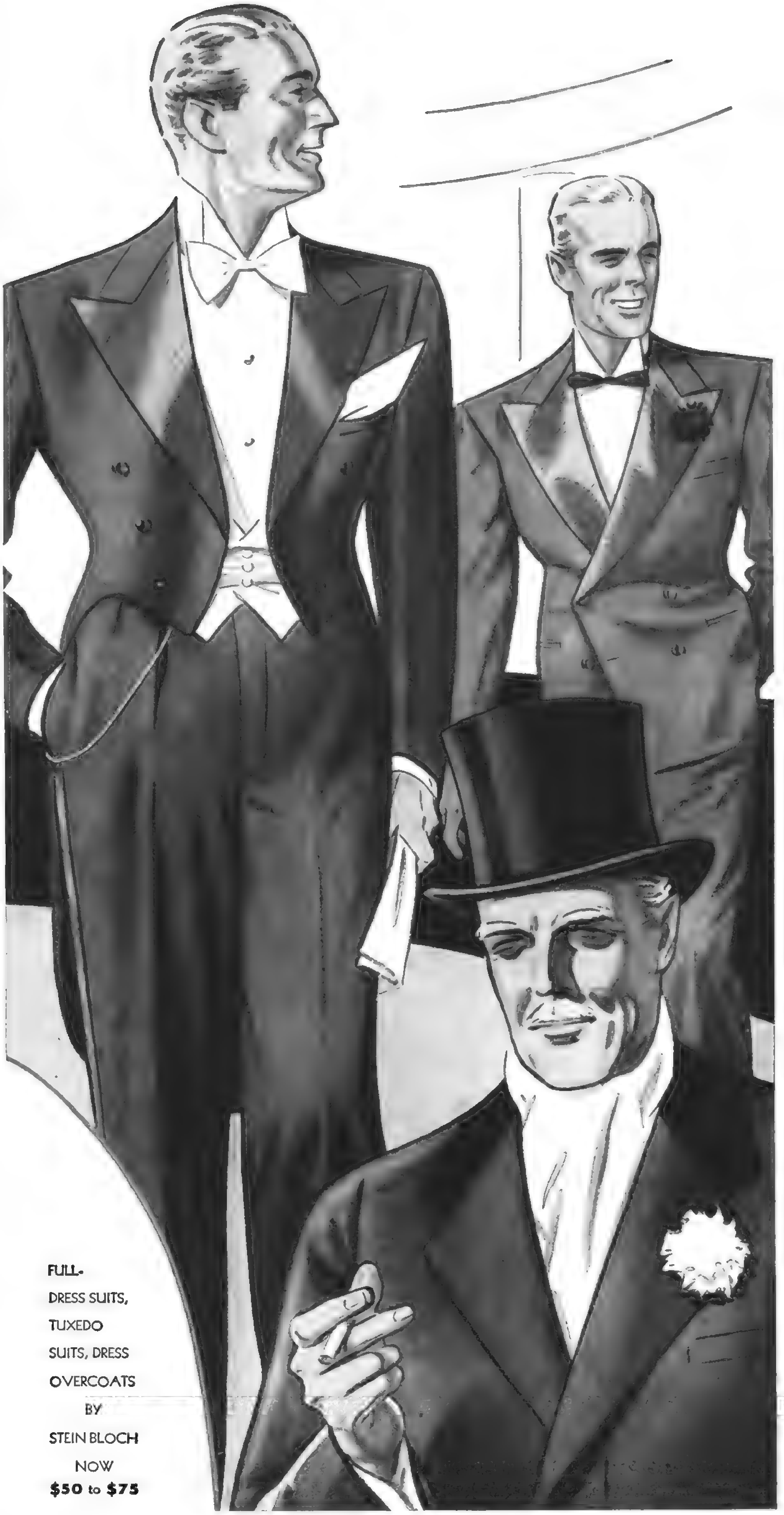
Name________________________________

Address________________________________



FULL-
DRESS SUITS,
TUXEDO
SUITS, DRESS
OVERCOATS
BY
STEIN BLOCH
NOW
**$50 to $75**

### THE
# Remembered Man

Your new evening clothes will be faultless (simply a matter of choosing the right sponsor, of buying from clothiers whose judgment you trust). So will the accessories — hat, gloves, stick and so on. You will be sure of their correctness by consulting a stylewise store.

But . . . the real responsibility is yours. For a man's distinction in evening clothes is the net effect of his own personality — as expressed in carriage, in manner and manners, in what you do and in what you say.

No friend can advise you how to be *the remembered man,* at meetings *tete-a-tete* or *en masse* . . . Stein Bloch will help, as far as clothes can go, by furnishing the correct costume, made up in fine fabrics showing those touches of hand-work that mark the wearer as epicure . . . and executive.

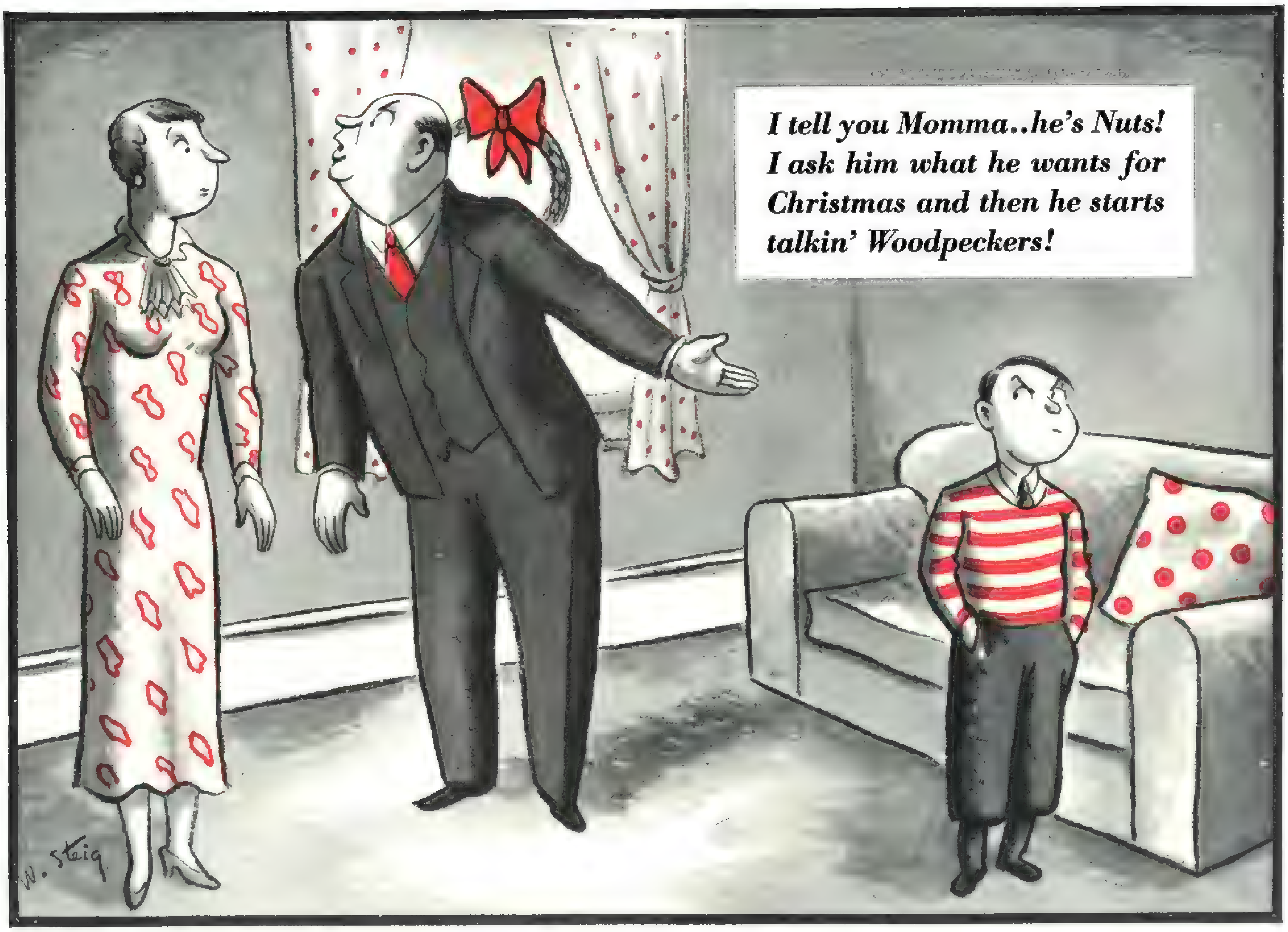
Stop at a Stein Bloch dealer's and see yourself well-dressed for a memorable evening — and for many of them. Every piece and part of Stein Bloch clothing is made to do its most for you. . . . Stein Bloch Tailors, Rochester and New York City.

Stein Bloch
Tailors
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED

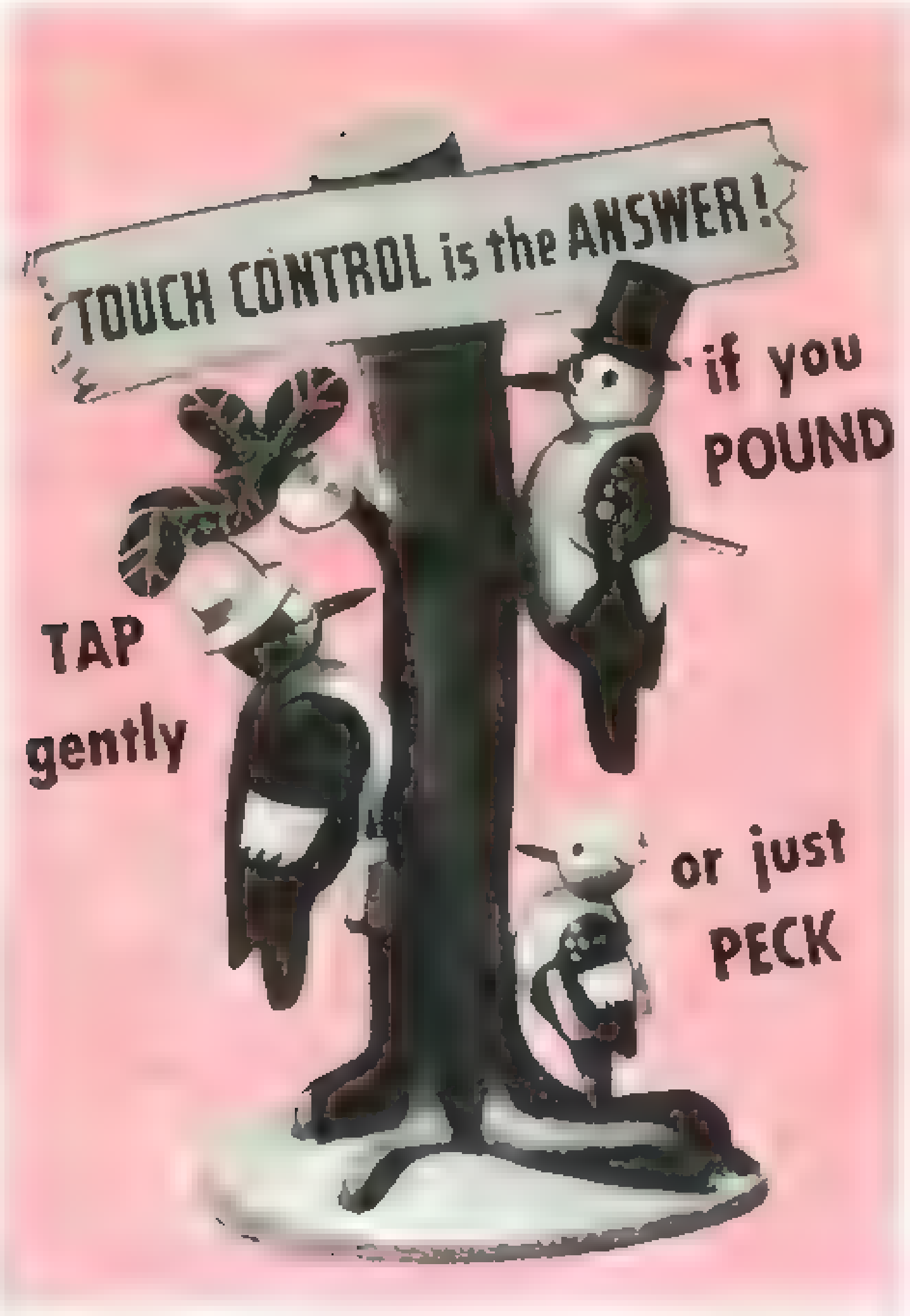
*INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED SINCE 1854*
STEIN BLOCH CLOTHES ARE SOLD BY THE FINE STORES ONLY—AT PRICES FROM $35 TO $75

★ CALL WESTERN UNION FOR THE NAME OF THE NEAREST STEIN BLOCH DEALER

ONCE WORN **STEIN BLOCH** ALWAYS WORN


I tell you Momma..he's Nuts! I ask him what he wants for Christmas and then he starts talkin' Woodpeckers!
W. Steig

## But the lad was simply using our way of describing TOUCH CONTROL, an amazing, exclusive ROYAL feature!


TOUCH CONTROL is the ANSWER!
if you POUND
TAP gently
or just PECK

He knew what he wanted and so will you—once you have seen and tried the New Royal Portable with Touch Control! Actually, Touch Control is the most important improvement ever presented on a typewriter. *Only Royal has it!*

Here is how Touch Control operates! Merely move a tiny lever. Instantly, the key tension is adapted to your exact finger pressure. With Touch Control, you type smoothly, naturally, *easier than writing by hand,* whether you are experienced or just a novice who pecks at the keys.

This Christmas give that student son or daughter of yours a New Royal.

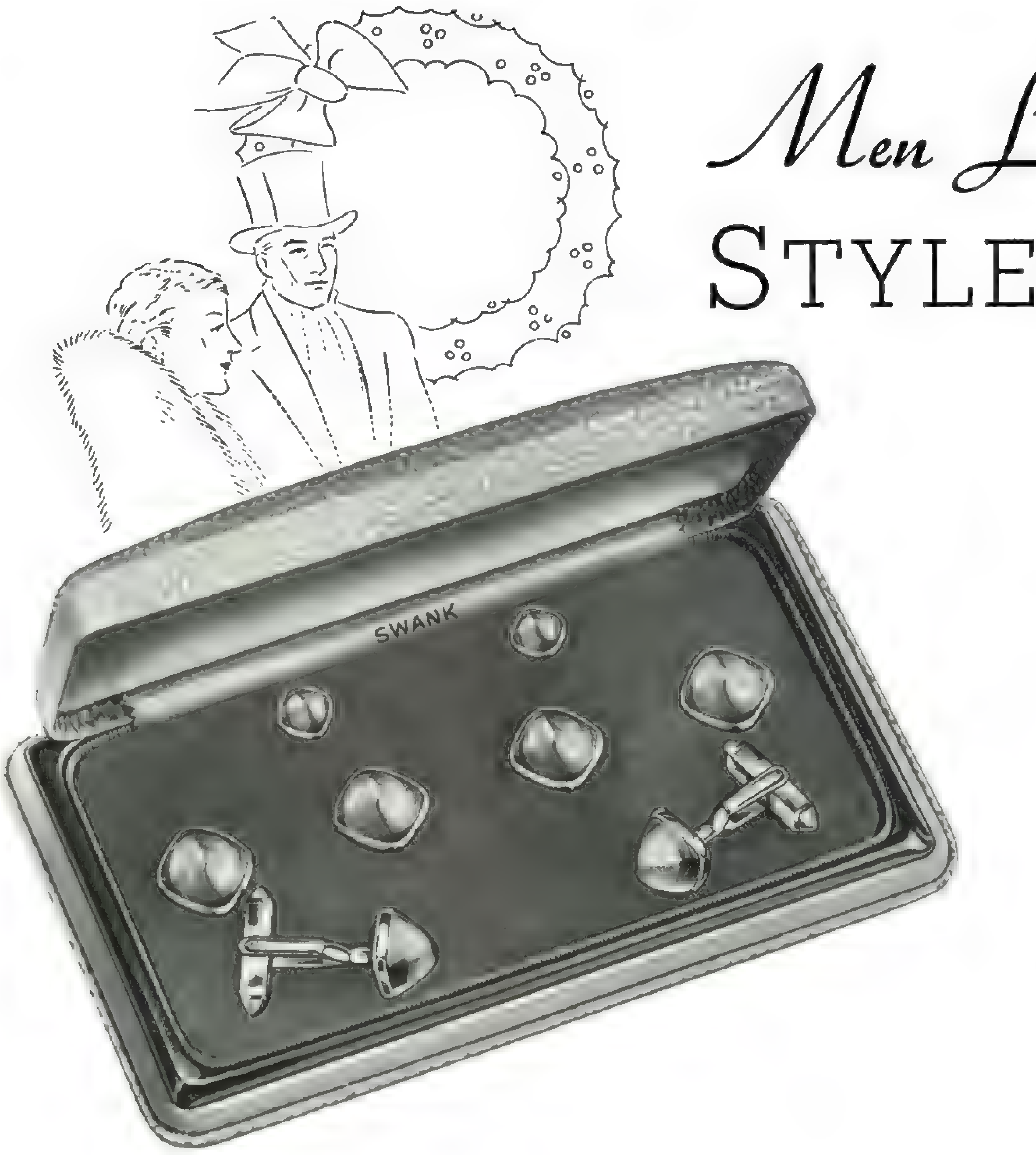
IN ADDITION to Touch Control, the New Royal Portable includes many other exclusive improvements . . . Finger Comfort Keys, Centralized Controls, Complete Dust Protection. The price is just as sensational as the typewriter itself—*only* $49.50! Other models; $62.50, $37.50. Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., New York City

*Entire contents copyright, Royal Typewriter Company Inc., 1935*

## NEW ROYAL PORTABLE

## WITH TOUCH CONTROL

# *Men Like Jewelry . . if it's* STYLED FOR MEN



▶ Men have a keen appreciation of good craftsmanship in jewelry — just as they have in fishing rods, golf clubs, and briar pipes. That's why Swank is in favor. Men like its masculine good looks, its worthwhile quality, its smartness.

## EVENING JEWELRY

▶ Swank Evening Jewelry is offered in many designs and many combinations . . . some include key chains. There are very modern effects . . . also conservative designs.

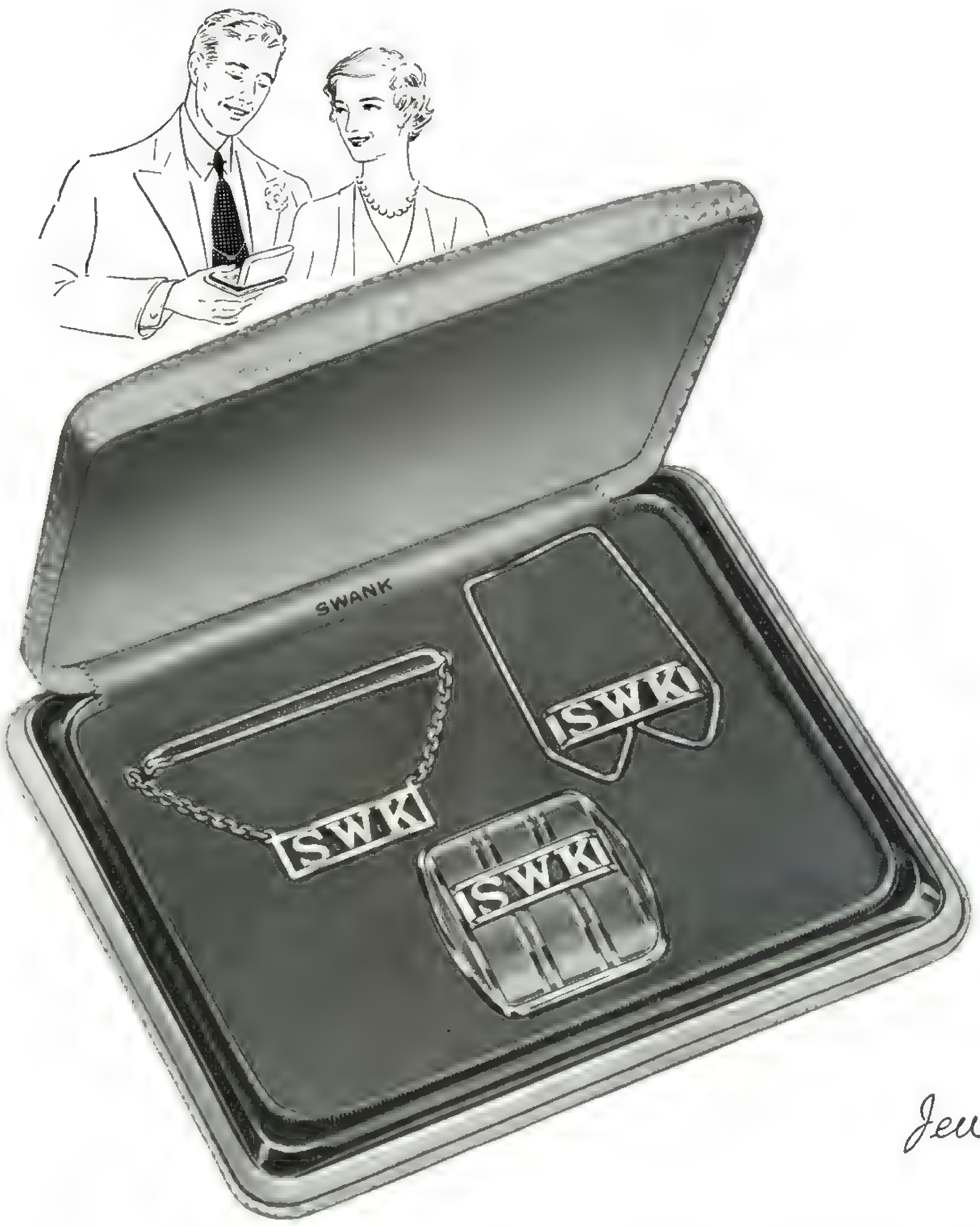
▶ Set illustrated has new cabochon moonstone links, studs, and vest buttons—$5.00. Others up to $35.00.

## DAYTIME JEWELRY

## . . *Personalized* . .

WITH A MAN'S OWN INITIALS

▶ Here's jewelry after a man's own heart—smart as his new car—masculine as his old shooting jacket—and with the added personal significance of his own initials.



ENSEMBLE ILLUSTRATED

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt Buckle, Cravat Chain, Money Klip | | $3.50 |
| Belt Buckle, boxed $1.00 | In Sterling | $3.50 |
| Money Klip, boxed $1.00 | | |
| Cravat Chain, boxed $1.00 | In Sterling | $1.50 |

*At Smart Men's Shops and Jewelers*
THE BAER & WILDE COMPANY, ATTLEBORO, MASS., U. S. A.

SWANK
*Jewelry Accessories for Men*

# VAT 69

## *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY

"Quality Tells"

ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son LEITH, SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION NEW YORK
SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES
VAT 69
VAT 69

*"Vat 69, please!"*

**PARK & TILFORD** Import Corporation, 485 Fifth Ave., New York · Exclusive U. S. Representative

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**Peter Freuchen** (*Nauja The Desired*, page 92) is a Danish explorer. He studied medicine but decided it was futile when a patient who had just been discharged from the hospital where he was interning walked out on the street and got killed by an automobile. Then he went to sea, and later became a journalist. He is still an editor of the newspaper, *Politiken*, which is published in Copenhagen. For fifteen years he was a trader in Greenland, and was made governor of Thule Colony in Greenland. He wrote the story *Eskimo* from which a moving picture was made, has had short stories in several American magazines, and has recently completed an autobiography, called *Arctic Adventure*, which will be published by Farrar and Rinehart sometime this winter.

•

**Edward Barrows** (*Riots, Rugby and Rooters*, page 96) says: "Past performances: one time a sailor, sometime a newspaper man, but backslid into public welfare and educational 'work'; so on down to college Prof.; tried to reform but only got as far as educational movies when the Depression ended All: since 1930 have been more or less free lance writer for such journalistic headaches as *Review of Reviews*, *New Outlook*, *Survey Graphic*, *American City*, *National Municipal Review* and Esquire, with a few hopeful excursions into fiction. Just finished my first honest-to-God book, *The Great Commodore*, which some wealthy but adventurous publishers called Bobbs-Merrill, have put on their book list for fall. Politics, religion, hobbies, pet drinks, love-life and such Winchellia are subject to change without notice and previous record not so good anyway; better not go into it. Only man in our row who can shave without removing his pipe from his face or letting it go out."

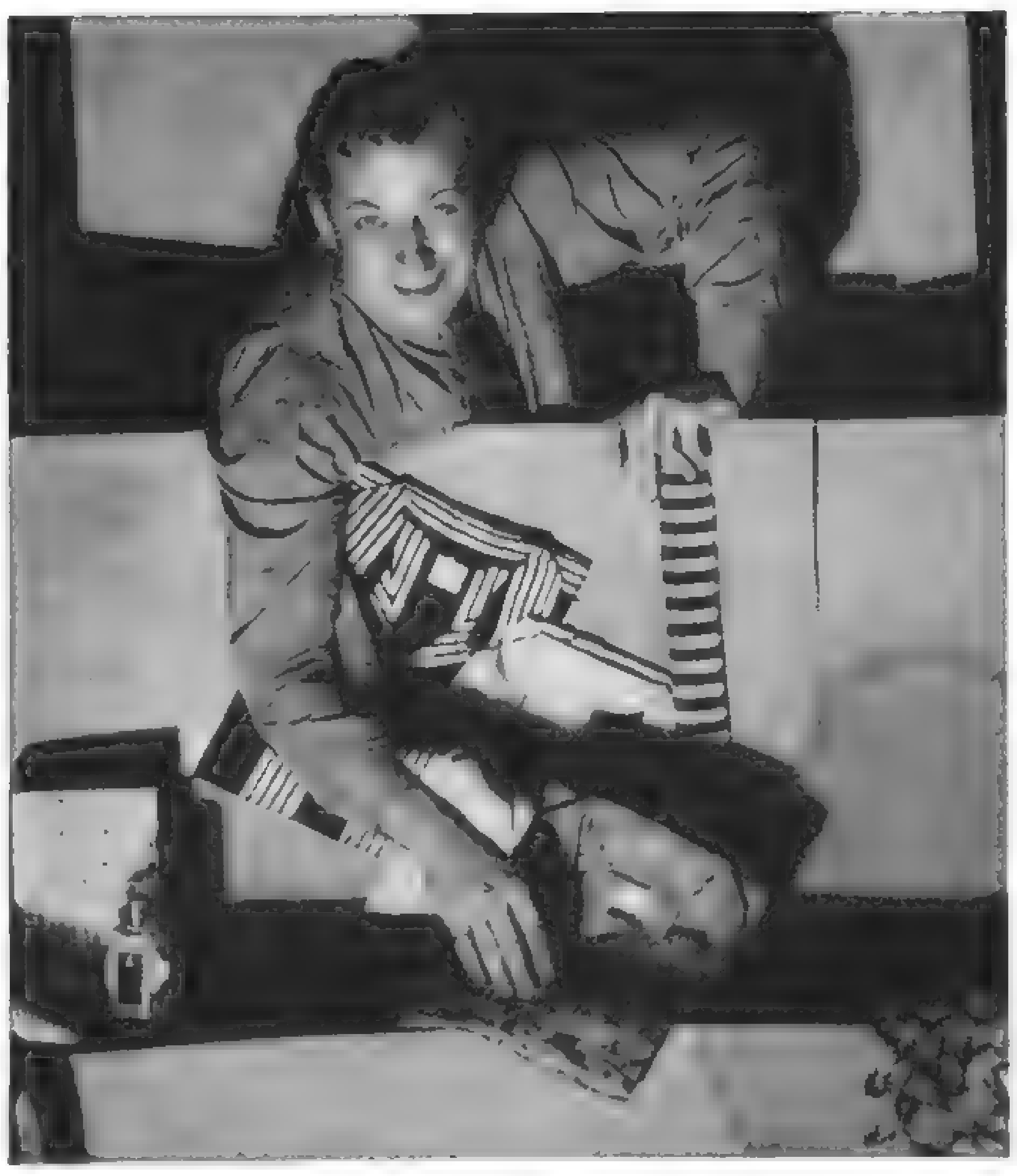
•

**Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher** was born, he says, a one-egg twin on May 19, 1898. He and his twin received their A.B. degrees from the Johns Hopkins University and their medical degrees from the same institution. He became a practitioner of obstetrics and gynecology in Baltimore and an associate in the Department of Obstetrics at his Alma Mater. His first book, *Life in the Making*, which deals with the folklore, history and science of conception, was published in 1933 by Viking Press. He has also published scientific papers and studies in the history of medicine. He has one wife, one daughter, one dog, one cat, and two rabbits.

•

**Hannibal Towle** is our **Discovery of the Month**, His first published story, *The Man-Wife of Maran*, appears on page 38. He says: "I was born in Boston in 1911, in my heart coursing the blood of Englishmen, Irishmen and a long-dead American Indian. Graduated from Andover and entered Yale with the immediate ambition of being an intercollegiate wrestling champion and the long-distance one of becoming an aeronautical engineer, but got side-tracked somehow into the local amateur theatres and undergraduate editorial rooms. The necessity of turning dilettante talents into professions, if a living were to be made, has been interesting if not always ecstatically pleasant, best symbolized by a pawn-broker's outrigging with the three balls changed to nickel hamburgers. Have wandered about the country as an actor, playing stock and repertory, but have so far failed to reach New York."

Hannibal Towle



W. Bayard Okie, Jr.

We found out that **W. Bayard Okie, Jr.** does the Marcus show windows which, like everybody else, we've often stopped to admire. So we decided to get him to do our—oh, figure it out yourself, from the picture.

•

**Nick Grinde** (*Whimsy by the Mile*, page 104) says he has just finished a short with Robert Benchley called, *How To Sleep*, which everyone ought to see. He was born in Madison, Wisconsin, and attended the University of Wisconsin. He has directed a lot of famous movie stars, and says that he directed all of M.G.M.'s early talking shorts in New York with New York stage actors, under the guidance of Major Bowes. This, he suggests, was probably the original Amateur Hour. He is a great fan of Animated Cartoons.

•

**Eugene Wright** says: "Most of my life until I was twenty-six was spent breaking illusions—which were the reason for my trips into Borneo, Persia, 'The Great Horn Spoon' and a Quixotic adventure across the Sahara by camel. I am married, have two children and live in Westchester. Have contributed to *Cosmopolitan*, *American Magazine*, *New Yorker*, etc. Thirty-one years old, and just beginning to live."

•

**Lawson Little** was born June 23, 1910, at Newport, Rhode Island. He won the American and British Amateur Golf Championships, both this year and last, and is the only person who can claim this distinction. He attended Leland Stanford Jr. University. Recently he became engaged to a Chicago girl whom he met while he was playing a tournament.

•

**Philip Stevenson** (*Gold Star Mother*, page 47) was born in New York City, in 1896, attended private schools in the east, and left Harvard during his sophomore year in April, 1917, to enlist in the navy. He served as a seaman on a converted yacht doing convoy-escort duty in the Bay of Biscay, was commissioned an ensign, and finally given duty ashore, in France, until September 1919 when he returned to the United States in bad health. He spent most of the next ten years in bed, recovering. He began writing in 1920, short stories, articles, and occasional reviews and verse. He has written two novels, *The Edge Of The Nest* and *To Saint Luke's*. His one-act play, *God's In His Heaven*, was a prize winner in a contest conducted by the Theater Union in 1933.

•

**E. Maclay Gearhart, Jr.** says: "I was born at Sunbury, Pa., rather late in the year 1907. My interest in the breeding and raising of fish as a hobby dates back about four years. During one year I conducted a Sunday column on tropical fish for one of the local (Erie, Pa.) papers."

•

**T. Benson Hoy** says: "Born in Minneapolis in 1903. Learned to fly in the naval reserve while attending Columbia College. Did all kinds of flying for ten years: navy barnstorming, mail and passengers. Was on the Andes run for a year. In 1928 I established what is probably a record by washing-out two planes in the space of half an hour learning to land on the carrier Langley. But this was overlooked in the country's enthusiasm over Lindbergh.

**L. Nolan**, who did the three-dimensional cartoon on page 52, was born in Kinsley, Kansas, made character dolls for theater publicity one season at Elitch's Gardens, Denver, and for the past two years has collaborated with Nigel S. Wigston on photographs of models for advertising, covers and cartoons for *Denver Saturday Night*.

•

**Emil Lengyel** is writing a book called *Millions of Dictators* which tells what the average man in each European nation thinks of his present government. His article on King Zog is on page 49.

•

**Willy Ley** was born in Berlin. He is the author of six scientific works, three of which deal with rockets. He has been vice-president of the German Rocket Society since 1929. He is now in this country on an invitation from the American Rocket Society to witness their experiments.

•

**Horace McCoy** was born in 1897 in Nashville, Tenn. He has been in Hollywood since 1931 (slept in parked cars on second-hand auto lot for first year). He is the author of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* which Simon & Schuster published in July. He is now working on the Walter Wanger lot in Hollywood.

•

**J. Thornwell Witherspoon**, who wrote *A Numerical Adventure*, says: "I was born the first month of the century and thereby keep even with the years and depressions. Enjoying the ease and luxury of college years, I passed through Princeton, Oxford (Rhodes Scholar) and Johns Hopkins. A few years of practice taught me a physician's glory was not easily won so I am located in the Lilly Research Laboratories. My literary efforts have been directed toward scientific papers which are deeply buried in medical tomes."

•

**Wainwright Evans**, (*Rejuvenation*, page 44) says: "I've been a free-lance writer for the last fifteen years, during which time I collaborated with Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the writing of *The Revolt of Modern Youth* and *The Companionate Marriage*. I was for a time a reporter on the old *New York Herald* and the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. I taught English in the University of Arkansas, journalism in the University of Kansas and in the University of Wisconsin. Then I joined the editorial staff of *Nation's Business* under the editorship of Merle Thorpe. I was there two years. I've got 'a place in the country' down on the Eastern Shore of Maryland where the terrapin wave their flippers at you from the creeks of Chesapeake Bay, and the crabs nip your toes when you go swimming, and the darkies get up early in the morning so they can loaf longer. But most of the time I stick to New York. My hobby is bee-keeping. I've done a short book on bees for youngsters as a part of the *Our Changing World Series*, published by the Horace Mann School; but it isn't in print yet. It is called *Waxen Halls*."

•

**Theodore Fredenburgh**, who says that biographical paragraphs give him an enormous pain somewhere in the deeps of his psyche, based the story, *Birth Of A Hero*, on a real incident which occurred several years ago when he was living in Corsica.

Theodore Fredenburgh

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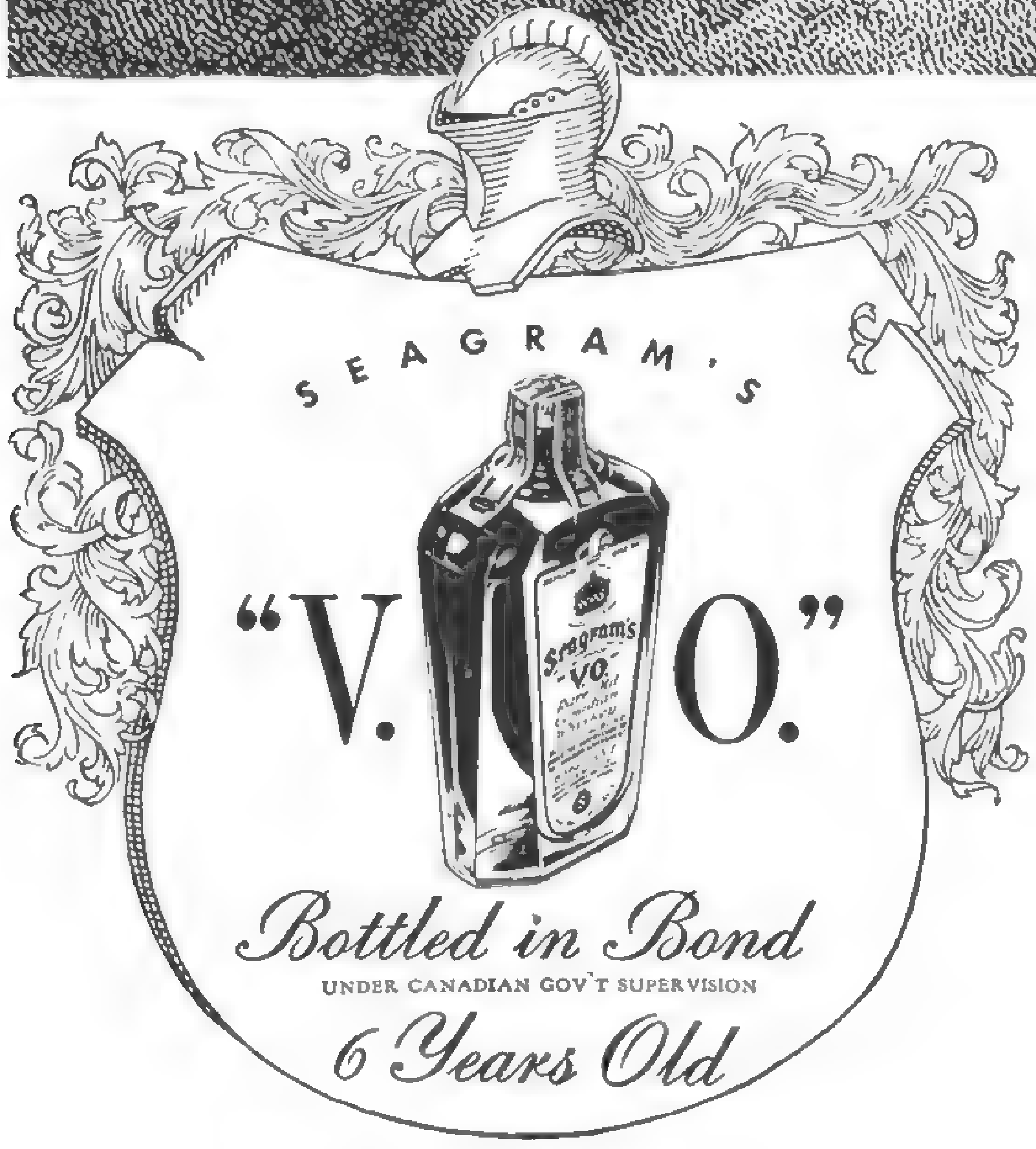
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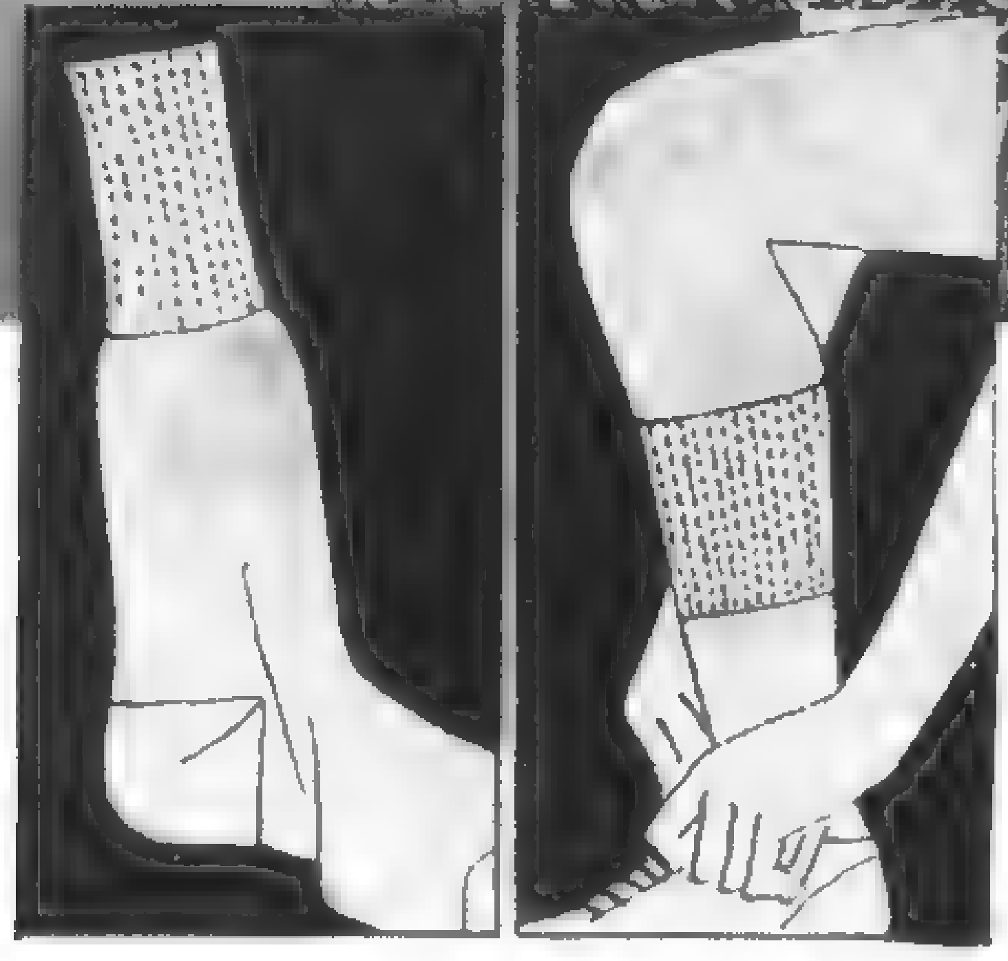

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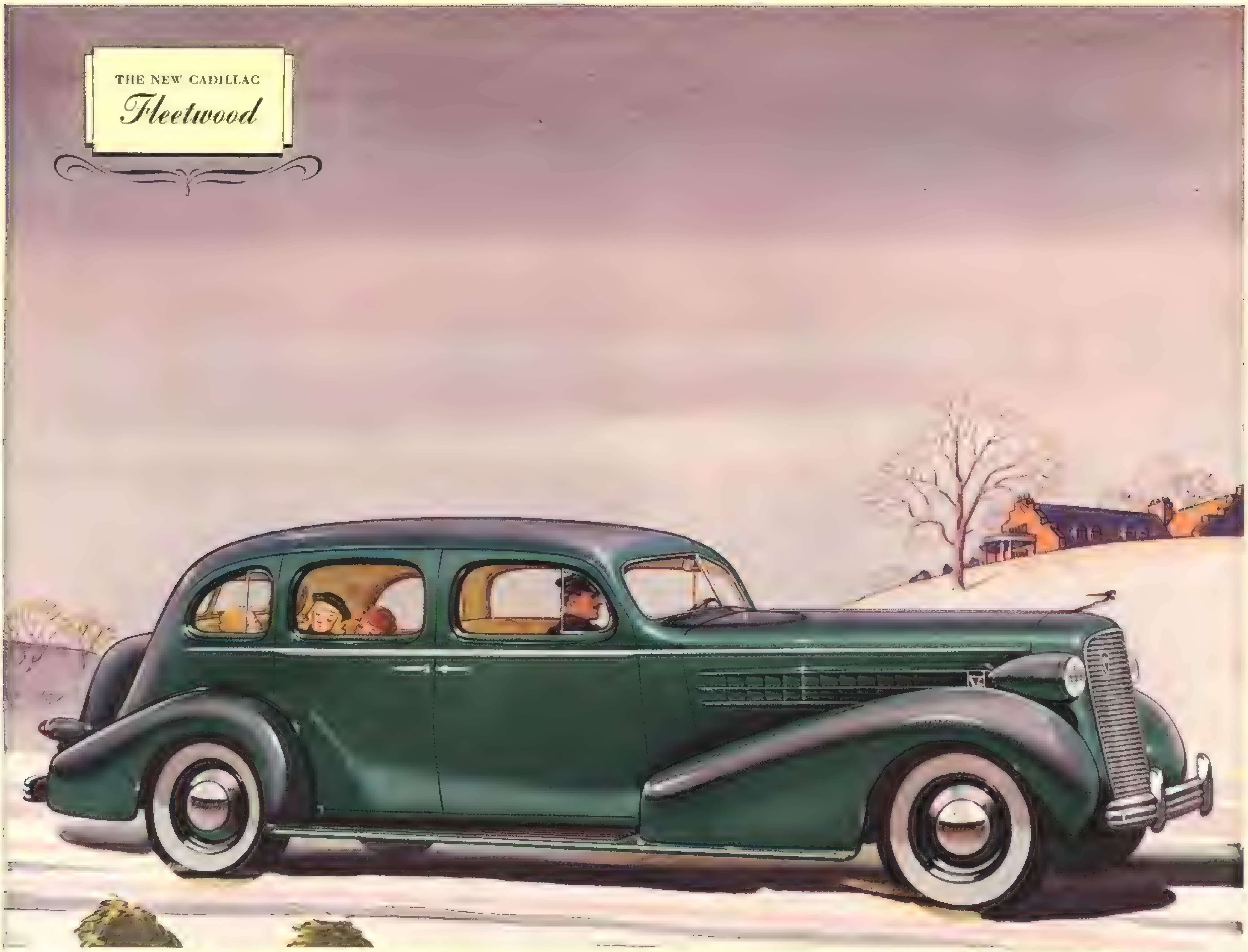

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# Million Dollar Fright

## A New York Letter

### by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THERE is no money in it for the kingbird when he chases off the eagle. The kingbird is a slate-colored, white-breasted fly catcher, small, trim, neatly built, quarrelsome and a bully; but he likes to bully birds about eight to ten times his size. His only offensive weapon is a small not over-sharp beak to peck with and a heart to back it up. Equipped with this and a quick darting flight, he will attack, chase away, and administer punishment to crows, hawks and eagles which could all destroy him in an instant if he were afraid of them. The kingbird likes to work in close. Your correspondent suggests that if Maxie Baer ever attempts to fight publicly, for money, again, he should first be given a forcible feeding of kingbird eggs.

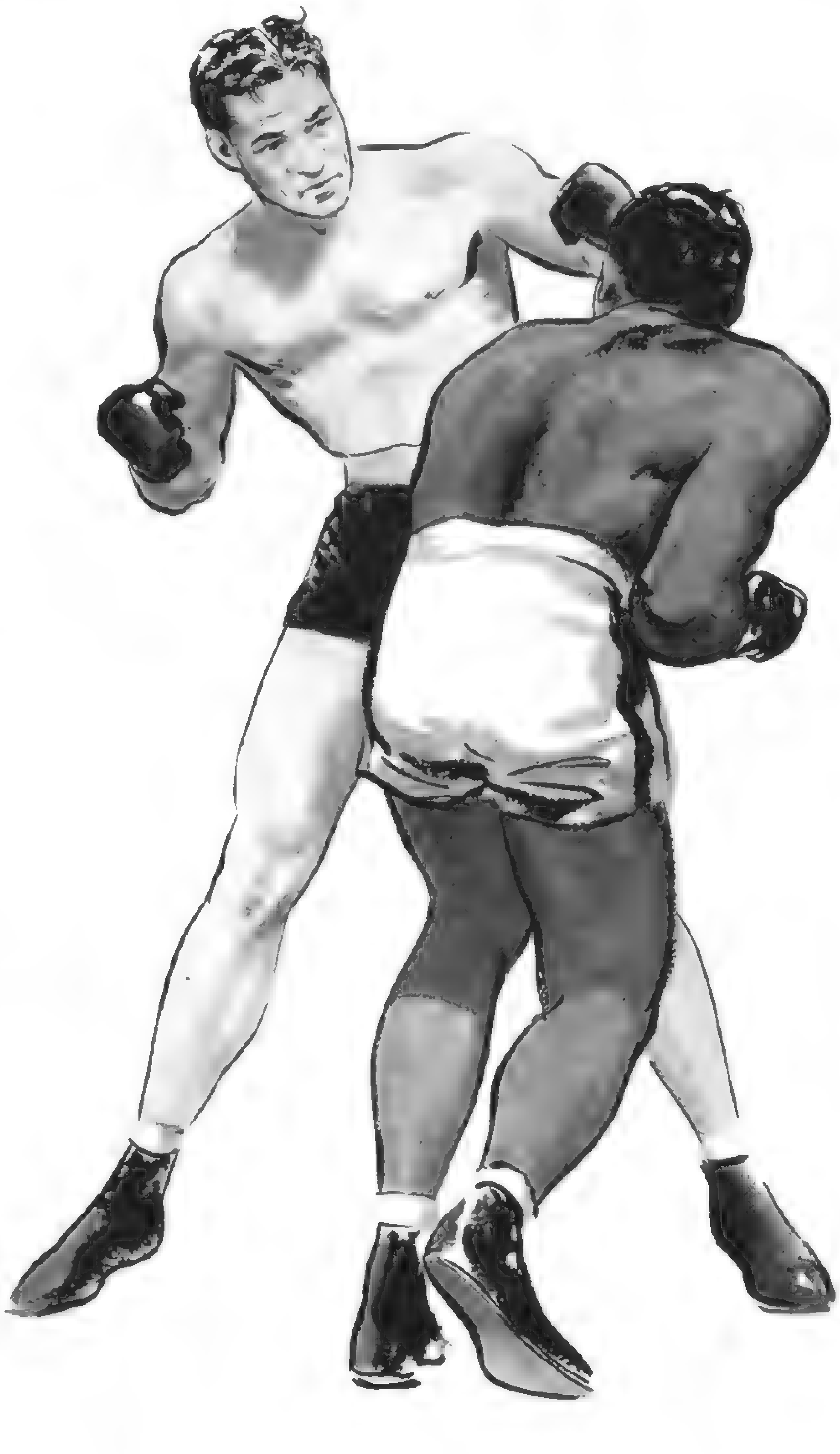
Now the ratel, or honey badger, is a small animal about twice the size of a house cat which will attack instantly a man armed with any weapon from a .22 caliber rifle to an elephant gun if the man approaches within twenty-five feet. Attacked by the ratel a man has two courses open to him. He can blow the ratel to pieces, or he can turn and run like hell. If he runs the ratel will only chase him a short distance. He does not care anything about attacking from behind. But if the man does not run and does not blow the ratel to pieces, whatever is left of the ratel will keep on attacking and will rip out, tear, bite and mangle that part of a man which is most vulnerable and irreplaceable.

How the ratel discovered the secret of man's vulnerability is not known. Anyway that is not the point. The point is that the ratel is probably the bravest, most truculent and most dangerous animal for its size in the world. There is no record of a ratel ever having been doped, or have the ratels ever spent much time around the hot spots. No ratel, as far as we have been able to ascertain, has ever gone in for radio skits. Most important, no one has ever been able to scare a ratel.

Taking all these factors into consideration, your correspondent as a lover of pugilism as a spectacle, suggests that before fighting again, for money, Mr. Baer be built up spiritually on a diet of grilled ratel hearts. If he were ever to fight Joe Louis again it would possibly even things up, spiritually, if Maxie were allowed to bring a pack of ratels, trained of course to respect the Queensbury rules, with him. In a pack Maxie might still be dangerous.

The Louis-Baer fight was the most disgusting public spectacle, outside of a hanging, that your correspondent has ever witnessed. What made it disgusting was fear.

Now there is no feeling of superiority implied or involved in this criticism. The one who is writing this has been frightened many times and known plenty of fear of the kind that makes your legs difficult to move and makes your voice so you do not recognize it when you hear it. He is familiar with the sweating, deadly fear that you can get on a ledge, climbing; the hollow, gone-in-the-stomach fear before a bombardment; the dry, sudden dread of eternity that can come in a flash like the slamming open of a furnace door and leaves you hollow for a month until the dried springs of your courage seep back. No, your correspondent has been frightened many times, and, with luck, will be frightened many more. Fear is the greatest catharsis that there is; the difficulty is in controlling the dose and having proper plumbing fixtures handy. But fear, no matter how good it may be for you, is a hell of a public spectacle.



As a human being, who, having been around, has been scared plenty, one can appreciate Max Baer's fear of Joe Louis; that fear that brought him out looking like a man about to be hanged, that fear that almost paralyzed him, that made him try to stay away and box because he thought danger might not come so quickly that way. We can appreciate the fear that swamped him when he found punches that started smoothly toward his face as jabs turned into hooks half way when he raised his glove to block them, all these punches coming out of the same motion, all coming out of that loose, smooth, perfect, unhittable defense, the jab making the opening into which the hook flicked, then came the right while he watched the left, then the left, the right, the left, into his face, faster than ever Dempsey hooked, and his head back, his eyes closed, Maxie took it numbed with fear.

As ordinary human beings we can sympathize with the fear that would only let Baer start to throw a punch when the gong rang for the end of the second round and kept him throwing punches, making his fight after the bell, hoping to lose, then, on a foul with Louis leaning back over the ropes just pulling back away from them enough to draw the sting while Maxie hammered at him. When he could not foul out that way Baer knew he had to be knocked out, and he never fought another lick, just took it like a steer at the stockyards. He never took a chance. He never threw another right hand. Louis finished him at the end of the third, but the bell caught him on the floor. So he came out to be knocked out in the fourth, and when he was clipped he went down on one knee and stayed there shaking his head and refusing to fight any more while Arthur Donovan counted him out and urged him to get up and fight.

Whether Donovan said to him, "Get up you big geezer and give them a fight for their money. Come on, get up you hound," or, "Come on big fellow. Get up. Your public expects it of you," is a matter of literary taste. Anyway, and whatever Donovan was saying, Maxie did not get up and the whole thing

*Continued in center of page 190B*

# The Door to Adowa

### Of physical horror augmented by psychological horror in the warfare of the Ethiopians

### by ROBERT BUCKNER

FICTION

LATE in August of 1935 the Italian Intelligence Service suddenly relaxed and issued its first field passes to foreign correspondents. The act was purely defensive. For several months Haile Selassie had received us at weekly press-conferences in Addis Ababa, where he spoke freely and with dignified fervor. The result was that our cabled reports helped to swing public opinion further in favor of the Ethiopian cause. At first the world's opinion mattered flagrantly less than nothing to Mussolini, but by August the pressure of embargo threats began to be felt. Hence the passes.

Five of us were invited to tour the Italian "front," as they called their line of malarial stations. We flew from Djibuti to Assab in French Somaliland, where we transferred to an Italian transport plane and were carried across Eritrea to Massawa. From there we travelled with a supply convoy to the town of Adi Kaie, an army outpost on the Ethiopian border. This camp, known as "The Door to Adowa," was in a region of high mountains, thorny scrub and almost impassible ravines. It was common knowledge that from here the Roman legions would thrust their first spear-head when war began, hoping by an early victory to wipe out the bitter memory of the massacre at Adowa forty years ago. As it was the largest and most complete camp on the border we were extremely anxious to visit it and to estimate the exact strength of Italy's ultra-modern, mechanized army, about which remarkably little was known.

The officers at Adi Kaie received us very graciously and made room for us in their already crowded quarters. Colonel Massaro, commander of the post, was a charming Neapolitan with vigorous white hair and the eyes of a man who has laughed a good deal. He offered us topees, sun glasses, and gave several orders for our further comfort. After luncheon in the officers' mess, where we were served with simple army fare by four tall black servants, the Colonel apologized with profound regrets for "the many duties which denied him our pleasant company" during the day and detailed one of his staff to accompany us as guide. Lieutenant Favole, class of '13, was a very cheerfully cocky young man whose father was a well-known senator and his mother an American.

Our boundaries were unlimited—"within reason, of course," Colonel Massaro smiled and shrugged helplessly. Then, as if to make amends for his discourtesy he begged us to allow him the pleasure of ordering a special dinner for that evening. "A delicate, so tender abbacchio, eh? with cassòla, a nice ripe Cagliari cheese and a bottle of Frascati! . . . Even in a war one must eat, eh Signores?" At the word "war" he winked as if it were a private joke between us. Then he saluted and walked briskly away, his bleached khaki shirt revealing a dark, heart-shaped patch of sweat between his shoulders.

We donned the topees and glasses which one of the blacks brought from the rear of the tent and followed our guide out into the brilliant sunlight. The lieutenant's insignia was that of the *Gray Falcons*, a crack combat squadron made up of the most skillful and daring fliers in the Italian army. Perhaps this is why he led us first to the hangars, in front of which the sleek, single-seater planes were drawn up in a long, imposing line; the heat shimmering from their metal propellors and along the blunt black barrels of their machine guns. Pilots and mechanics swarmed over and under the machines; dark, bronzed young men in shorts and open shirts.

The field itself was unevenly graded and small, too small, we observed. Favole laughed and admitted it was a ticklish job to land a bomber in "the soup-tureen," but explained that it had taken six months of great labor to carve even this much level ground from the rocky hillside. There had been three smashups here already on down-wind landings. One of the charred, tangled wrecks still lay in a corner of the field.

"Anyone killed?" one of our party asked, pointing to the twisted mass. The lieutenant's smile disappeared. "Five," he replied soberly and turned toward the hangars.

In the fliers' quarters our attention was caught immediately by several large placards on the walls. The general effect was that of the dressing-room of a college football team, with its *Get Navy!* or *Jump the Tiger!* signs. On one of them the Italian words read: *Believe! Obey! Fight!* and on another: *For the first pilot to bring down an enemy plane.* Beneath this sign there was pinned a military cross on a red and green ribbon. We looked at each other in surprise and then at Favole. The lieutenant blushed.

"I gather that you boys are anxious to get started," said an English writer, nodding at the medal.

Favole shrugged good-naturedly. "That man will merely be lucky," he replied. "They have only six, perhaps eight planes altogether. Four of those are old French crates, junk. A fight would be *pfft—finis!*" he crooked his finger around an imaginary trigger and smiled.

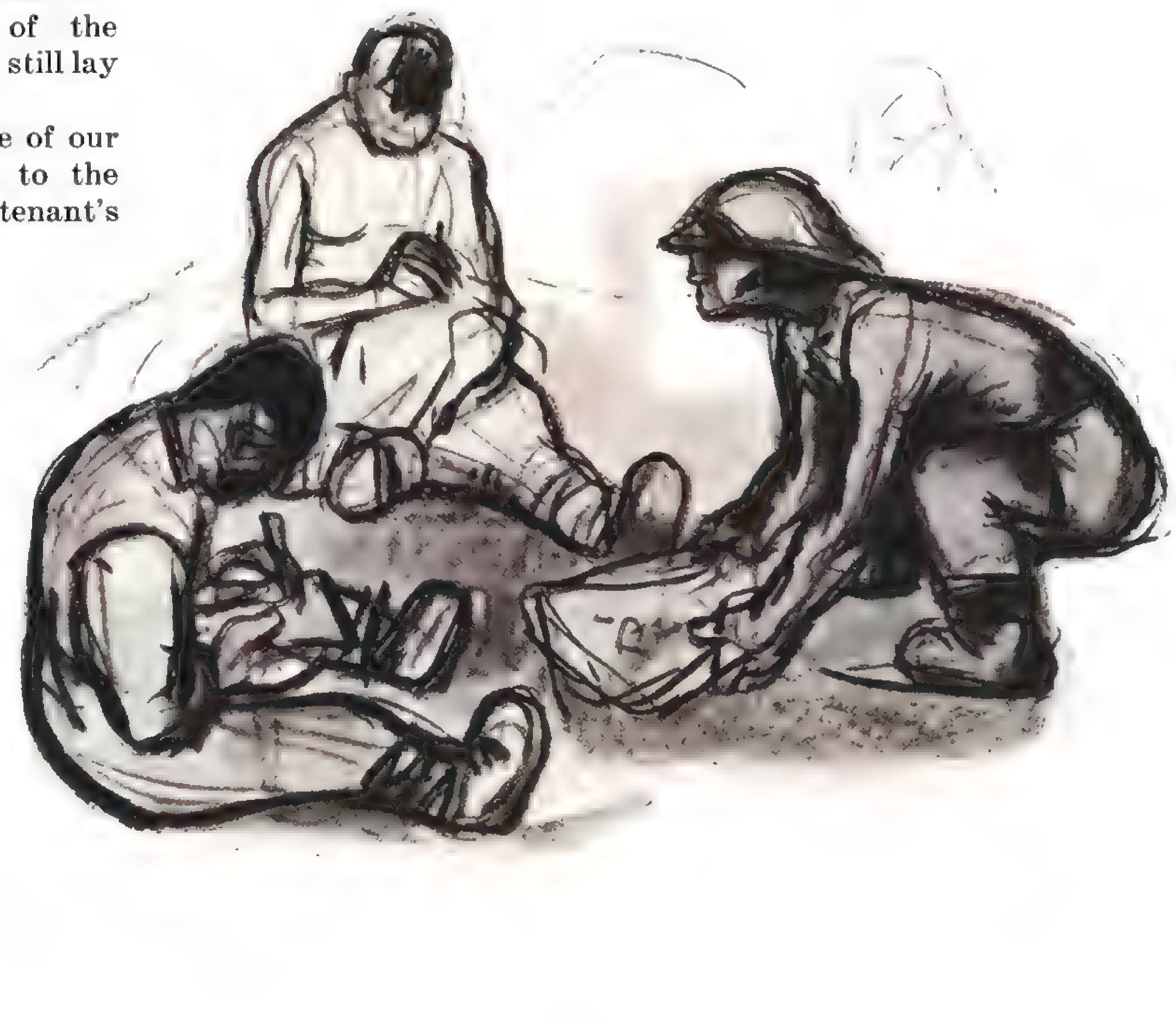
"What about our Colonel Julian, from Harlem?" I asked innocently. "You'd better keep an eye on that boy, lieutenant. They tell me he's hot stuff."

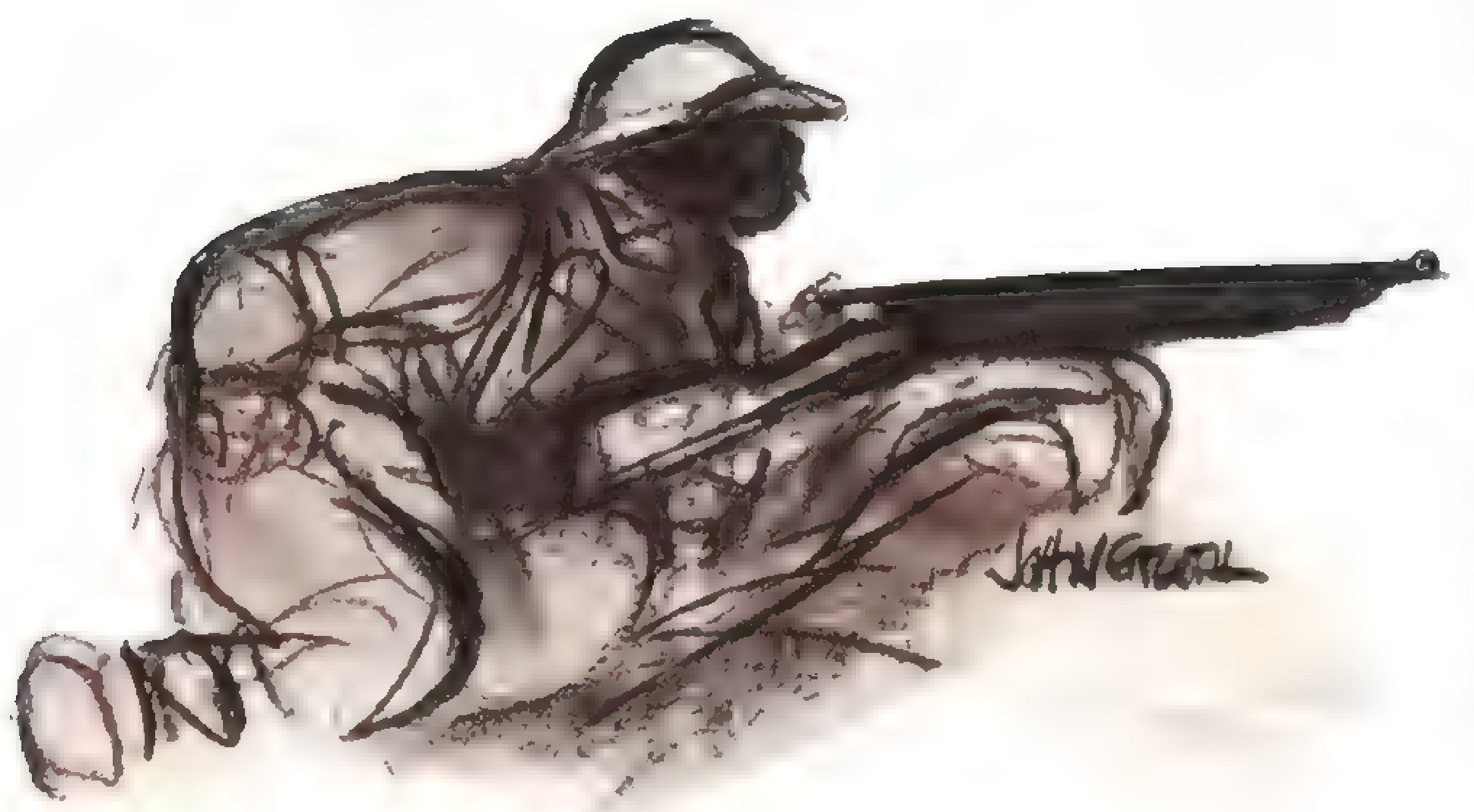
Favole grabbed my arm playfully. "Hot stoof? Heem? Pah—*he* is no pilot. Look, *I* will shoot down Mr. Julian for you personally!" He nudged me in the ribs and roared with laughter.

We walked across a grassless, sun-baked parade ground to the tents of the 28th of October division, pitched in a curving double row. Most of the soldiers were in their underwear, lounging and sleeping behind the net walls of their tents, or reading weeks-old copies of *Il Popolo.* The thin, boyish sentry who presented arms to Favole stared at us from beneath his topee with hollow, bloodshot eyes.

"That's a sick kid," someone remarked.

"Si, we're all sick," Favole turned and tapped his stomach. "Dysentery and fever. We get over it after a while—or go home."





Yes, I recalled, we had passed a ship-load of these kids at Suez, going home. Three hundred and seventy of them, in new wooden boxes.

At the end of the street we came out upon a hillside which sloped sharply into a gorge. Two hundred feet below us we saw several groups of soldiers with rifles and full packs standing in circles around their instructors. Beyond them and half-way up the opposite wall of the canyon were other groups, roped together in Alpine-fashion and climbing. Their khaki uniforms stood out as vividly against the green scrub as a cluster of yellow-jackets on a lawn. From where we stood a single sniper might easily have picked them off one by one, surely and unhurriedly.

Further down the valley came the spasmodic bursts of rifle fire, with now and then the staccato coughing of machineguns. We approached the range along the edge of a cliff and observed the men deploying in mimic attack, firing and then rushing forward a few yards to take shelter behind the larger rocks of a dry river-bed. Above them on a shelf of the canyon stood three officers, watching. Occasionally one of them would blow shrilly on the whistle which hung from his neck. Then the soldiers would all stop and look up at them. The officer yelled something which we were unable to catch, and the battle went on.

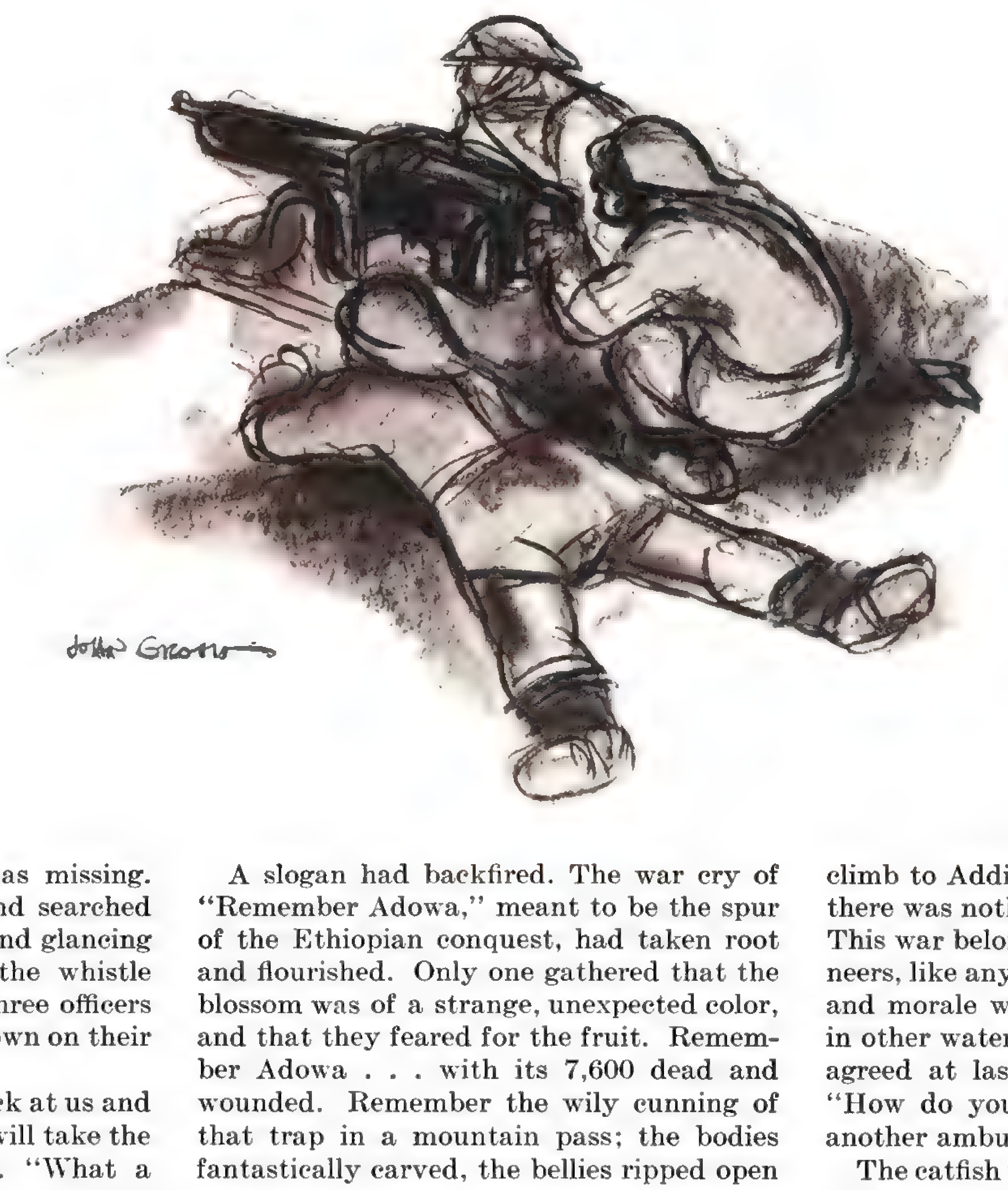
Once a group of machine-gunners dismantled their gun and scrambled to a better elevation, but when they tried to reassemble the gun something was missing. One of the soldiers ran back and searched for the vital part, bending low and glancing around the rocks. Suddenly, the whistle screamed hysterically and the three officers began to rage, dancing up and down on their shelf and gesturing furiously.

Lieutenant Favole grinned back at us and wiped his face. "This is how we will take the Takasse Gorge," he explained. "What a dog's life in the infantry, eh Signores? But me—I will fly over it like a bird!" and he made a comical gesture of flight.

"This bush-fighting is a nasty business," the Englishman agreed. "We've had it for two hundred years on the Afghan border and out in the East, but we've never really beaten 'em at the game. They're born to it and they're fiends at close quarters... positive fiends!"

"Sure. The Riffs were Boy Scouts compared to these black babies," someone added. "Better thank your lucky stars you're flying, lieutenant; it's cleaner."

The young Italian nodded and gazed silently at the men in the valley. It was not difficult for us to guess what he was thinking. Both at Massawa and in the convoy we had heard the same fear expressed; sometimes jokingly, sometimes in whispered seriousness. The subject was officially forbidden as detrimental to the morale of fighting troops, which was a better way than any to make it the most popular topic of conversation in the army. Besides, it offered marvelous opportunities for obscene humor. Every day there was a new joke, a little bloodier and more ghastly than yesterday's; for the Italians are an imaginative race. Behind their laughter and casual indifference, or so it seemed to us, this fear of mutilation at the hands of Ethiopia's savage, unmanageable tribesmen was already a slow poison in their systems. The theory interested us greatly, for though it was not yet concrete enough for copy it was the only chink we had detected in Italy's up-to-date and supposedly impregnable armor.



A slogan had backfired. The war cry of "Remember Adowa," meant to be the spur of the Ethiopian conquest, had taken root and flourished. Only one gathered that the blossom was of a strange, unexpected color, and that they feared for the fruit. Remember Adowa . . . with its 7,600 dead and wounded. Remember the wily cunning of that trap in a mountain pass; the bodies fantastically carved, the bellies ripped open and filled with sand, the dozen slow tortures of emasculation . . . yes, the subject of Adowa was morbidly fascinating and inexhaustible, as we soon discovered.

While we were returning to camp the sun went down suddenly like a red plummet behind the black Tigré range, and the cool, tropical twilight engulfed the tents of Adi Kaie in a blue-grey steam. The men moving slowly about seemed to be without legs and only the tops of the tents were visible. By the time we arrived back at the officers' quarters it was dark. We washed rather sketchily in the shallow basins along the wall and joined the officers in a room which served them as a lounge by day and as a dormitory at night. As we entered, several officers whom we had not met arose and were introduced to us by the Colonel. On a table in the center of the room there were two bottles of Scotch, several glasses, a siphon and a wooden bowl filled with rapidly melting ice.

"I regret that we are not quite ready for dinner," the Colonel apologized as he poured drinks. "Dr. Rao and Dr. Pauzzano are finishing their examination of the new men. In any case our waiters are not here yet. They have to go through with it too. But sit down and we'll have a talk."

"By the way, Colonel, those waiters of yours—where are they from, may I ask?" said the Englishman. "They look more like Ethiopians than your Libyan blacks."

"Oh do they?" the Colonel seemed surprised. "I hadn't noticed that. No, they're our own Somalis, I believe. Came up with one of the supply trains from Massawa, looking for work. They weren't strong enough for digging so we brought them in here for kitchen detail. Joni, the tall one, ought to make a fine chef by the time we're through with him. His ragouts are excellent but he's still a little weak on his spaghettini, eh?" He looked around at the other officers and everyone laughed.

A fat little flight-major with a Balbo beard asked what had impressed us most in our tour of the camp. It was pretty obvious that he was fishing compliments for his planes but we crossed him up. Italy's dependence upon "air pressure" to win this war seemed to us to be greatly over-estimated. There aren't half a dozen places in the whole plateau of Central Ethiopia where a landing can be made; and the altitude of 8,000 feet or more makes a take-off extremely hazardous. Bombers from Eritrea might possibly climb to Addis Ababa, but even if they did there was nothing of importance to destroy. This war belonged to the infantry and engineers, like any other, and it was their tactics and morale which interested us. We fished in other waters. "The climbing parties," we agreed at last, and the A.P. man asked: "How do you plan to protect them from another ambush like Adowa?"

The catfish was out. Several of the younger officers moved restlessly and glanced at their Colonel. Apparently the subject was a very familiar one.

"Yes, that will be difficult," Massaro admitted with a frown. "But conditions have changed since '96. Now, with our planes warning us of any concentrated forces we

Continued at top of page 207

# The Man-Wife of Maran

### Maybe this is wish fulfillment but every husband in the world will recognize its advantages

### by HANNIBAL TOWLE

▪ FICTION ▪

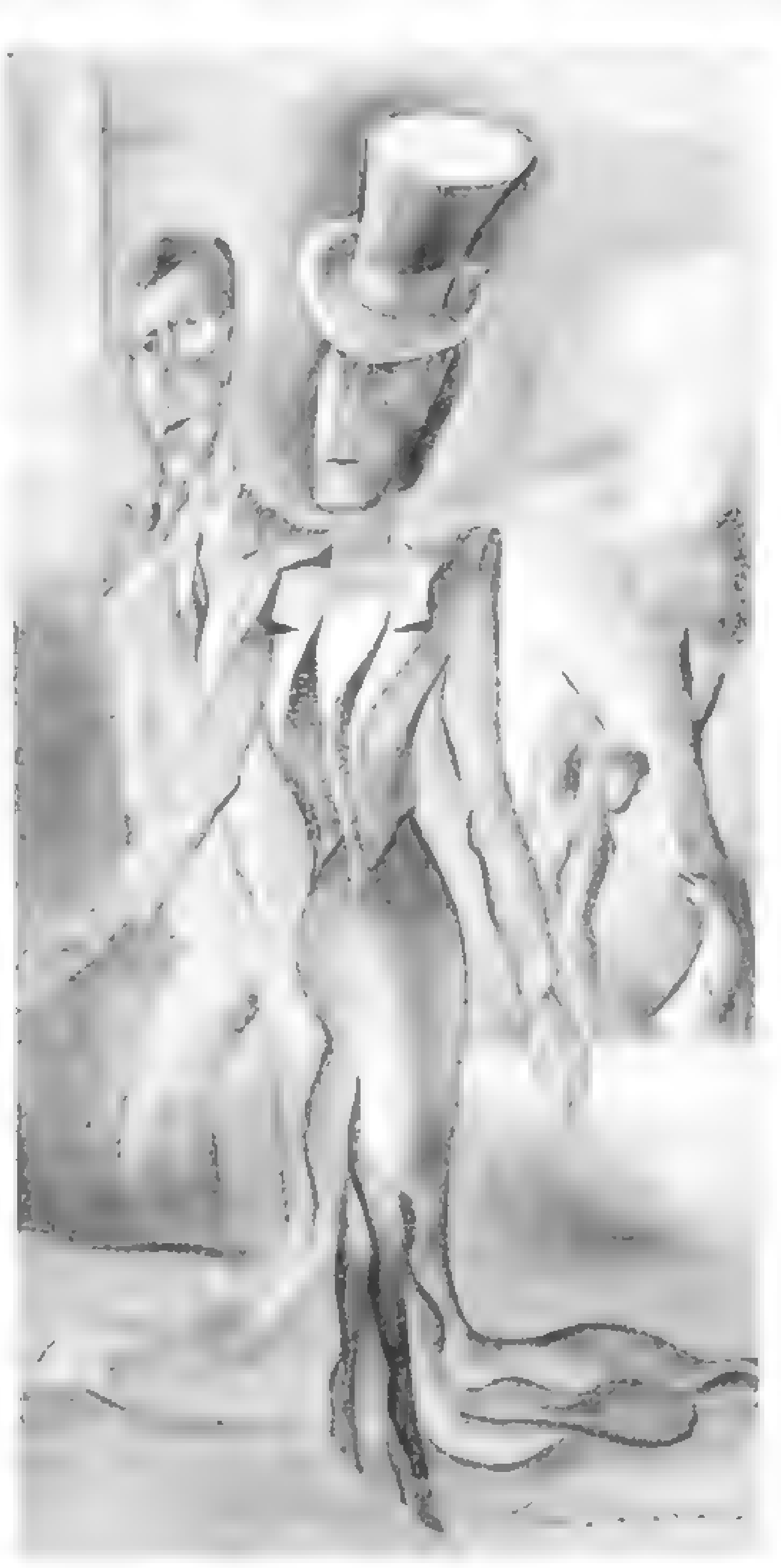
I'M USUALLY right about things. People don't always agree with me, but I can't help that. If they want to be stupid, it's their own misfortune; arguing with them requires effort that I can put into more important considerations. After my experience with Peter, the Man-wife, I came to conclusions about him and about a number of things to which I'd previously given very little thought. However, I'm merely going to put down the way it was, as well as I can remember, and let you draw your own conclusions. It's easier that way.

Two summers ago, when Minna and Jack were still married, I visited them at their summer home some two miles out of Maran Village, New Hampshire. Having been the one who was originally responsible for Jack's meeting Minna, I was sufficiently an old friend to be privy to their quarrels. Nothing was concealed from me—to my frequent embarrassment. Their battles were epics of unreason, arising from that all too common situation prevailing in multitudes of contemporary households—the struggle of each member of the marital union against being dominated by the other. I could have enjoyed the laughs more, however, had I not realized how essentially tragic it was that two otherwise such delightful, stimulating and intelligent people as Jack and Minna should become mean, petty, even vicious with one another, merely thru having made a gesture towards society by calling in a Justice of the Peace.

One afternoon Minna, who wrote the most passable light verse, but had a thwarted urge to be another Edna Millay, received a rather frank comment from an editor. Feeling discouraged, she turned, as was only natural, to her husband for solace and a bit of balm. It would have been far better had it never happened, for Jack awoke the next morning feeling just too much the tender yet proudly dominating male; and Minna in consequence proceeded with razored wit to shave a little hair off his pomposity. With Jack, the proud eye changed first to the starry one of the fatalist, and gradually to the purposefully drooped of the goaded bull, glided about the room and came to rest on the gold-fish bowl. Realizing that Minna could hardly consider herself presentable with fish in her permanent, no matter how intimate we might be, I chirped something about walking before the sun cooled the blue-greenness from the hills, and headed for the village, vaguely anticipating a philosophical seidel of ale with which to discuss the intrinsic stupidity of being born a human.

I love New Hampshire hills, some hospitable, restful, ageless quality about them. It was a welcome escape to swing alone down the old dirt road, lined with elm and maple. Up from the valley pastures floated the tink-tonkles of cow-bells, an earthbound, melancholy note. As I approached the white-steepled village, I heard the strains of martial music. My footsteps quickened. I love New Hampshire hills, but even more I love parades, particularly if they include the wives of Elks and Odd-Fellows riding on motorized floats. It was Memorial Day. I had forgotten. All about the countryside the citizens would cease their humdrum chores to trample on the coffins of their dead.

When first I saw him, he was standing, erect, alone, a striking figure, beside the watering trough at the village cross-roads. The entire population, some three hundred strong, had gathered about the band-stand on the green, where some bucolic politico was pompously pronouncing sentimental syllables. The man at the trough stood apart from them. Little attention was paid him. Only an occasional small boy seemed conscious of his presence, and apparently tiring of the oratory, would skin around behind the watering trough to peg a random peanut at his top-hat. One urchin hit the mark—a worthy shot indeed; and had I felt the urge to congratulate him, the opportunity was mine, for scurrying away, his guilty conscience swiftly propelling filthy feet, he bumped spang into me. I caught him as he was about to take a header into the dust, but far from being grateful for my assistance, he struggled in my grasp. As he looked appealingly up at me, fear was written on his face. He glanced back at the man by the watering trough, and I followed his eyes. There seemed little cause for terror, for the man was smiling at us.



"Who is that?" I asked the boy. He struggled. "Who is it?" I asked again.

"Aw, that's just Peter, the Man-wife," he said sullenly, wriggling. "He's nuts," he paused to add, wriggled once again, broke away and disappeared into the crowd.

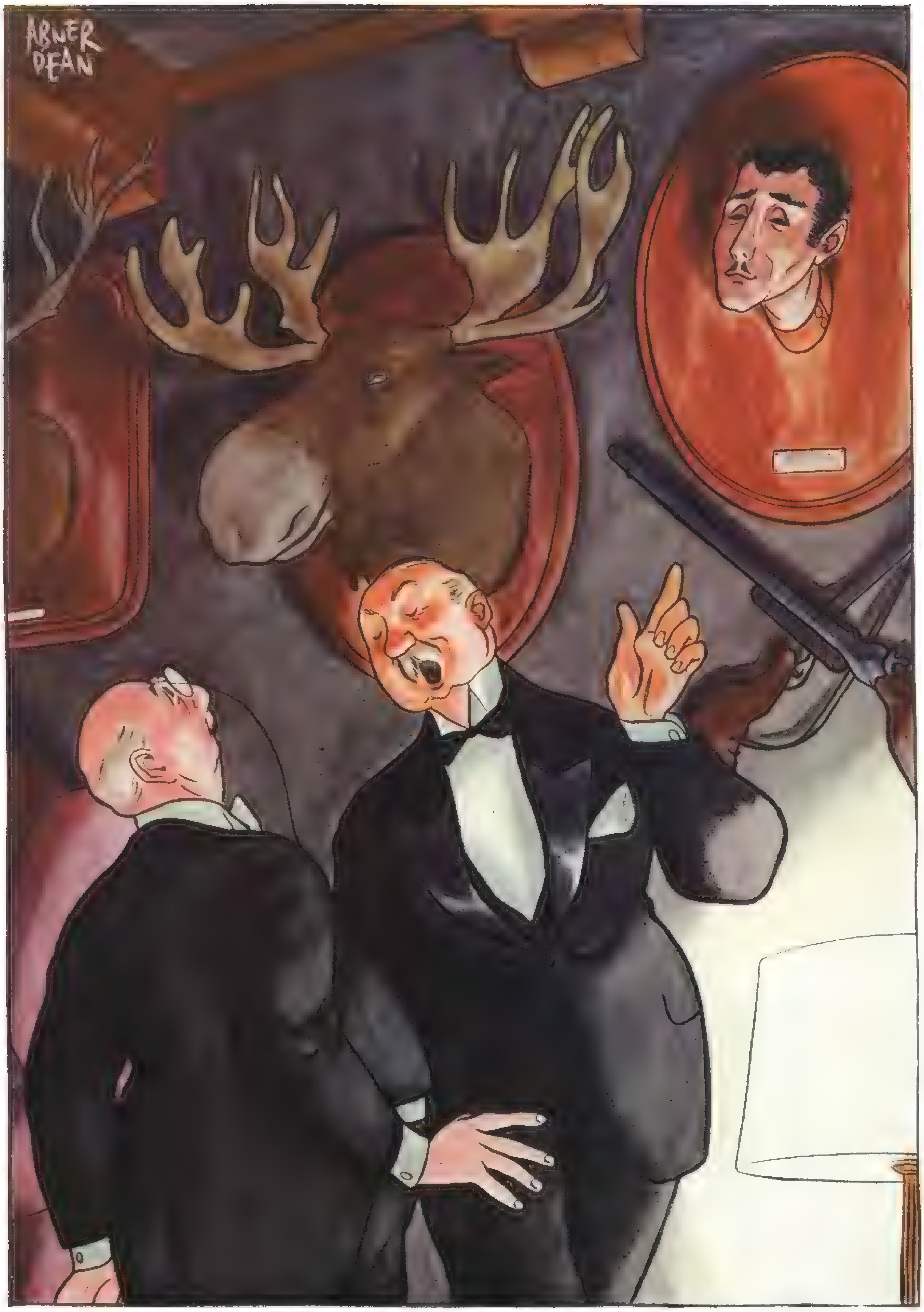
I stood where I was and continued to stare at the Man-wife. It is hardly remarkable that he should have caused some fear in the unreasoning breast of a small boy to which all that is strange is awful. It is equally unremarkable that he should have furnished an irresistible target to the same party for pot-shots with peanuts. Had I still enjoyed the questionable good fortune of being a small boy, I am sure my own conduct would have been equally reprehensible. As it was, however, I found him more an object for fascinated study than bombardment.

The top-hat surmounted a mass of slightly waved long blond hair with a sheen of gold from the sun, gathered in a large knot low on the nape of the neck. His figure was tall and slender and well-proportioned. He wore a fashionable morning coat and a buff-colored tie. From below his vest flowed the long skirt of a semi-formal frock, the color of which matched the tie and was probably of the same material. Below the skirt appeared sheer silk stockings, and on his feet which were of normal size for a man of his proportions, tastefully designed women's shoes, of color blue and with a three-inch heel. He certainly must have had them specially made. His face, however, was the most remarkable feature of his appearance, though the externals of his dress had so startled me that I really didn't notice it until I had somewhat overcome the shock of the long blond hair, the morning coat and the buff-colored skirt. He was perhaps some forty years of age, but it was hard to judge exactly. Anywhere, his face would have been recognized as handsome. His chin was strong, his lips full and topped with a small blonde moustache. His nose was finely modeled. He had very clear blue eyes. I think his eyes must have had a great deal to do with the truly beautiful expression which lighted his face. There was a reflection there of absolute peace, yet of alert consciousness to everything about him. There were no wrinkles of care or worry or strife, no line of pride or avarice or envy, a perfect physical and spiritual serenity was written there. It was certainly the most remarkable expression I have ever seen on the face of a man.

I moved closer until I was standing but a few feet from him. Together we watched the parade form and move away. There

*Continued in center of page 203*

*"An' what am I supposed to do the other 23½ hours—go nuts?"*



*"I bagged this one in my wife's boudoir!"*

# "I Never Could Kill a Deer!"

### The sad refrain of a class of hunters whose overload of pity leaves the game to race suicide

### by HAROLD TITUS

▪ SPORTS ▪

Van Riper was showing his pictures in a private dining room at the club.

Van Riper is frequently showing pictures in some unused room at the club. Van Riper is a motion picture amateur of parts and the oddest part of all is that his pictures are good. Not bores; downright good, if you happen to be interested in the outdoor things that are Van Riper's vices.

These pictures of Van Riper's were of his annual deer hunt and showed the party in all its phases, from departure to arrival at camp; through high-ball mixing and flapjack tossing and two-pair helping; through driving a swamp and dressing out a deer and dragging the kill in, to breaking camp. The audience, attracted by the notice on the bulletin board, was duly appreciative, if its remarks were the usual feeble wisecracks. That is, all except Higglebottom were appreciative.

Higglebottom is a large man with an underslung paunch and no hair worth mentioning and a great deal of sentiment. Some say he has a heart as tender as a woman's which may, or may not, mean much. What they're getting at is this: Higglebottom has a tender heart.

Now, Higglebottom was in and out a great deal while Van Riper showed his pictures. He would come in and stand a moment and stare at the screen and make a deep, rumbling noise and go out, rubbing his nose briskly with the back of one hand and start intently down the corridor and stop as if he'd just thought of something and go back and sit down and peer at the shadowed faces nearest him and change his seat and rumble and go out and come back.

The moment the lights went on Higglebottom stood up as if with relief that *that* was over and looked sharply about with his small, pale blue eyes apparently searching for someone.

Almost everyone else had stood up and most were pushing toward Van Riper and the confusion of voices was marked.

The fact is, Rawley was the only one who had not stood up. He'd lounged back in his chair and was filling his pipe when Higglebottom spied him and, face lighting, walked hurriedly that way, dragging a chair along.

"You got a minute?" Higglebottom asked breathlessly, sitting down on the extreme edge of his chair and cornering Rawley.

"Why, yes, Hig',"—resignedly. Most members are that way with Higglebottom.

Higglebottom looked about almost secretively and rubbed his nose briskly with the back of one hand and put the other on Rawley's knee and leaned forward and said:

"You know, I never could kill a deer!"

He said it in a hushed voice and with a serious excitement. As if, for instance, he were confessing that he'd just now slit his grandmother's throat.

"No, sir," he said in the pause. "I never could kill a deer!"

Rawley, who's pretty good at such things, looked dumbfounded and let it go at that.

"No, sir," said Higglebottom, yet again. "I never could kill a deer!"

"Well, now," said Rawley. "Well,"—striking a match—"*now!*"

Higglebottom gripped Rawley's knee tightly.

"It upsets me just to think about it," he said almost passionately. "It's downright distressing," he said. "It makes me feel queer in here," he said, indicating about Greenland on his paunch.

"I love nature as much as any of you fellas," he said. "The dream of my life is to go up to my little place in Wisconsin and end my days there. My wife says she guesses I'm part Indian," he said. "But," he said, "I never could kill a deer!"

He pursed his lips and nodded and rumbled.

Rawley had let the first match burn out. He struck another and puffed his pipe briefly.

"Well," he said. "Well, *now!*"

"We have deer," said Higglebottom. "We have deer right around our little place in Wisconsin. They stand in the road and watch us with their great, soft eyes, and then bound away through the trees on their graceful, slender legs and I tell the kiddies that there goes the Maker's triumph in grace and beauty.

"But," he said, shaking Rawley's knee, "they keep killing them! Every other fall," he said, "they let them kill them. And the concensus of opinion among the cottagers on the lake where I have my little place is that they *never* should be killed!

"We're taking it up," he said. "We formed an association and asked the game warden in and took it up. But we don't seem to be getting anywhere very fast and I think something should be done.

"Now, a lot of fellas," he said, "get a certain enjoyment out of killing and I'm not blaming you for that. I'm not narrow about it but I believe in the rule of the majority. I think there are many more fellas like I am than there are fellas who like to hunt and so—

"Think!" said Higglebottom, who has a habit of skipping things on his way to a point, "what it would mean if there were no hunting at all! Think," he said, "how marvelous it would be if wherever we drove in the north woods we might see deer standing in the road or bounding through the trees! I'd like to predict that if we ever *did* stop hunting and let the deer increase to a point where almost everybody could see a deer on their vacation there'd be so many fellas converted to my idea that *no* state would *dare* permit the killing of those gentle, harmless creatures! And think what a lesson in nature it would be to the kiddies!"

Rawley hadn't smoked. As Higglebottom leaned back to give him a chance, possibly, to think on those several admonitions he sucked on his cold pipe and then struck another match.

"Your idea, then, is to stop killing deer so there will be more of them to be seen by people who get their enjoyment out of looking rather than shooting?"

"Exactly!" said Higglebottom, glowing with pleased surprise. "You seem to get my point exactly! I venture the estimate that for every man who finds enjoyment in killing deer there are a hundred who feel as I do; who never could kill a deer. And if we keep on killing, the way the roads are being built into all the wild nowdays, where are we going to take the kiddies to see those beautiful creatures in their natural state in just a very few years?"

He stiffened a forefinger and pushed Rawley's knee.

Rawley didn't reply at once. He smoked and grew a trifle red and hope gleamed in Higglebottom's eye as hope will show in an evangelist's when a sinner weakens.

"You interest me strangely, Hig'," Rawley admitted finally. "You interest me because you voice the sentiment and belief of a rapidly glowing coterie."

"Exactly! Growing, yes!" Higglebottom rubbed his nose. "Indeed, growing!" He wriggled in pleasure.

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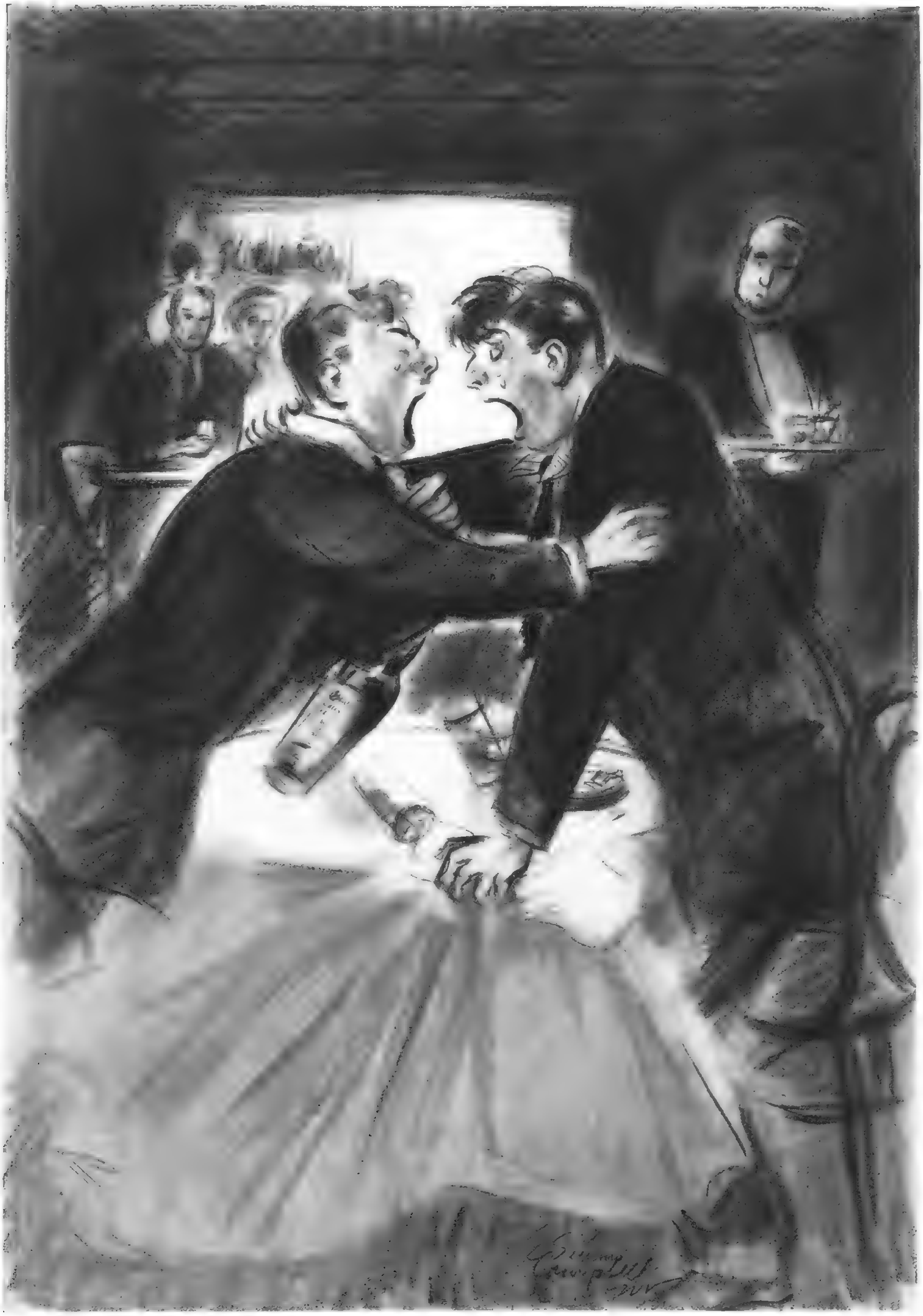


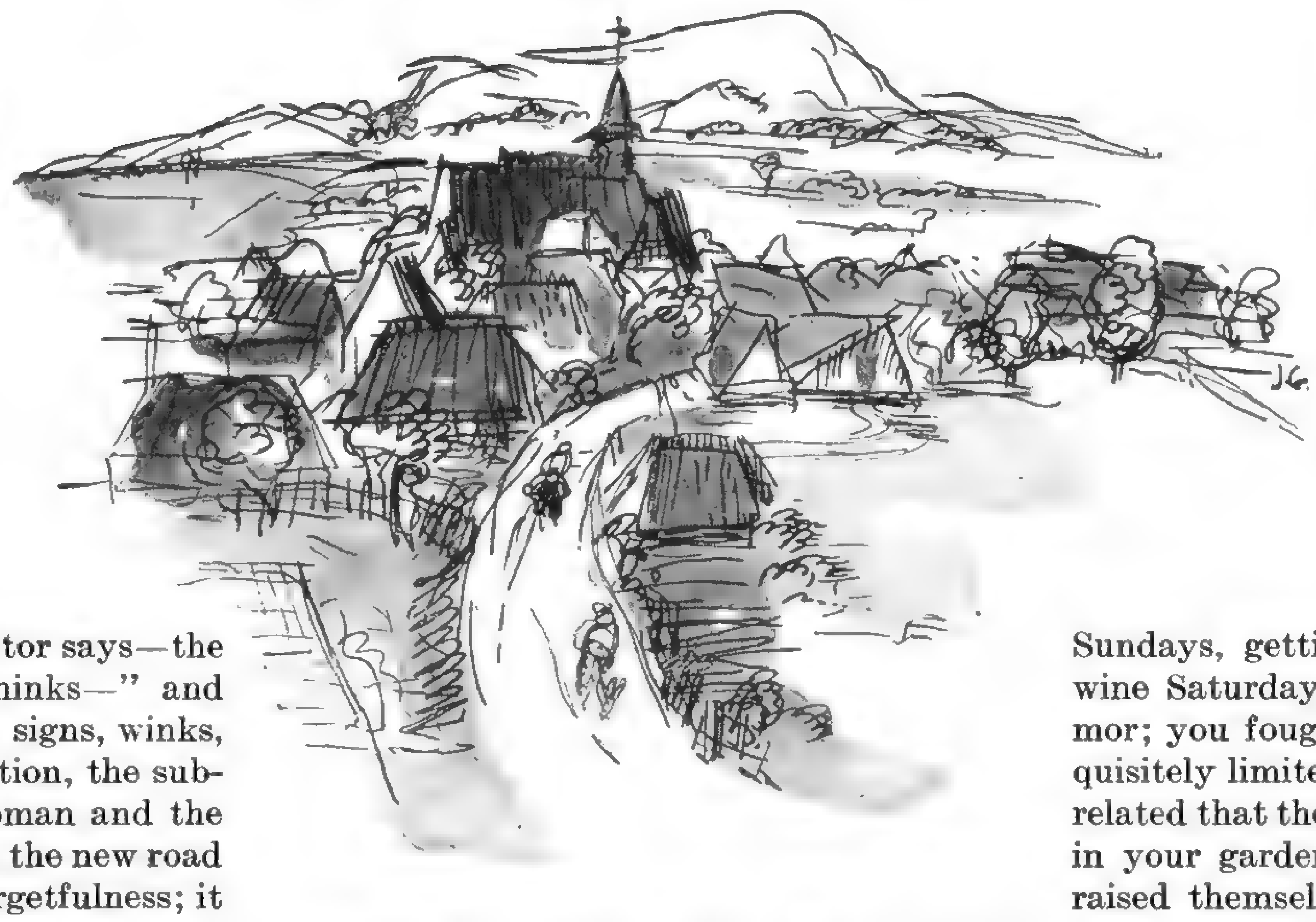
*"Wait—wait—le'mme tell you 'bout my trouble!"*

# The New Road

### Signor Federico waited long for the road to reach his inn, and at last he used the road

### by VINCENT SHEEAN

• FICTION •



When the old man talked about the new road he could not keep his voice down. Two small veins stood out on his forehead, his upper lip curled back, exposing the yellow viciousness of his teeth, and the absurd imperial goatee he wore, waggling impotently in the air like the ghost of other days, seemed ready to drop off his furious chin. The whole family was agitated with obscure fears when this happened. "The doctor says—the doctor forbids—the doctor thinks—" and in a general flurry of whispers, signs, winks, nods and improvised conversation, the subject was changed. The old woman and the two daughters seemed to cover the new road with a solicitous blanket of forgetfulness; it could not be mentioned; it was whisked away the moment it appeared, like an unwelcome guest, a poor relation, a skeleton in the closet, something that did not deserve to appear upon the decent surface of civilized intercourse.

And meanwhile the new road itself had come to a stop some ten miles away. It had not been interrupted or concluded; it simply stopped. It led nowhere. When you reached it, after arduous bicycling over the old, the very old, road, you wondered why it had ceased upon the hillside in this particular place. If you asked you were given no reason, but if you kept on asking, eventually you found a peasant or a villager shrewd enough, or cynical enough, to explain. "The money ran out," was what he would say. "There wasn't any more money, so it just stopped."

That was three years ago. But at any given moment in the past thirty years, as nearly as I could establish the facts, you would have found the same inexplicable cessation at some other, some equally mysterious, point. Without any more logical cause than the exhaustion of a particular sum of money, the fine, big, wide hopeful road died in its tracks, was not used at all, led nowhere and came from nowhere, streaking across the hillside as aimlessly as a line chalked by a child against a wall. The villages were never on the road; in fact, the road had been anxiously planned so as to avoid all the villages, on the theory that large motor cars belonging to the foreign or the rich do not like to honk their way through narrow lanes among babies and chickens. Consequently, as the money ran out and the road died, its completed part was of no use even to the market-going peasants. You could wander along it for the whole of its length and encounter nothing more purposeful than a stray goat or a boy with a kite.

The life of the lake went on in the lower distance—the gemlike lake, so brilliant that you had to wear dark glasses to look at it—and the life of the green hills went on above and below, on the old, twisting, rocky roads, in the narrow, crowded, secret villages, and up as high as the farthest white and purple Alps where the falcons roost, but the new road, the fine new modern cement road with its elegant milestones, was deserted and dead.

The old man's name was Federico. This name was never abbreviated or twisted into other shapes; the whole village called him Signor Federico, and his own contemporaries—those among them who were of equal or superior status in the careful gradations of the local society—left the Signor off when they spoke to him. His family name was seldom used, and was in any case of no particular value as a distinguishing mark, for half the village had the same name. In those villages beside the lake there have been few names current for centuries, and those who are not called Bianchi are likely to be called Bini or Costantini or Petoletti, as you can see by the gravestones with which their lives are eventually rewarded. The names and the stones have varied little since the sixteenth century, and in May the flowers spring impartially over the newest and the oldest.

In a place like this I could not understand why they wanted a new road. It seemed to me that if you had occurred, or been made to occur, in a place like this, where innumerable other individual occurrences bearing the same name had enchained themselves across the centuries, a new road would seem to you only an intrusion. You were born in the green hills above the blue lake, with the Alps to the north to catch your dreams and throw them back at you; you tilled the soil that was afterwards to enclose you, as it already enclosed those who had preceded you; you married and begat and went to mass on Sundays, getting pleasantly drunk on red wine Saturday nights if it suited your humor; you fought all your battles in an exquisitely limited area, to which you were so related that the very beam-flowers that grew in your garden were your cousins, having raised themselves delicately from the dust that was partly your fathers' fathers' dust. You could not see over the rim of the mountains, and would surely not desire to do so, when within this colored cup was held a world that was all your own, interpenetrated with whatever essential life you felt yourself to possess. A new road would be the invasion of an army with banners; and in your perfection, your inevitability, how could you face the clash of arms?

Well, I know now that this was nonsense, but that is the way I felt when I was new in the village. I simply could not understand why anybody wanted a new road in such a place. And it was no good trying to find out from the old man, because the slightest mention of the new road was enough to throw him into a perilous state of perturbation, from which his womenfolk stormed up to rescue him, all together, and from whatever distance. As Federico's voice was raised and his teeth were bared, when he started to speak of the road, the old woman and the two daughters would materialize out of nowhere, clicking their tongues and winking and nudging and nodding, with all the tact of a regiment of cavalry, until the subject had been downed. It appears that in his earlier days Federico had drunk too much red wine, with consequences to his blood pressure, and the family was afraid of apoplexy.

The older of the two daughters was called Lolita. Lolita is not an Italian name; her mother got it out of a book, and in a spasm of romanticism bestowed it upon her firstborn. That was twenty-five years earlier, when the new road seemed certain to be completed, and the whole world to be opened out on all sides—the Alps flattening away, Spain and the Indies for neighbors. By the

Continued on page 212

# Rejuvenation

## The monkey gland legend gives way to the Steinach method of reactivating the aging human

### by WAINWRIGHT EVANS

• ARTICLE •

Jim Brown has suddenly taken a new lease on life. He had been slipping. The years were visibly putting the skids under poor old Jim. Now, without warning, and for no reason you can put your finger on, he begins to walk with his old swing. He no longer proclaims with every shuffle that Old Age is applying the brakes. He goes upstairs two at a time. His speed going down is a thing to watch. There are springs in his boots. And as for his work, he goes at it with the old gusto.

Moreover he arches his neck and flares his nostrils like Jim of the old days. His eyesight is so much better that he can distinguish a skirt as far as he can see it. And that is all to the good, too; for a robust and normal masculine awareness of women—in a perfectly nice way, of course—has always been one of Jim's characteristics. For a time, there, he seemed to have turned into a fatherly, harmless old chap, slightly bald, with whom the girls in the office felt perfectly safe—a nice old boy whom they would soon have been calling "Grandpa" behind his back. But observe their alert awareness of his presence now! They see him as the Male of the Species once more—incidentally, Jim doesn't seem to be as thin haired as he was. His thatch looks darker, and certainly thicker; and the barber begins to make money out of him once more.

If you are an observant person, it is quite likely that you have spotted several of these Jim Browns among your own acquaintances. Something happens to them that no trip to the mountains, no course in codliver oil, no amount of vitamins or change of diet can satisfactorily account for.

If you happen to have noticed any of this tribe who suddenly seem to inherit the earth and everything that's in it just at the time when it looks as if six feet of earth would shortly be their portion, it's a pretty safe bet that the Jim Brown you are observing has enrolled in that curious secret society, the growing Army of the Rejuvenates.

Jim has probably been "Steinached." It's a safe bet whether he admits it to you or not. Probably he won't. Probably even his family doesn't know about it. Very likely he swore the doctor to secrecy, and registered under an assumed name in the nursing home—very private and discreet—where he had the operation. Rejuvenates are funny that way. They are afraid they'll be laughed at, or considered not quite respectable.

Or maybe the change has come about in Mrs. Brown. Two or three years ago Mrs. Brown became fat and sluggish—about as different from the vigorous, quick stepping woman you used to know as could well be imagined. She had acquired an unwholesome looking coffee colored skin, and a generally dropsical, flabby appearance. Her mouth drooped pathetically at the corners. Her mind was soggy. If she had ever had any "It" no stranger would have guessed it.

She was tragic. She was a walking example of the things nature can sometimes do to a woman when the crisis of middle age comes upon her.

But behold her now! She seems to have been touched by some fairy wand. Her color is good; her dull eyes have brightened; her tongue is sharp, witty, and quick as of old. She is plump and firm as a partridge, with all the curves in the right places. Her skin is warm, smooth, and elastic. She has become emphatically a pretty woman—at her present age level. If she has by no means gone back to her Thirties—you can't have everything—she has at least recovered her Forties. She is her delightful self again.

Indeed, if her hair were black once more instead of grey, the illusion of recovered youth would be almost complete. Well, maybe it will turn black later. The hair of about one in five of these rejuvenated individuals goes back in time to its earlier color.

But, however that may be, look well at this woman who was on the verge of becoming an aged wreck under the impact of the climacteric, when something snatched her back from disaster, and restored to her intact the personality that the years were taking from her.

Those two pictures are by no means overdrawn. They present accurately what is happening to a large number of men and women today, and will happen to a very much larger number if the general public ever manages to break through the conspiracy of silence which at present surrounds the whole subject of what is traditionally known as "rejuvenation."

These rejuvenates are not literally made young by the Steinach method. Medicine has as yet found no magic that will change Seventy to Seventeen. But they are enabled to function with maximum efficiency at their own age level. This means that the man in his Sixties, for instance, can swing back to the condition of his Forties, and function now as he did then—not invariably, however. It is estimated that "rejuvenation" works in about 80 per cent of cases.

The preferred name is *reactivation.* That indicates accurately what happens to the aging body that is subjected to this treatment. *Rejuvenation,* on the other hand, is misleading. However, it is the term in popular use, and perhaps it is too late to eliminate it now, though there is an unfortunate savor of quackery and exaggeration about it.

I know a physician who holds that a roll of the persons in this country who have undergone some form of reactivation treatment would number hundreds of thousands. He bases his judgment on what he knows of the sale of sex hormones, which usually play a part in the reactivation technique. On that roll would be the names of thousands of nationally and internationally eminent men and women who have undergone the Steinach treatment, and whose perennial ability to keep on going, to do their work, to keep a grip on affairs, and to remain physically well and mentally keen, arouses comment in the newspapers every time a new birthday comes around. Not that all such perons have been so treated, of course. Many of them are naturally endowed with bodies that are able to keep going for a long time. But even among these, many are making the most of what

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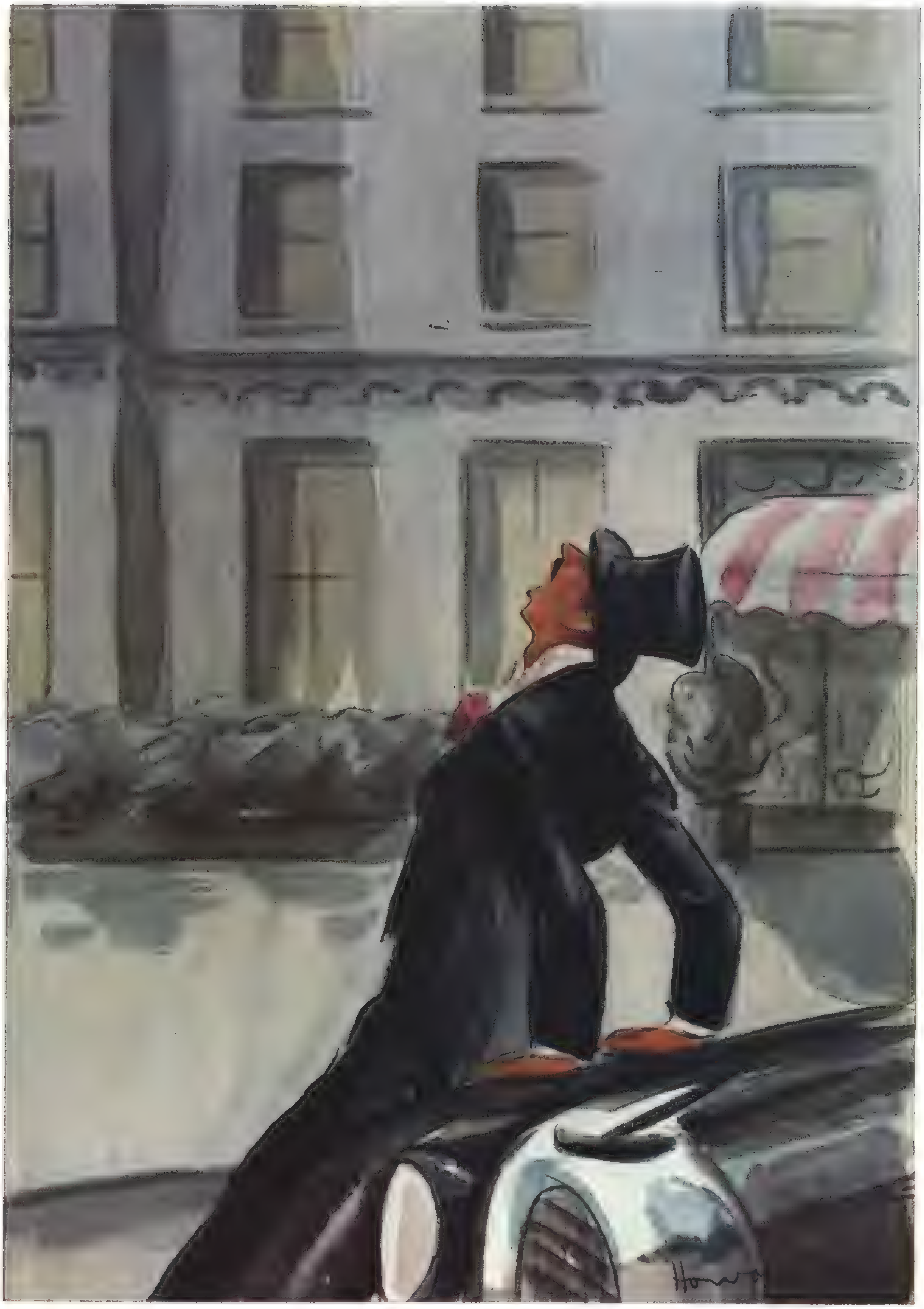
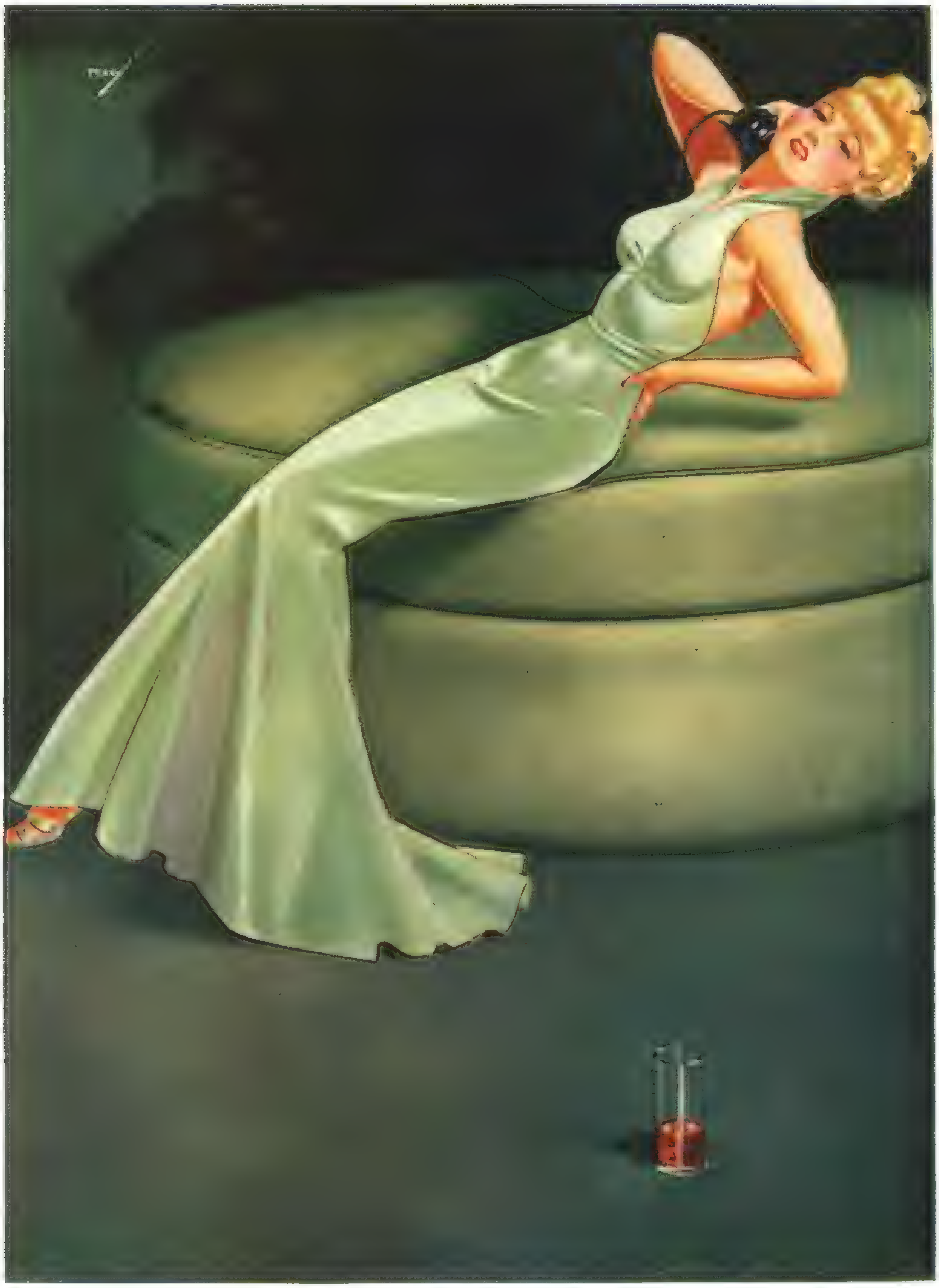


*"Oh Mare-e-e! C'mon out and play!"*



*"Mind if I phone my husband? He always worries when I'm out late"*

# Gold Star Mother

### Monologue in the true spirit of sacrifice by one who proudly gave her sons to the slaughter

### by PHILIP STEVENSON

▪ SATIRE ▪

LADIES: Or should I say Fellow Members? I guess really it doesn't matter, does it. We in our little group understand each other, I guess. I guess what really matters is my report, and I want to report we sure did have a morvelous time, and that's what you-all want to hear about, isn't it.

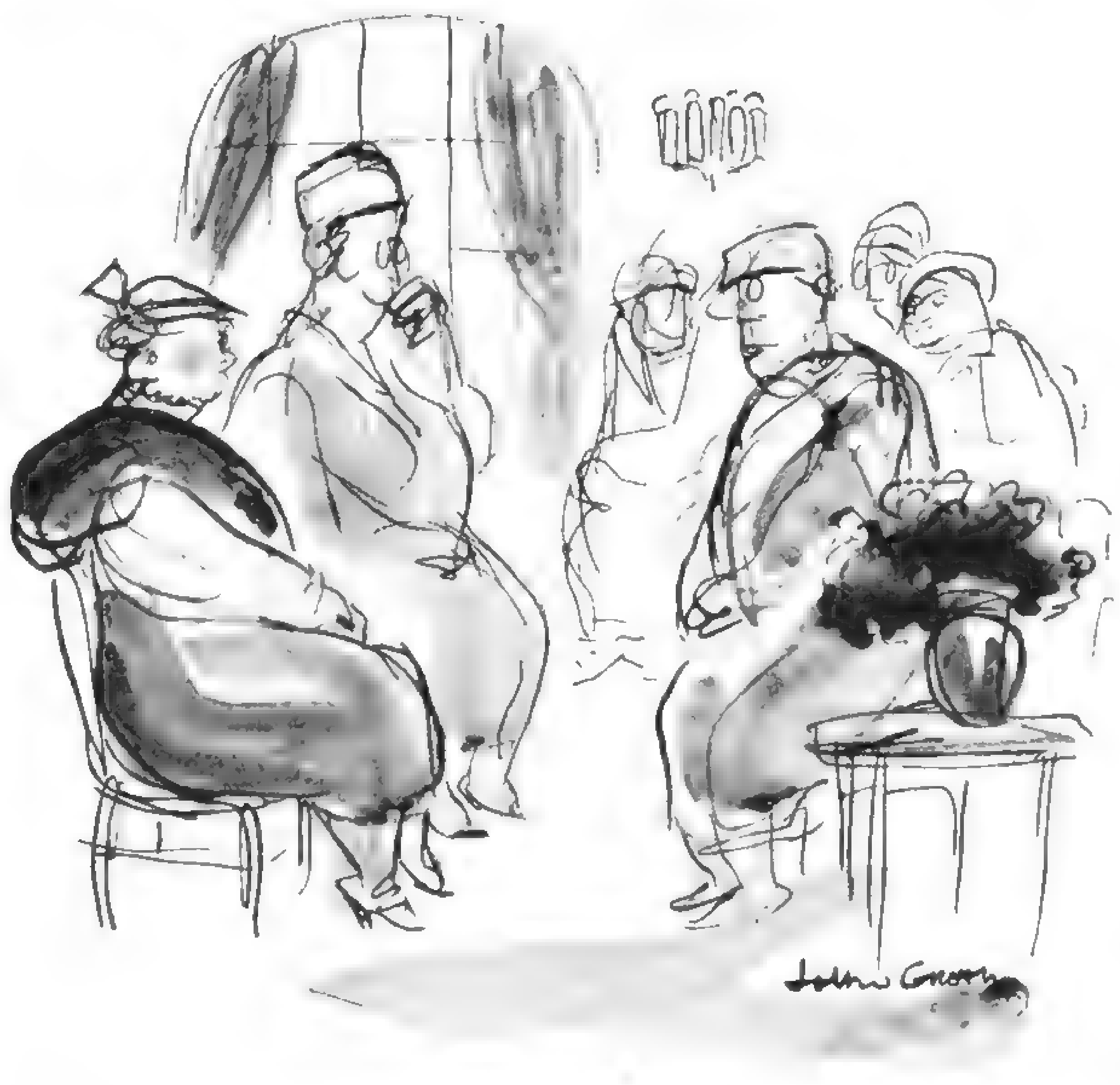
Maybe some of you'll be sorry too, I mean some of you, that you wasn't along with us. As I say, we sure had a morvelous time, we saw everything we was supposed to see and I guess maybe a few things we wasn't, and . . . really we just—did—ever'thing!

Of course some of it was sort of sad, kind of, and I guess most of us had sort of the shivers when we saw where Our Boys had died and blood was actually spilled and all. But then, I guess I can say that not a one of us forgot she was a Gold Star Mother, we all just realized that those terrible things have got to be and We Mothers have just got to be mothers and expect those things because that's just the way life is, isn't it!

Sad but true, I guess. And so we carried our cross and made the best of everything, it was hard but we did it and speaking for myself and I gave nine strapping youngsters to the great cause of Humanity, speaking just for myself I guess I can say that the Spirit of Sacrifice was what helped me to get through, I mean the realization that everybody has to carry her cross the best one can because it's just the way life is, we all have our losses, even the bankers, don't we.

Well, there we were, I mean Over There, and of course the first thing was the reception in the Great Gay City, and I just want to tell you ladies they sure did treat us just morvelous, they couldn't do enough for us, like Mr. Bramah for instance he was the one that made the Speech of Welcome. I just want to tell you, ladies, it was a morvelous speech and Mr. Bramah was sure morvelous looking too, so big and strong in spite of a slight hump in his back, a regular bull neck and what shoulders, I guess some of us just couldn't help making kind of cow eyes at him sort of!

But then! I'm not here to give anybody *away*, I'll just let Mrs. Holstein tell that part in her report, it's really a morvelous story though. Well, anyway, what Mr. Bramah said was that the sight of us Gold Star Mothers made his heart beat faster and his breath come short, I guess you all know how these males are, he would sort of paw the ground kind of while he talked because he said he realized we were the Flower of the Flock, the Blue Ribbon Winners, the very Spirit of Giving, so to speak, and nothing was too good for us, we had Given our All to the cause of Humanity and he just wished he could reward us all like we deserved in the Green Pastures of Eternity, and well, speaking for myself I thought, I said, well, never mind what I *thought* but it was all morvelous and that's the way life in the Great Gay City started that Mrs. Holstein is going to tell you about because she won the toss when we were deciding whom would report on what.



But speaking for myself I can just say this: I can say I promise you we all sure hated parting from Mr. Bramah, and I wondered if I could really go through the terrible part that was coming because you see then we was starting out for the sad part of our Pilgrimage and it was just too awful to think about all the slaughter and the blood and ever'thing. So I just chewed hard on my cud and made up my mind to be a really truly Gold Star Mother and go through with it, but I had a sort of queer little shudder in my udder kind of, and suddenly, I don't know, ladies, I guess I just couldn't help it, I let out one bellow, I didn't think I could go through with it and all. But then Mrs. Guernsey came up to me . . . she's not present, is she? No: well, she tried to be chummy and comforting and so on, and . . . of course I've never drawn the colour line, I just don't have any prejudices, I'm just as democratic as anyone can be, BUT . . . some things are just too much sometimes, I just somehow couldn't stand that great black cow rubbing up against me like that, and so I pretended she had me all wrong, I pretended it was leaving Mr. Bramah that made me so unhappy, and of course she is still just crazy about Mr. Guernsey and so she was shocked to death and so she left me alone and just went off with her tail between her legs! . . .

And now, ladies, this cool sip of water I've just taken has sort of cooled me off and made me realize that I've really kind of exaggerated the terrible part of my report. Because speaking for myself, it wasn't really so awfully terribly terrible. I mean, it was all so morvelously *done*. I thought that really when I saw the place where Our Boys had been struck down in their own blood I would faint dead away. But I didn't, and really I don't believe any of you would have either. What I thought was: How morvelous! I mean, everything about the surroundings. So perfectly suited to the occasion, I mean. Death is clean and kind! I thought. Death is merciful! And for the first time I realized the Great Wisdom behind it all. I saw life was hard and cruel. What did those dear young creatures have ahead of them but sorrow and longing and old age? After all, they couldn't *all* be Bramahs, one Bramah goes a long way, I thought. I thought, Yes! too many are born into this world. Life is the Survival of the Fittest, and Bramah does Fit, doesn't he! And really, isn't it better that one Bramah should live in abundance than that all should survive to know lifelong privation? And if they are to die, isn't it better for them to go like this, quickly and cleanly, than by slow starvation and loneliness?

Ladies, as I stood there those beautiful thoughts just kind of came to me sort of like an Inspiration. I felt like a poit, it was really just a morvelous sensation and I told Mrs. Holstein and Mrs. Jersey and they said, "My dear, it's morvelous, you must remember to put it in your report, it's really just poitry."

Well! After seeing that beautiful spot where Our Boys had fallen and sacrificed their lives for Humanity, I was kind of better prepared for the next part of our Pilgrimage. Maybe you just won't believe it, ladies, but speaking for myself I just want to tell you not one of us cried. It was really morvelous. Not just us, I mean, but the whole thing. "Truly inspiring" is the way Mrs. Jersey put it. "The poitry of death,"

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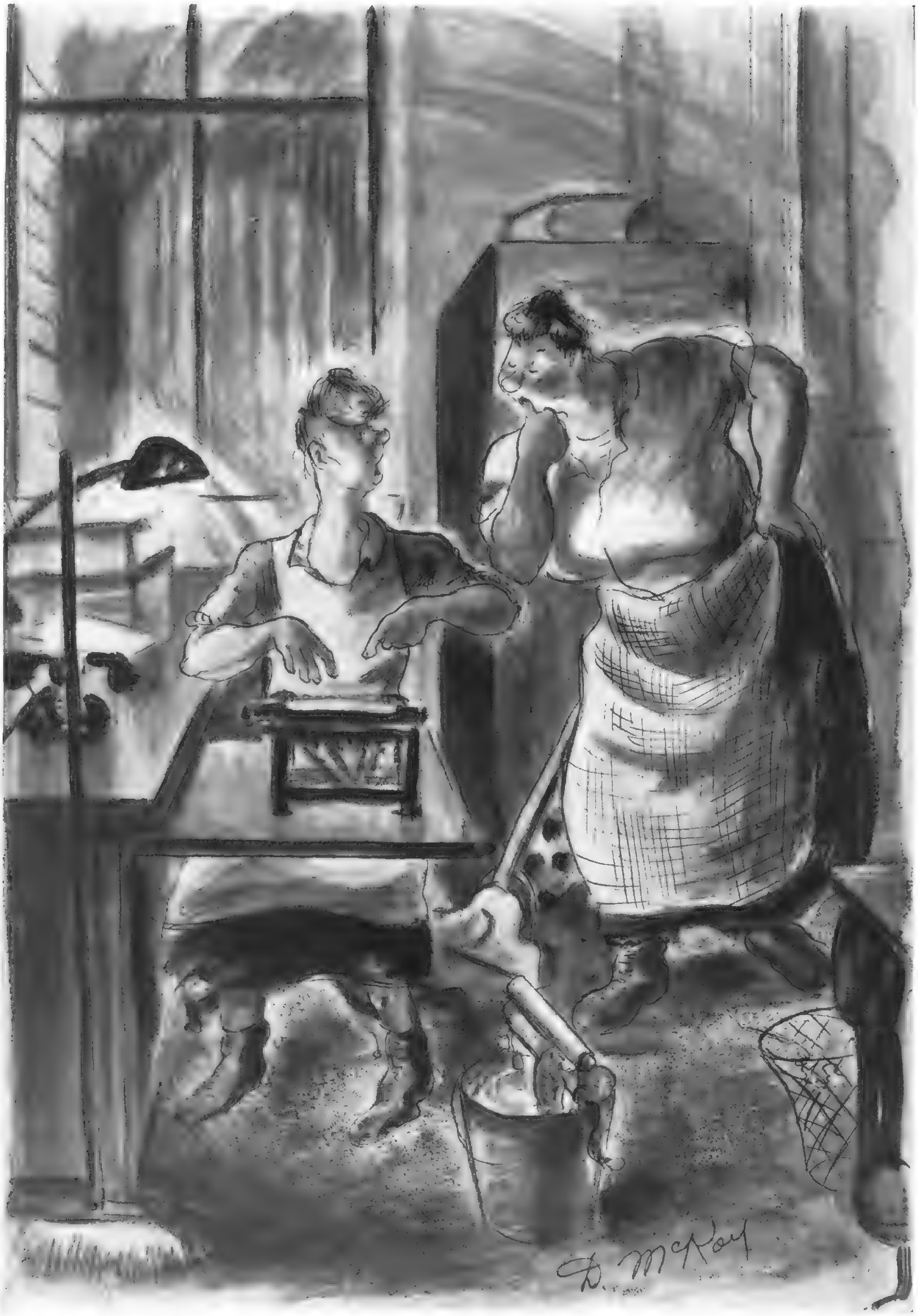


*"Would you say 'I hereby resign'—or make it more informal, like 'I quit'?"*

# Royal Ex-President

## A portrait of Zog the Handsome, altar-shy autocrat with blue eyes and a nice flare for executions

### by EMIL LENGYEL

• ARTICLE •

Zog I, King of that mysterious little Balkan country, Albania, is so good-looking that he would easily win the title of a lady-killer even among the gigolos of Monte Carlo. But although he is an autocrat, he is unable to put on himself the kind of ball and chains of matrimony that he wants because of his subjects and Signor Mussolini. All this is of timely interest, as editors like to say, for two reasons. First, because an Albanian court has just condemned twenty-three revolutionaries to death for trying to make their King marry their leader's daughter. Second, because Signor Mussolini's hold on Albania has an important bearing on his adventure in Ethiopia and his hope of wresting supremacy from the British in the eastern Mediterranean.

The trouble with the embattled would-be father-in-law and his supporting cast began before Zog had taken the crown in 1928. He was then President of Albania, always short of money, and so the daughter of Ali Shefqeti Bey seemed a good catch. Not only was she pleasant to look at but, still more important, her father was the richest and one of the most influential landowners of Albania.

Then Zog decided to make himself King and together with his presidential functions he discarded also beautiful Fatima. But an engagement in Albania is a sacred affair and any one breaking it lays himself open to a blood-feud. While the young lady was pining away for her fairy King, her relatives kept their powder dry, fingers on rifle triggers.

The King tried to get out of the hot spot by writing a paragraph into the Constitution, forbidding the monarch to marry a commoner. This might have been a solution if Shefqeti Bey had not been as much of a fox in politics as the King himself, and he began to suggest that Zog confer upon him and Fatima royal rank, so that the law should not apply to them. Shefqeti's family liked the idea, but the ruler did not and there the matter rested for some time.

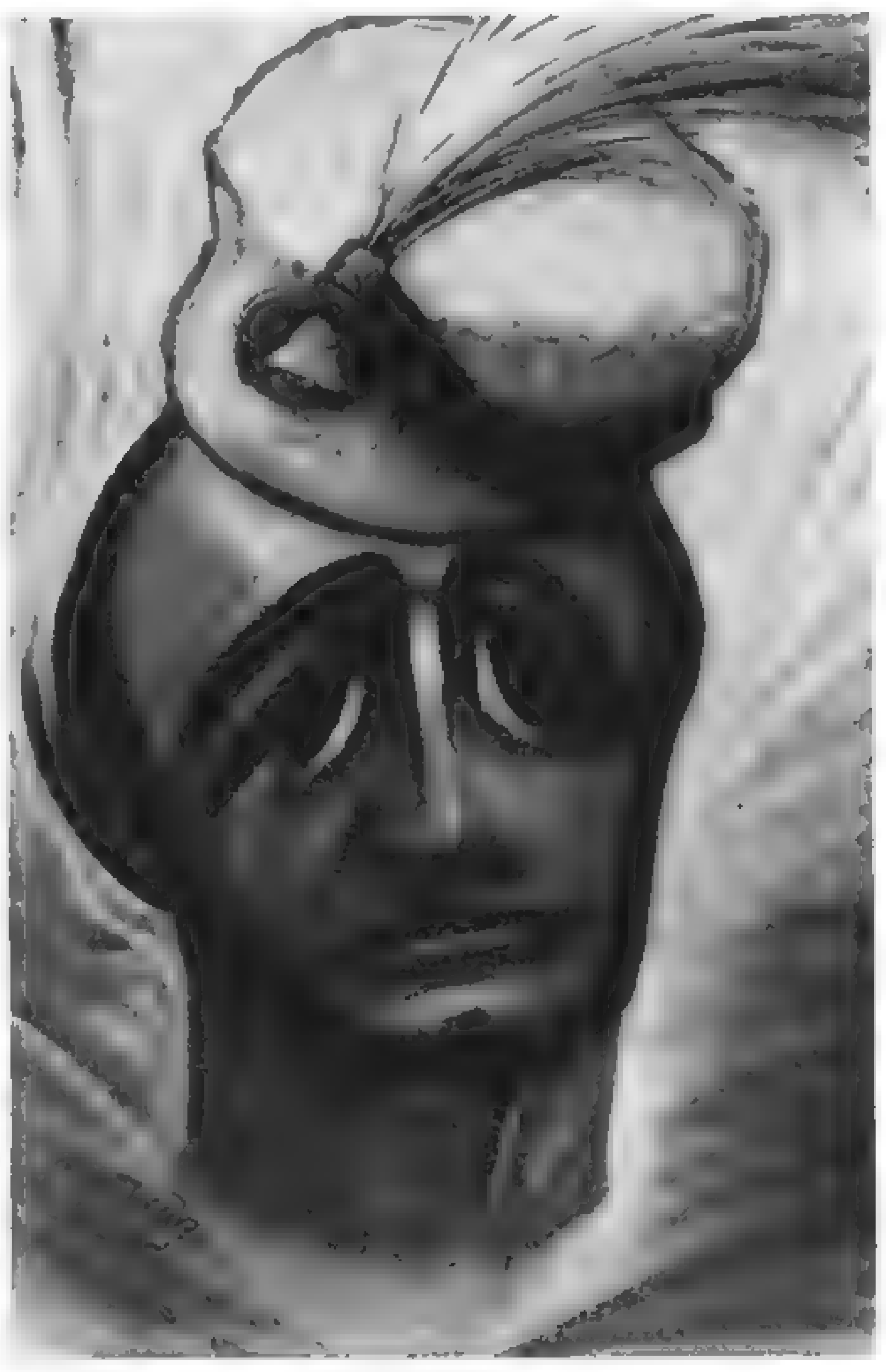
Last August the Bey decided upon a drastic step. He drafted the services of former Prime Minister Verlatsi, and financed an insurrection in the south of Albania, the object of which was to march upon the capital, Tirana, and force the King to marry the lady or face the bullet's music. Not even this exhibition of dogged paternal love induced the King to change his mind; the insurgents were beaten, their leaders placed on trial and sentence of death pronounced.

Such energetic action does not mean that the King may marry as he likes. He tried to take matters into his own hands and look what happened.

Last year it was announced that His Majesty was ready to marry an American heiress with an annual income of not less than a million dollars. This caused considerable excitement in the Middle West and soon it was reported that about eighty petitions for the position of the Queen of Albania had reached the royal desk. Whether it was that the young ladies were not young or were not ladies, or that the bankers' evidence of their finances was not satisfactory, they did not even get rejection slips.

No sooner had this story reached the ears of Signor Mussolini than he sent a few warships to the Albanian port of Durazzo as a warning that autocrats' marriages are not made in heaven. Il Duce, who is the Big Brother of the Albanian neighbor, did not want to have any American heiresses around in view of the fact that an annual income of not less than a million dollars might just about wipe out Albania's national deficit, so that there would be no need for his financial assistance.

All this is by way of introduction to the story of King Zog, in the course of which something will also be said about his country and its connection with Signor Mussolini and, through him, with world affairs.



Although less advertised than the Prince of Wales, who is his age —41 years—King Zog is Europe's only royal bachelor with a throne. He is 5 feet 10, well proportioned and elegant without ostentation. His unlined cheeks make him appear at least ten years younger than he is. A pair of china-doll blue eyes, his light chestnut hair and a straight nose that would not displease even the most exacting Aryan of Adolf Hitler's race-conscious Germany make him a traditional Prince Charming.

He is royal dignity personified with a dash of self-consciousness. The King speaks without emphasis and lacks the Oriental habit of helping along his words with broad gestures. He seems to be such a nice person that it is somewhat surprising to know that he is not particular about the way his enemies die, if they do it quickly, and is so thrifty that he seldom spends money on their gallows, but has them hanged on trees. While no census has been taken of the people thus helped to enjoy the bliss of seventh heaven, their number is said to run into many hundreds.

When Achmed Zogu, the present King Zog, was born, Albania formed part of European Turkey, but that meant little. His father, Xhemal, was an independent chieftain in the inaccessible Mati part of Central Albania, holding sway over some thirteen unruly tribes, the only link of which was their love to kill one another. So little did Zogu Senior bother about his nominal masters that he never wrote to Constantinople for permission to hang a servant, partly because he could not write and partly because the Turkish capital would not have appreciated the intrusion of such trifles on its precious time.

The Turkish Sultans tried to retain at least nominal authority among the Albanian mountains by drawing the chieftains' children to their court. Young Achmed Zogu also was made to don the sky-blue uniform of the imperial pages, put on his snappy little turban, studded with sapphire, and reported for duty at the Yildiz Kiosk. He received instruction at the Galata Serail of Constantinople and was known as a loyal little Albanian when the Balkan War broke out in 1912, and he promptly joined the anti-Sultan forces.

After the Balkan Wars Albania achieved a sort of independence with the ineffectual Prince William of Wied as her ruler. But the Prince was so frightened by his subjects that after a few months on an uneasy throne he took refuge in the cabin of a boat under sailing orders. The World War had broken out and the road to fame was now open to young Achmed Zogu.

In the World War his country was the battlefield of half a dozen armies and a prey of diplomatic intrigues. He made common cause with the Austrians, who gave him the title of a Colonel in recognition of his noble birth and kept him a virtual prisoner in Vienna. After the war, Austria was dumped into the garbage can of discarded monarchies and her enemy, Italy, began to gain ascendancy in Albania. Rome would have received a protectorate over Achmed's little country if the great powers had not been jealous of one another and the United States had not protested.

Achmed was back again in Albania, his innocent blue eyes making shaggy mountaineers scurry for bomb-proof shelters.

Continued on page 192

# Return to Lavinia

### The master came home from his honeymoon and told her the one thing she most needed to know

### by ERSKINE CALDWELL

**• FICTION •**

At first she did not know what had awakened her. She was not certain if it had been a noise somewhere about the house, or whether it was the metal-like burning of her feverish skin. By the time her eyes were fully open she could hear a bedlam of crowing, the sounds coming from every direction. For an hour at midnight the roosters crowed continually; from the chicken yards in town and from the farms surrounding the town, the sounds filled the flat country with an almost unbearable din.

Lavinia sat up in bed, wide awake after three hours of fitful sleep. She pressed the palms of her hands against her ears to shut out the crowing, but even that did not help any. She could still hear the sounds no matter what she did to stop it.

"I'll never be able to go to sleep again," she said, holding her hands tight to the sides of her head. "I might as well stop trying."

When she looked up, there was a light shining through the rear windows and doors. The illumination spread over the back porch and cast a pale moon-like glow over the walls of her room. She sat tensely awake, holding her breath while she listened.

Presently the screen door at the end of the hall opened, squeaked shrilly, and slammed shut. She shivered while the small electric fan on the edge of her dresser whirred with a monotonous drone. In her excitement she clutched her shoulders in her arms, still shivering while the fan blew a steady stream of sultry air against her face and neck.

The footsteps became inaudible for a moment, then distinct. She would know them no matter where she heard them. For three years she had heard them, night and day since she was fifteen. Some footsteps changed from year to year; strides increased, strides decreased; leather-and-nail heels were changed to rubber, heel-and-toe treads became flat-footed shufflings; most footsteps changed, but his had remained the same during all that time.

Phil Glenn crossed the porch to the kitchen, the room next to hers, and snapped on the light. She shivered convulsively in the fan-draft, gasping for breath in the sultry air.

Through the wall she could hear him open the ice-box, chip off several chunks of ice, and drop them into a tumbler. When he dropped the lid of the icebox and crossed to the spigot, she could hear the flow of water until the tumbler filled and overflowed. Everything he did, every motion he made was taking place before her eyes as plainly as if she had stood beside him while he chipped the ice and filled the tumbler to overflowing.

When he had finished, he turned off the light and went back out on the porch. He stood there, his handkerchief in hand, wiping his face and lips spasmodically while he listened as intently as she was listening.

There was a sound of someone else's walking in the front of the house. It was an unfamiliar sound, a sound that both of them heard and listened to for the first time.

When she could bear it no longer, Lavinia threw herself back upon the bed, covering her face with the pillow. No matter how hard she tried, she could not keep from sobbing into the pillow. As regularly as midnight came, she had cried like that every night he had been away.

The next thing she knew, he was sitting on the edge of her bed trying to say something to her. She could not understand a word he was saying. Even after she had sat up again, she still did not know what it was. Long after he had stopped speaking she stared at his features in the pale glow of reflected light. She tried to think of something either of them would have to say.

"We just got back," he said.

After he had spoken, she laughed at herself for not having known he would say exactly that.

"We went down to the beach for a few days when we left here," he finished.

Lavinia stared at him while she wondered what he expected her to say by way of comment or reply.

All she could do was nod her head.

"I thought I told you where we were going, but after I left I remembered I hadn't. If we hadn't been half-way there, I'd have turned around and come back to tell you. I wouldn't want you to think—"

She laughed.

"—I wouldn't want you to think—" he said over again.

Lavinia threw her head back and laughed out loud. Her voice sounded soft and deep.

"Well, anyway," he said, "it was a mighty short honeymoon. But it was nice on the beach."

She laughed again, but the sound of her laughter was all but drowned out in the drone of the electric fan.

"It was just what you would expect," he said casually.

The electric fan was blowing her gown against her back with rippling motions. She moved sidewise to the fan so that nothing would prevent her from hearing every word he said. After she had settled down, he crossed his legs.

"I guess it's going to be all right," he said, looking through the window and back again at her. "It'll be all right."

Before he had finished, both of them turned to listen to the sound of footsteps in the front of the house. The sound echoed through the night.

In the closeness of the room, Lavinia could feel his heavy breathing vibrate the air. She wished to say something to him, but she was afraid. She did not know what she could say. If she said the wrong thing, it would be a lot worse than not saying anything. She held her breath in perplexity.

He got up, went to the window, looked out into the darkness for a moment, and came back to stand beside her. She could feel him looking down at her even though she could not see him distinctly in the shadow he made when his back was to the door. She had to restrain herself from reaching out to feel if he were there beside her.

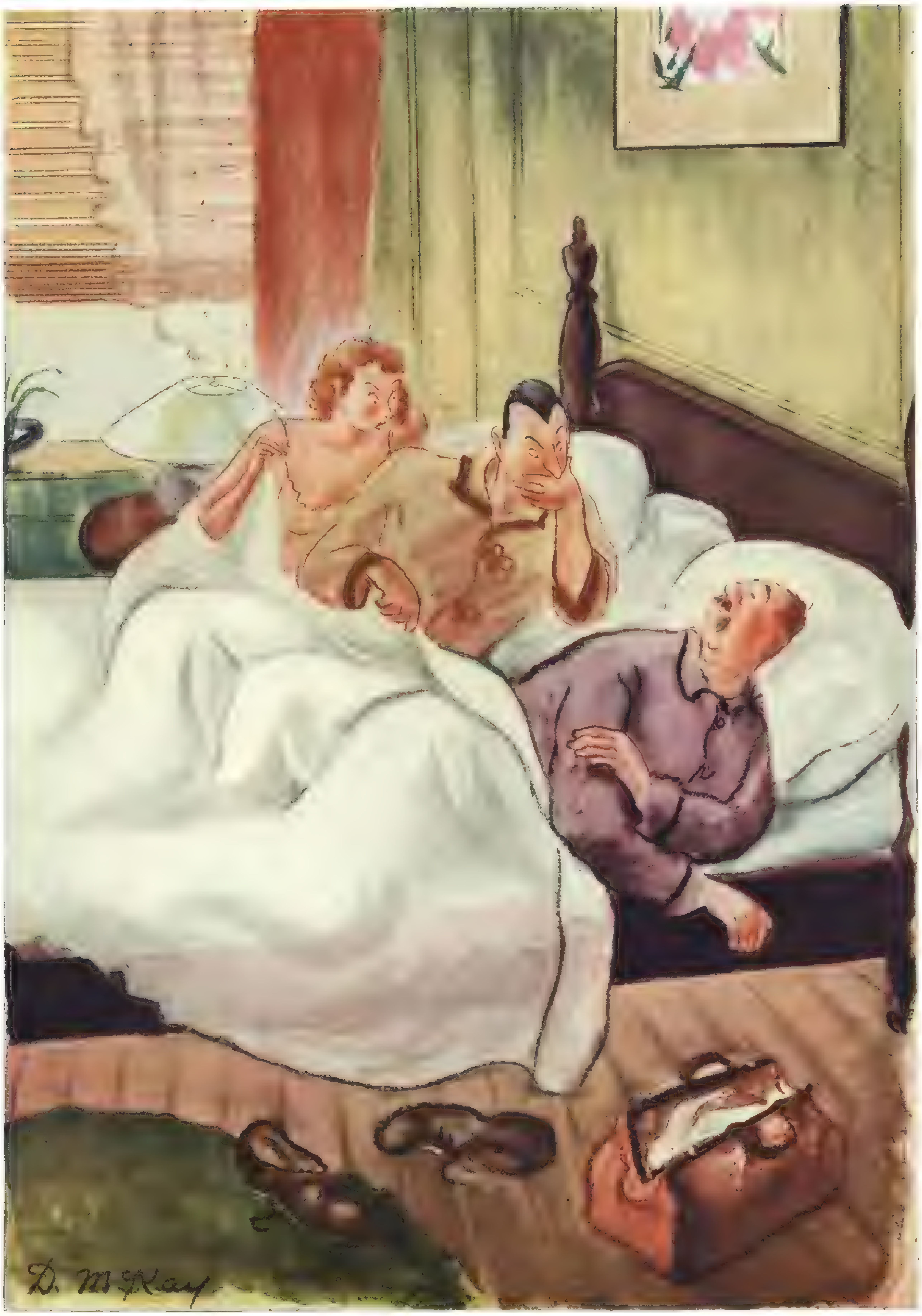
"Hannah is quite a girl," he said finally, laughing a little to hide his uneasiness.

She knew he would have to say something like that sooner or later. It was the only way to get it over with. After that she waited for him to go on.

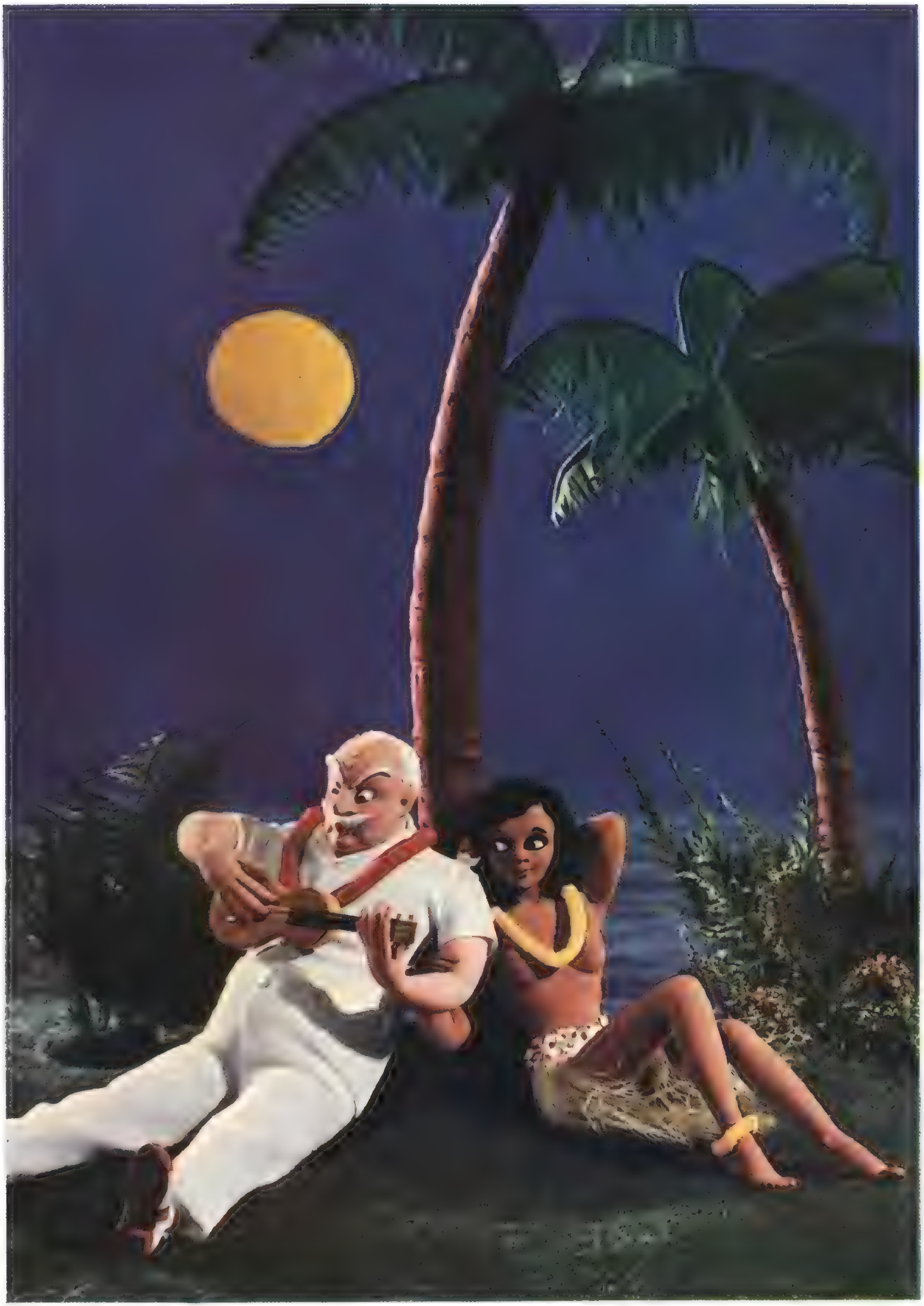
"We'll get along all right," he said. "There won't be any trouble."

She shook her hair in the draft of the fan.

*Continued in center of page 185*



*"I arrived last night, but I didn't want to wake you folks"*



MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

*"I'll master this ukelele if it takes all night!"*

# Young Girl in the Snow

### Gallic footnote to our American morality as illustrated by a practice peculiar to nice girls

### by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

• SATIRE •

"America . . . ?" repeated Blondel. "Ah! it's really much more complex than it seems to appear to our writers, or even to American writers. I've been over the United States from New York to New Mexico, and from Louisiana to Arizona, I've taught French in thirteen universities and in three finishing schools, but I tell you there is no America. Rather, there are Americas. What's true of Boston is false of Kansas City, and unimaginable if you are describing Los Angeles.

"Babbitt? Why, Babbitt himself has gone through a process of evolution that might have started with his reading of Babbitt. You Europeans who never get out beyond the Place de la Concorde, or Piccadilly, still seem to think that an American is incapable of feelings comparable to our own. But, my god! an American can be lovesick, ambitious, jealous, almost in the same way as ourselves. I said almost. But the basic resemblance is far stronger than the superficial difference. An American mother is, primarily, a woman. When in love, your American may be all tangled up in his Puritanism, and naïvely enough, he may escape through his pseudo-scientific Freudism, but, nevertheless, he can be in love, and his emotional conflicts can be perfectly intelligible to us."

He paused for an instant, hunted in his pocket for a letter, and resumed:

". . . Still, one may make plenty of mistakes. Here, take this letter from a young fellow in Chicago, Harry Plugg, who was a student of mine oh, four or five years ago. In spite of myself, I was the cause of his unhappiness. Plugg was a nice fellow, not at all stupid, with a terrible mid-western accent. He was a pupil of mine when I taught literature at Sandpoint, a rather strange school up in the mountains, originally founded to convert the Indians. In all my teaching career, I have rarely run into a more interesting group of students. A bit savage, a bit brutal perhaps, due to the environment. But really sincere, lively, and intense. I got into the habit of inviting little groups of them to my house, two or three times a week, for informal conversation. One of the tragedies of our ripe old middle-age is the difficulty we have in keeping an ordinary human contact with the young folks, and a teacher who really loves his work can act as a sort of connecting link between the generations.

"After several weeks at Sandpoint, I had got rid of all restraint between myself and my favorite pupils. They'd burst into my study, laughing and kidding like a bunch of frisky puppies, flopping over the chairs, sitting on the floor, lighting cigarettes and pipes. We were supposed to talk about Rousseau, Balzac, Stendhal, but they talked mostly about themselves, and about the life ahead of them, which filled them with fear. At that time the depression was getting worse every day, and these youngsters turned to French literature for a solution to their problem, about in the same way that the young man of the Renaissance consulted the Virgilian fates, or a Puritan turned to the bible....

* * *

One Sunday I was standing at my window watching the snowfall, when I saw young Plugg get out of a flivver that had just stopped before my door.

Now, I was fond of him for his extremely original vocabulary, and his plain common sense. "Here's our friend Plugg," I said to my wife, "But what the devil has he come for, on Sunday?"

To explain my surprise, I should say that Sunday is practically never consecrated to studies by an American student. Some go to church—there weren't many students of that type at Sandpoint, but, still, there are a few religious collegians—lots of the boys go in for sports, and almost all of them go out on a date. Anyway, to visit the French professor on Sunday is an unprecedented proceeding.

Without stopping to shut off his motor, which I could see vibrating on the snowy street, Plugg came down the flagged walk to my house. His head was lowered, and he looked gloomy. I went to open the door. We had no servants at Sandpoint, and got along with a colored housekeeper who came to work after nine o'clock.

"What ambition! Plugg!" I said to him. "Have you come to practice French on Sunday morning?"

"Practice French?" he mumbled. "Oh, no sir! It's about something personal. I—I'm very sorry, sir, to bother you at this hour, but I just did something that—something I don't understand myself. I need some advice, and I thought perhaps—well, perhaps you'd give it to me."

The more I listened, the less he seemed like the quiet-mannered Plugg of the classroom. I began to feel embarrassed at his embarrassment.

"Sit down, Plugg, and have a cigarette," I said, showing him in. "It'll calm you."

"Thanks, sir. . . . Well, I won't keep you very long. It's a crazy story. But I want to tell it to you frankly, even though you find me to blame."

"All right. Good, I'm listening. Got a light, Plugg? Well, let's go—."

He had begun with such solemnity, that I was afraid he might really have done something serious. "Why doesn't he go to his dean?" I thought. "It's Philipp's job, not mine, to look after the students."

"I'll try to be accurate, sir," he said, "and if I can I'll be what you call objective. You know, sir, that on the first Saturday of every month there's a student dance, to which each of us can bring a girl. Some have girls right in Sandpoint—daughters of the faculty-members, or girls that live around here. But most of us have to bring our girls from out of town. Naturally, we can't put them up in our rooms, as it's against the dormitory rules, and anyway it would be immoral. That's a silly word. Well, say it would be dangerous. So we put them up at Sandpoint Inn, or in the other hotels."

"I know all about that, Plugg," I said. "I stayed at Sandpoint Inn myself, before renting this house, and there were plenty of Sundays when I saw the place overflowing with sisters, cousins, and fiancées. It was ravishing, but noisy."

"I believe, sir," Plugg continued, "that you saw me last Saturday at the Harvard-Sandpoint game, when I was with Katherine. You were sitting in the row just above us, and I even remember apologizing to you because Katherine leaned against your knees."

"That's right. I did see you with a very pretty girl. A blonde, in a red dress, if I remember right."

He swallowed with difficulty, and went on. "Yes," he said, "she is a blonde, and, I guess, very pretty. I've been going out with her for several months. So she came for the dance, yesterday, and after the dance it was pretty late, and I took her to

Continued on page 208

# Season of Uplift

### Maybe the origin of the term fire-water is in the good old Xmas custom of burning brandy

### by LAWTON MACKALL

ARTICLE

The holiday spirit comes in different styles and strengths, but its destination is invariable. Desire under the adenoids has a rendezvous with it. And in keeping that tryst mankind—especially the white, or double-thirsted, race—rallies instinctively to hearth and table. Knives flash. Corkscrews clear for action. Ladles ply. Assuagement reigns, synchronized the world over in glad tiltings.

In England, the well-known plum-pudding country, Christmas brings a craze for arson, both rum and brandy being set fire to.

Among less pecunious British puddingers the suet is saturated with old brown ale, but all who can afford to do so use rum—plenty thereof—and further luxuriate the individual portions by fire-watering them with Cognac.

Presumptuously enough these flaming bomb eaters have appropriated our bird, the turkey. He struts in Sussex, Shropshire and where not, gobbling with a British accent, and at Christmas time is himself gobbled with crusty port wine to wash him down. Heavy accompaniment for such a meat, one might say. But traditional. And in England the heftier the tradition the stronger the hold it lays upon people, and vice versa. In addition, for such holiday exigencies as one runs up against, there is rummed lemonade (hot or cold), supplemented with claret punch (lemon, sugar, water, and claret, well fruited); nor is the presence of a bottle of whisky in the house rated as redundant.

Ditto the dominions and colonies. Wherever Britannia rules the menus you'll find fire-worship, regardless of climate.

In the vicinity of the equator and south of it this involves real heroism. I'm thinking of a certain mining community in the opal fields just this side of the center of Australia, where a friend of mine spent his Christmas one year—torridly, it being Australia's summertime. Outdoor temperature 150°. In order to survive, the inhabitants live underground, prairie-dog fashion (even the bank and the post office are burrows scooped out of the dirt), enjoying indoor "coolness" of 130 . Yet when their calendars register the date December 25th, they sit down to a winterweight English feast as though they were in London.

The drinks, transported by camel from the nearest railhead, are a bit costly: beer, $1.50 per bottle; champagne, port, and whisky, likewise jacked. Turkey, also, expensive, is welcomed as a change from roast wallaby (tough) and braised kangaroo-tail, a delicacy which somehow palls.

Throughout Australia the favorite way of obtaining puddings is by barter. You send a whole sheep, costing you five dollars, by sheep mail (refrigerated steamer) to a friend or relative in England and he sends you in return a bagged bouncer guaranteed to make any board groan. With that provided, all that a conscientious Christmaser has to do is to trim the tree, scatter artificial snow, and dress up for the kiddies as the world's perspiringest Kriss Kringle.

But modernists balk. Instead of sweltering from soup to nuts, they escape to the seaside and dine on a sandwich, in shorts, with the surf toying about them. Sydney's beaches—Bondi, Maroubra, Coogee, Manly, and so on—are thronged with 100,000 people thus flouting tradition, to the great interest of the sharks prevalent in those waters, which seem to have the keenest appetites at Yuletide. Indeed, despite the fact that Coogee is equipped with heavy steel shark-netting, and *all* the beaches are guarded by "shark towers" and by patrolling planes which let go a small red parachute any time a narsty visitor is sighted—despite all these precautions and the clanging of shark bells, rarely is there a Christmas without some unlucky holiday-maker getting grabbed for dinner. Even in three feet of water. The awfulness of it shocks the other 99,999 into having another little drink.

In Scotland, too, one might consider things a trifle grim, but it's just a way we Scots have of comporting ourselves on solemn family occasions. The "merry" part begins December 26th, known as Boxing Day, when hame is deserted in favor of sport events—football, curling, tossing the caber, punching the snoot, and suchlike. As these contests are held in the open air, with possibly a shot of sleet thrown in, it behooves fans to be well lined, and by a happy coincidence Scotland provides just the material. So they line themselves, perseveringly, with the result that if the game they are watching happens to get blotted out by fog, they hardly miss it, life seems somehow so full. And from then on till the end of the holidays, never an empty moment.

The apex occurs New Year's Eve. On that evening in Edinburgh thousands of men and women gather outside the Cathedral of St. Giles in Parliament Square, at the foot of the Castle. They carry whisky bottles which they "consult" now and then, as though to help remember what's in them, and which they also pass around among friends. But there's no crude hit-or-miss drinking; it's a planned performance, calculated and timed so that the last drop will romp to town exactly at midnight. The New Year, upon arrival, is christened Scottishly with myriads of empties flung against the stones of old St. Giles, thereby creating a great influence for temperance and uprightness, as no weaker brother would dare fall from grace into that mess of glass. He'd be committing assorted hara-kiri.

All those who effect a safe getaway hasten to score "first-footing" (as the term is) at the homes of their friends, where shortbread, fruit cake (pridefully formidable), and port wine are offered, plus possibly something a little stronger with a smoky taste. But let no red-head intrude his hoof over the threshold and jinx the place. That is, unless somebody with luckier-colored hair precedes him.

Besides, he or anyone else would fare better next day. For on New Year's Day is held the big feast of the holidays, with turkey, goose, or grouse, and practically the freedom of the cellar. Finally, on January 6th (Epiphany) festivities end with the taking down of the decorations. And none too soon, because that leaves Scotland less than three weeks in which to rehabilitate its thirst before Burns's Birthday—the *real* party.

The Irish, whose liquid ammunition is smokeless and curiously smooth, manage to apply some of it internally in connection with Gift-Giving Time *et seq.* For whipping up the palate preparatory to partridges, turkey, goose, or chicken, straight Celtic whisky, fizzed, is found serviceable; and with the feathered friend, claret; other times (and this takes in a lot of territory), punch brewed of whisky, lemon, sugar, and water in the proportions your intuition dic-

*Continued in center of page 205*

# So Red the Nose

**by STERLING NORTH and CARL KROCH**

*Caricatures by Roy Nelson*

It was one of those ideas—but even the next morning it sounded feasible. Ask several of the literati to concoct original holiday drinks! Name these concoctions after their books! Entitle the entire batch "So Red the Nose" with apologies to Stark Young. So here they are . . .

*William Seabrook's*

### ASYLUM COCKTAIL

1 Part Gin.
1 Part Pernod.
Dash of Grenadine.
Pour over large lumps of ice.
Do not shake.

William Seabrook writes that if you follow instructions this cocktail will "look like rosy dawn, taste like the milk of paradise, and make you plenty crazy."

The famous explorer who has sipped his way around the world, tippled in Port-au-Prince, and lifted a toast to the midnight stars with the White Monk of Timbuktu, admits sadly that—"since I have become sober and God-fearing and can no longer get my pleasure kicking the gong around, my happiest diversions are tennis, the harmonica, the King James version of the Old Testament, talking to Negroes, and looking at beautiful women."

Members of the *So Red the Nose Club* should read *Asylum* to discover what lies in store for incautious imbibers of Gin and Pernod.

*Ernest Hemingway's*

### DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON COCKTAIL

Pour 1 jigger of Absinthe into a Champagne glass.

Add iced Champagne until it attains the proper opalescent milkiness.

Drink 3 to 5 of these slowly.

Ernest Hemingway writes: "This was arrived at by the author and three officers of H. M. S. Danae after having spent seven hours overboard trying to get Capt. Bra Saunders' fishing boat off a bank where she had gone with us in a N. W. gale."

It takes a man with hair on his chest to drink five Absinthe and Champagne Cocktails and still handle the English language in the Hemingway fashion. But Ernest has proved his valor, not alone in his cups. Captain of the swimming team at Oak Park High School—first American to be wounded on the Italian front during the World War (with 227 individual wounds to his credit)—tossed by a bull in the streets of Pamplona while rescuing his friend Donald Ogden Stewart—deep sea fisherman—big game hunter—and one of the first citizens of Key West—Hemingway is the one who should be able to hold his Absinthe like a post-war novelist.

Authors' Note: (*After six of these cocktails* The Sun Also Rises.)

*Erskine Caldwell*

### RAISES APPLE JACK ON GOD'S LITTLE ACRE

Erskine Caldwell—who has been a farm hand, worker in a cottonseed-oil mill, reporter on the Atlanta (Georgia) *Journal*, hack driver in Tennessee, book critic in Houston, Texas and Charlotte, North Carolina, stage hand in a burlesque theatre, waiter in the Union Station at Wilkes-Barre, professional football player, manager of a lecture bureau and novelist—writes from Mount Vernon, Maine—

"I once was dosed with a *While Rome Burns Cocktail*, and I immediately took the pledge. A week after that experience I retired to my farm and have devoted all my time since then to perfecting what can now be named the

### TOBACCO ROAD COCKTAIL

Please observe closely the following procedure:

1. Select in May six of your finest McIntosh trees and place a hive of bees under each tree to insure the 'setting' of the blossoms.
2. Visit your trees with a spray-gun once a month until October, and see to it that not an insect remains alive.
3. About the middle of October gather by hand four bushels of the finest 'Reds,' selecting each apple for color, size and ripeness.
4. When these are ready to put into the hopper of your cider mill, go back to the orchard and pick up two pecks of windfalls from the ground, carefully selecting the most decayed, wormiest, and snail-encrusted.
5. Mix the two gatherings and grind and press.
6. For three days and nights drink the sweetest cider you have ever tasted, noting that no matter how much you drink, you can always find room for a little more.
7. On the fourth day you will discover that you have the hardest drink that ever blew a bung-hole."

*Louis Paul's*

### PUMPKIN COACH COCKTAIL

2 Parts Liqueur Cesoriac.
1 Part Vermouth (Italian Cinzano).
1 Part Cherry Juice.
3 Limes (to each pint).

Slathers of ice (or you will go home in a basket).

Louis Paul lifts a little glass slipper filled with his potent concoction to the opulent wench in the pumpkin coach.

Privately and sub-rosa Mr. Paul confesses that he thinks the cocktail is an American abomination. He only offers this poisonous refreshment to his friends so that he can stand aside and watch their character and personality disintegrate before his analytical eye.

Mr. Paul, who has been honored by the O. Henry Prize Committee, the Literary Guild, and a number of magazine editors who sign checks, says that his pet eccentricity is his wife and vice versa. Beer and cigars give him hiccoughs.

He is saving the rest of his aversions for a "five million word novel" which we may expect any day from the Louis Paul portable.

*Theodore Dreiser's*

### AMERICAN TRAGEDY COCKTAIL

1 Teaspoonful Nitro-Glycerin.
1 Tablespoonful Heavy Ground Gunpowder.
2 Jiggers Ethyl Gasoline.
1 Lighted Match.

"Please accompany the above by horrific series of eccentricities, aversions and drinking habits, all based upon my notorious and incurable alcoholism.

"In case I deny, any American Publisher or Movie Picture Corporation will verify.

Truthfully,
Theodore Dreiser."

Authors' Note: (*After several of these Benito Mussolini is said to have offered a toast which sounded strangely like "Hail, Haile Selassie!" Benito, however, usually adds a touch of mustard gas, which greatly improves the flavor.*)

Continued in center of page 190

# Trencherman's Paradise

### Starting the stampede towards a rural hotel where meals served country style means just that

### by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Editor's Note: *We've noticed one funny thing about food articles. When they're general they may be about America, but when they're specific, in mouth-watering detail, they always seem to be about some place in Paris or Vienna or Athens or anywhere but close. This one, praise be, isn't.*

This is all about a place to eat. You never heard of it. It is not one of those oh-so-quaint little restaurants down on Whoosis Street where they serve the real, the absolutely *real*, my dear, French, Italian, German, Russian, Chinese, Early Dravidian, Coptic, Little American, food —absolutely *nobody's* discovered it, you know, and the waiters are in native costumes, and—oh, well, you know all about those. Nor is it a little house down a side road about six miles this side of West Horrible, where the woman has the recipe for waffles that was used by her great-great-grandmother, who served them to General Braddock with her own hands just before his defeat at Fort Duquesne—which may or may not be a non-sequitur. You know all about those, too. Nor is it a small dark dump in the 'umpteens where the steaks—but I need go no farther. You can fill in the rest for yourself.

It is—you might make a note of this—the Shartlesville Hotel, at the west end of the town of Shartlesville, Pennsylvania. Shartlesville is seven miles west of Hamburg on route US 22. That places it around forty-five miles from Harrisburg and thirty-five from Allentown, if you must have it located more generally. The hotel itself is an unimpressive-looking building on the south side of the road; opposite it is a sign stating simply

SHARTLESVILLE HOTEL
MEALS SERVED COUNTRY STYLE

It is an unimpressive structure with a porch in front, only a step above road-level, on which are chairs holding somnolent tilted citizens; an ell extends to the left in the rear, forming a small parking-space. A blackboard ruled with white lines on the side of this ell turns out to be a bulletin of the Allied Mills, on which in the season the varying prices of grain, flour, bran, feed, and such are chalked.

Before going into detail concerning the Shartlesville Hotel as an eating-place it is necessary to mention a few facts about the neighborhood and its inhabitants, for reasons that will appear. Shartlesville is in Berks County, which means that it is in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. That section of Pennsylvania is the second finest piece of farmland in the world, according to the result of scientific surveys. (The first finest is a portion of Southwestern Belgium.) Here the road ribbons up and down over rounded hills, from each of which you catch flashes of miles of peaceful valleys in full cultivation, streaked and splotched with dark groves of trees among which are small white stone farmhouses and enormous barns, each with its decoration of mystic circle-and-inscribed-star design—counter-spells against a possible hex. And here live, love, and labor the Pennsylvania Dutch, with the accent on the labor.

Farming is, for men and women alike, as much like hard work as anything in this world.

Now, as was once explained by a lady of the district, them what works hard eats hearty. Moreover, the racial tradition of the inhabitants is against prandial skimpiness. Since 1683, when Pastorius settled in Germantown, the immigrants to this fair territory have been drawn from such trencherman's paradises as the Rhenish Palatinate, Wurttemberg, Bavaria, Alsace, and Saxony. (Don't let "Pennsylvania Dutch" fool you. They called their language German, which is, of course, Deutsch; only they pronounced it "Deitsch" in their Low German dialect; and "Pennsylvania Deitsch", or Dutch, they became at once.) With the combination of a national appetite, famous even in the slothful, wedded to the natural carnal desires induced by mighty labor in the fields it would be only natural for the daily table to creak under its load of good things.

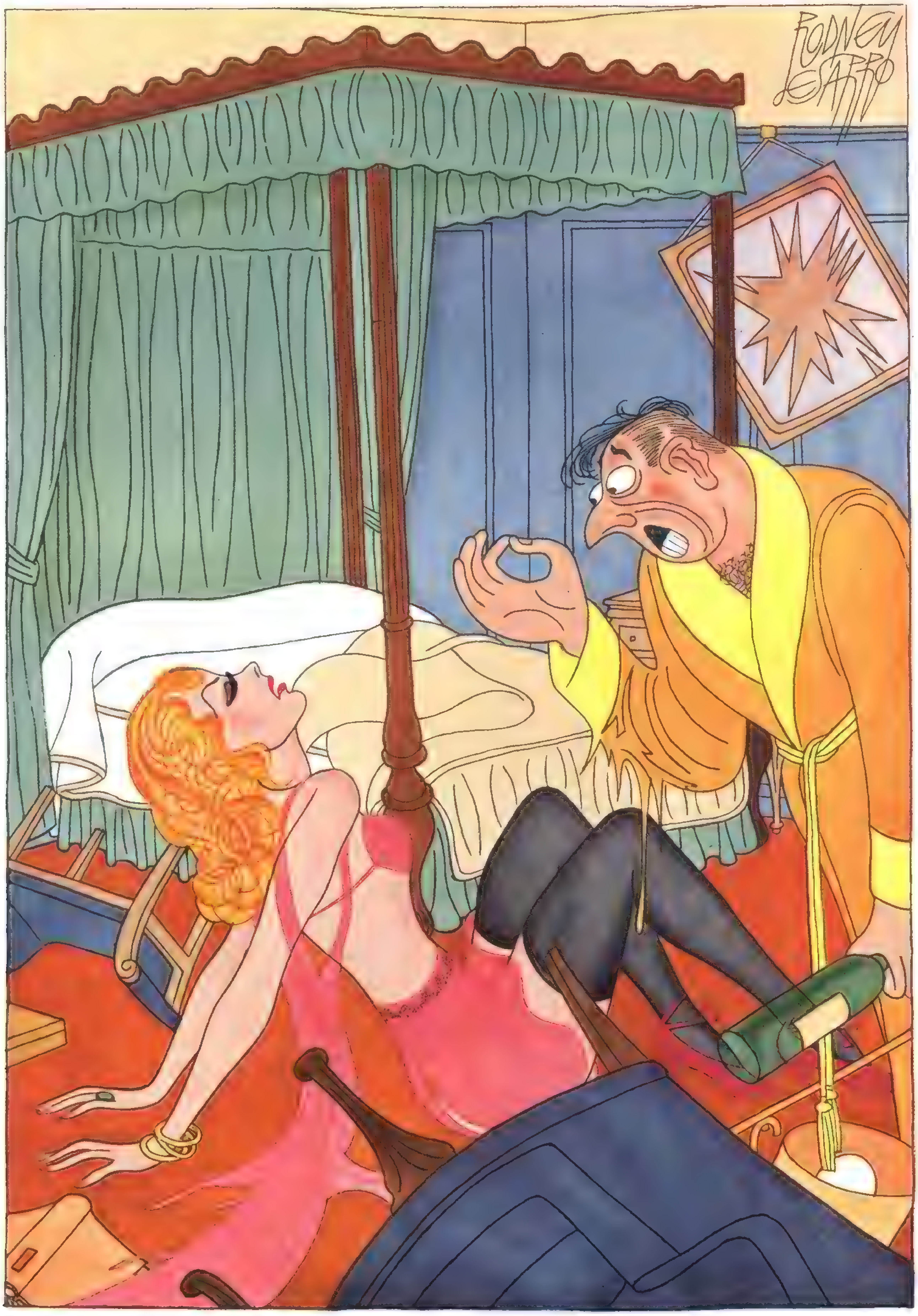
When a farmer eats, he eats. When a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer eats, he eats for two. What's more, he wants his groceries where he can get at them with a simple and inspired reach. He is too hungry to be bothered with waiting for courses, even if his flushed womenfolk had time from their kitchen duties to be running back and forth from the table during the whole meal. So with beautiful simplicity the entire dinner is plunked down on the table at once, smoking and steaming hot. A little grudging room is allowed at the sides for the plates and silverware; but the rest of the cloth is hidden under platters and dishes and bowls, each with its cargo ready and waiting. All the diner has to do is go to it.

That's what the Shartlesville Hotel's sign means when it announces "Meals Served Country Style."

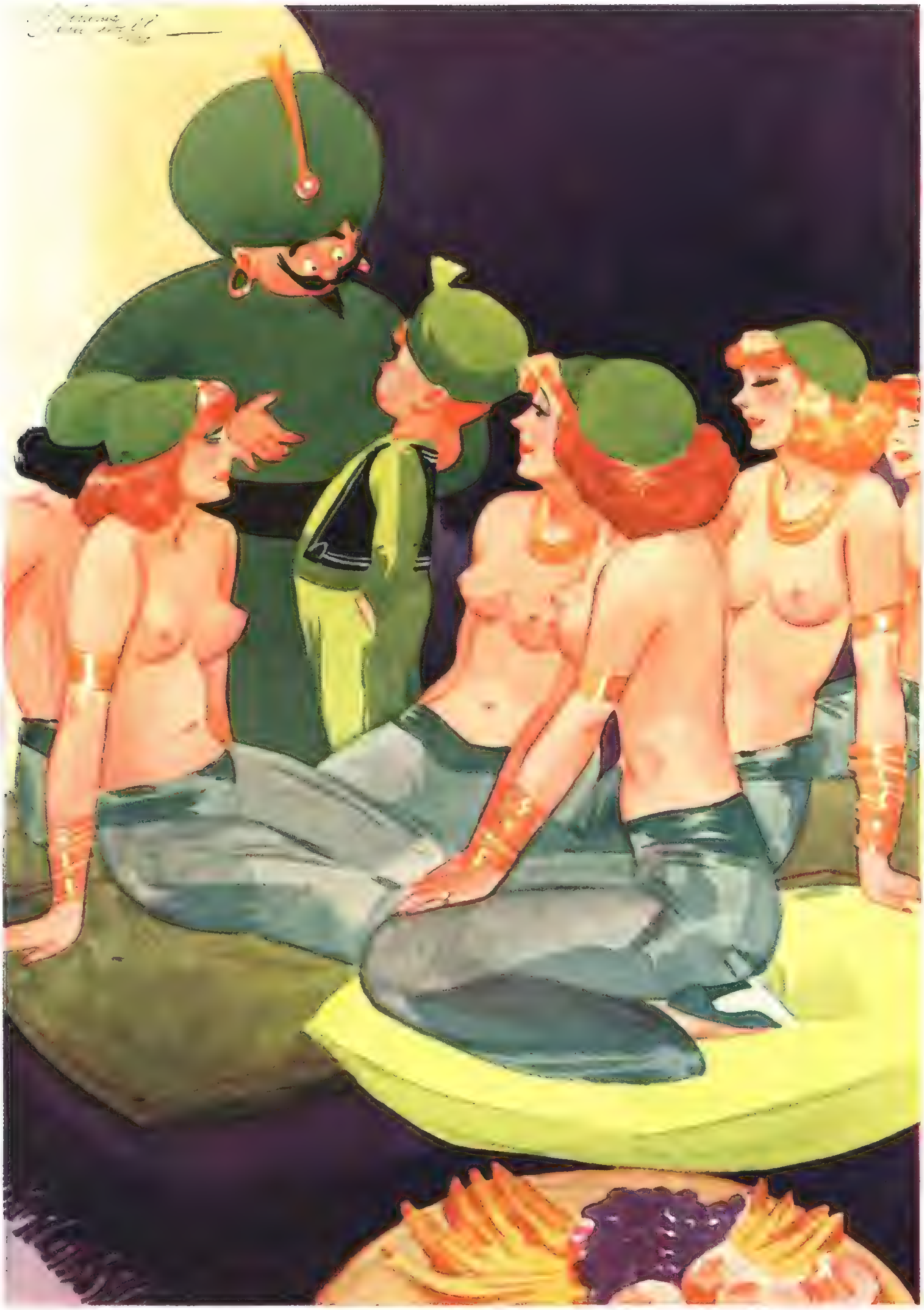
The hours for meals at the Shartlesville Hotel are given out as from twelve to two and from six to eight. These may obtain on weekdays; but on Sundays, when the local aristocracy flock in by parties (aristocracy running ten to the ton) the dining-room puts on a continuous performance. Any time at all in the afternoon of a Sunday you may park your car and stroll through the front door, where you will be greeted by a warm but cheerful soul in white apron and rolled-up shirtsleeves, who will inquire the number of your party and give you a slip which bears a number. He will then disappear, remarking, "I'll call you—I gotta dish up now." You are left in the lobby to admire the beauties of the room, which are non-existent. Not here are found stretcher tables or slipware. The room is furnished with a row of uncompromising oak chairs and a round center-table with half a copy of a day-old newspaper on it. Presently—after not long —your number is called, and you pass through a swinging screen-door into the dining-room, where you are directed "Right over here—two on this side, two on that side," or whatever symmetrical arrangement will accommodate your party.

For you eat at long tables, elbow to elbow with yourselves and others. The room is low-ceilinged, and cheerful with many windows, but if you hope for quaintness you will be disappointed. A border of red roses, four inches wide, runs around the wallpaper near the ceiling and forms the only concession to any hidden yearning for color which may exist in the inhabitants. The tables are the plainest sort of deal, with chairs to match. The chinaware is the unbreakable kind beloved of lunch-wagon pearl-divers, the silver is the usual restaurant breed. Nothing, in brief, is present

*Continued on page 200*


RODNEY DE SARRO

*"Gosh, Honey, the way we fight anyone would think we were married"*



*". . . and whose little boy are you?"*

# Birth of a Hero

### With Corsican honor at stake a baker cannot watch his daughter or his biscuits too carefully

### by THEODORE FREDENBURGH

▪ SATIRE ▪

Seen from the terrace of Bonca's café, The Corsican, the mountainside was a deep green bank rising behind the village. The lofty crags, grey until the soft light of sundown shrouded them in a veil of pale lavender, came down to meet the swaying top of the forest. I lived in a stone house with a balcony diagonally opposite Bonca's on Place des Sampieros. The Mairie was directly across from Bonca's and a row of little shops faced my balcony from the remaining side of the quadrangle. A fine fountain sprayed in the center and bright colored mountain flowers nodded and preened around it.

Corti's bakery was the center shop of the row and from my balcony, where I came every morning to watch the shadowy valley fill with amber light, I could see Corti in his baker's apron passing the time of day with his customers. At ten o'clock sharp he untied his apron, folded it and became the Maire. Corti had been Maire of Gerollatta for fifteen years and every morning at ten o'clock, rain or shine, he had folded his apron and begun his official duties with a glass on the terrace of Bonca's.

Corti's leathery face was the color of strong coffee. His moustache bushed out under his sensual nose and was as black as his shrewd little eyes. He was a mountain man, a peasant who left the land to become a successful baker. He had invented a bun which swept the country and became a favorite with the rich summer tourists and the fleuris who flocked to Corsica from the Riviera. In the Fiumbo district Corti was an important man. He admitted it.

"Two important men have come from the Fiumbo," he told me. "Nonce Romanetti was one. I am the other."

"I have heard of Romanetti," I said.

"A '*bandit d'honneur*', *n'est-ce pas.*" He curled a long moustachio around his finger and frowned. "Romanetti was a great man. He was a bandit for Honor and for Vengeance. That is something, eh? There is nothing like Honor. Pardieu! It is dearer than the company of one's friends; or even of life itself! Romanetti was born in Gerollatta. He defended the honor of his house which is a most important duty. Then he became a bandit and in the end the Gendarmes killed him. There is a plaque of bronze set into the stones of the fountain. You can see for yourself that he was an important man in the Fiumbo. It is, of course, true that the Gendarmes killed him in the end. But there remains the plaque!" He twisted his moustachio fiercely and took a deep pull at his Pernod.

It was Bonca, an incurable old gossip big around as a wine cask, who told me that Corti had a daughter.

"She ran off with her father's apprentice," he said. "Well and well, she was only a woman and the apprentice was a great fellow with a handsome face. They live in Ajaccio now. Since three years they have lived there. They have three children. He has never married her."

"What does the Maire think of that?"

"*Furiusu*," Bonca dropped into the patois and then caught himself. "He sends her money now, and has Masses said for the salvation of her soul. *C'est drôle.*"

"It's costly anyway."

"Perhaps, but Corti has the business with the buns. Nobody knows how to make buns like Corti. It is a fine profitable business. It is not the same as being a café keeper. Anybody can pour wine into a glass, *quoi?*"

About the middle of the month Bonca cornered me on the terrace of his café.

"This will kill you." He put a fat hand over his face and waggled his head. "The apprentice has married Corti's daughter. She has three children, all his, and now he marries her."

"The Maire will be pleased. He won't have to spend any more money on the salvation of her soul."

"*Sans blague.*" Bonca chuckled. "The apprentice is doing very well I hear. He has opened a small bakery on a side street in Ajaccio and the tourists are coming in to taste his pastries. Well and well, the fellow has no morals to speak of but one must admit he has a flair for pastry. *Bein Sur!*"

I expected Corti to puff up and boast about his daughter who had married well in Ajaccio. He was like that. A bit of a faker in matters which reflected credit on himself, he liked to strike a dramatic pitch with his deep voice and make a good story better. But when I saw him that same morning he was preoccupied and glum. Nor did he so much as mention it during the succeeding two weeks. It was as if he had not heard the news or, if he had, was bitterly displeased with it.

Then one morning, from my balcony, I saw a stranger drinking on the terrace of Bonca's. In a little village like Gerollatta you notice little things like the presence of a stranger on the terrace of the only café in town. He was a big black-haired fellow, and from the way he spilled his wine between bottle and glass I thought he must be a little drunk; a woodcutter or a charcoal burner in from the hills for a mild spree. I dismissed him from my mind. I should have noticed that Bonca, who would gabble with the devil himself if he bought a drink in his place, was nowhere in sight.

The campanile in the tower of l'Eglise Santa Maria was striking ten when I stepped outdoors on my way to Bonca's. In the bakery across the quadrangle I could see Corti folding his apron. The sun was bright and hot and still; and the sky was a blue curving scimitar above the forest. By the fountain I lingered to admire the flowers. A huge butterfly swam daintily among the blossoms and finally drifted off. I saw Corti leave his shop and walk briskly towards Bonca's. A little clump of mountain clover caught my attention and I stooped to pluck a tiny bloom. The microscopic perfection of the clover blossom has always fascinated me. I held the tiny flower close to my eyes that I might admire the delicate blue pattern aglow in its ivory frame.

On the terrace of Bonca's, Corti had come face to face with the stranger. I saw the corded muscles at the side of the Maire's jaw tighten and then he was leaning across the table speaking with swift ferocity. He did not raise his voice. The thought that this was something to be avoided ran through my mind. Corti looked straight at

Continued at top of page 130

# Death At Any Hour

## Lions kill at dawn but leopards kill at any time and of all the cats are the hardest to counter

### by EUGENE WRIGHT

• ARTICLE •

"Thanks for the suggestions and sketches of the leopard traps. I shall probably make use of them next rainy season as I hope not to have quite as much work on my hands as I've had this past year. About a month or two after you left we were wishing you were here again so we might have gone after lions. Some of them became very bold. They cleaned up nearly all the goats and pigs belonging to both Europeans and natives living near town. Then they started on the cows in the Bornou village. Finally they began to attempt tearing the grass roofs from the native huts to attack the people, but were driven away by screams and fire. The natives were terribly frightened. No one could be found out of doors after sunset. The government officials sent native soldiers out after them but most of these around here are none too brave so they usually reported that their bullets didn't go off, etc."

I quote the above from a letter I received from a missionary living in Ft. Sibut, French Equatorial Africa. And I quote it in order that what I am going to say about leopards may seem a little credible. The letter was written in January, during the "dry season"—the lion season. I was there during April, May and June—the "rainy season," the leopard season.

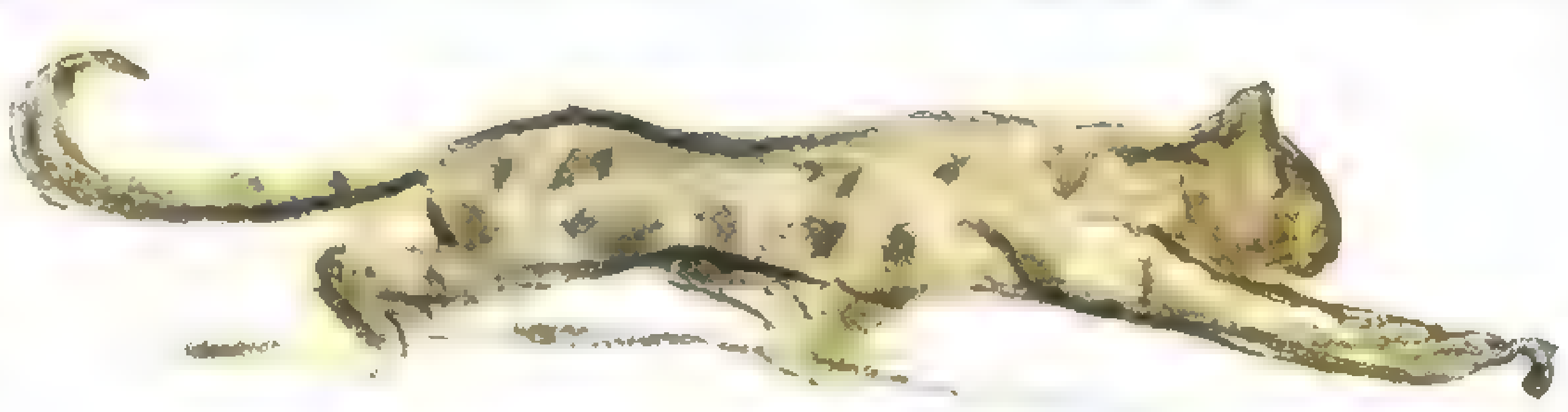
During those three months I did nothing but hunt leopards. I made traps for them. I sat up over "kills" waiting for them. I walked the roads at night trying to flash their eyes with a lamp. I sat up inside huts, I waited by springs, I trailed them through swamps.

I saw earth crumbling into the tracks of dozens of them, smelled them outside my hut and saw them in my dreams.

By government records, fifty-two natives were killed by leopards during that rainy season in the comparatively small area I hunted. Yet I actually saw only two leopards; and when my three months were up and I finally piled my baggage into the tonneau of my little Fiat and started for the Belgian Congo I concluded that, with the possible exception of man himself, the leopard was the cleverest, bloodthirstiest and most fascinating animal alive.

Let me quote a line that I scratched one night on the top of my steel grub box: "De-De, Oubangi-Shari—May 30. To Wit: That I, Eugene Wright, have been outwitted eight times by a leopard, and my mortification is only exceeded by the great respect that I now have for all leopards. And don't ever forget it." I wrote that just after what I considered a fool-proof trap had been ripped to pieces by a leopard in broad daylight. The beast had torn my elephant gun and a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot from stout posts, dragged them off into the jungle and eaten the meat off their muzzles.

And I wasn't exactly a novice at hunting and trapping animals. I had been doing it more or less all my life and had already spent a year in Africa doing nothing but that, partly as a means of livelihood. So when I arrived at Bangui, four degrees north of the equator, and heard that there was a huge nest of leopards at Ft. Sibut, that they had killed two hundred and twenty natives during the past year and that the French government offered a bounty on each hide brought in, I packed up again and started north. At De-De, a native village about fifteen miles from Ft. Sibut, I established my headquarters.



I began my campaign with a string of seventeen deadfalls. Each deadfall was built beside a stream, near a village, where leopards were known to pass. And in each village I engaged one man, the village hunter (there is usually a family of hunters in each village) to visit the trap in his particular locale once at dawn, again at noon, and again for the last time at sunset. My camp was centrally located and each day I made the rounds to see that these orders were carried out—the bait properly placed and the trigger delicately set. These native hunters thoroughly understood traps and they knew leopards.

In addition, I had a dozen or more leopard-catching devices of various kinds that I had seen used in other parts of Africa—baited three-pointed hooks hanging from trees designed to catch the leopard like a trout; rattan loops on the trails calculated to hoist the leopard into the air by one paw; gun-traps which had rarely failed to stretch him on the ground, and box-traps which various white hunters had assured me were just the thing for catching him alive. I even had a couple of steel traps, the kind they use out West for catching bears. Every native within twenty miles knew I was after leopards, and day and night I was as busy as a switchboard operator answering calls—but getting nowhere.

And in the meantime, natives were being killed—struck down at high noon on the trails, dragged from their huts at night.

The first gleam of success came one morning when I went out to find a deadfall sprung and the bait gone. Big tracks, the size of a man's palm, indented the soft earth all around. One of my boys pointed out the leopard's trail through the high grass. We followed it, and just inside the jungle we came upon the shoulders and feet of a goat, still warm. All was still as a tomb. Butterflies hovered over the warm flesh; files of black, shiny ants were beginning to investigate. The sun was just rising over the tree tops.

"He'll come back," my gunbearer whispered. "He's hiding somewhere, close by."

I climbed a nearby tree and pulled my gun up after me on a vine. Then I settled myself in a fork, where I could see to shoot. My boys disappeared.

From all around the butterflies began to gather, drifting lazily down through the trees, suddenly brilliant in shafts of sunlight, moving ever closer to the bit of meat. Beautiful, witless things—settling with pointed wings; then rising with some wind or sound too frail for human senses and tacking hesitantly back again.

A hornbill bird alighted close over my head and rapped the branch with his resounding black beak. An hour later, a troupe of monkeys came swaying through the treetops like schoolboys on a lark. I changed my position slightly, peering down through the dense undergrowth. I could hear the movement of ants, but I could neither hear nor see the leopard.

Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. My right leg was asleep. I began to doubt if I could hit the leopard with the rifle even if he did come. He would come with a rush. There would be a yellow flash. The butterflies would scatter like leaves. My gun would roar. Then silence; an abysmal silence, and the strong musty odour of leopard crowding the jungle. I began to wish that I had brought my shotgun loaded with buckshot;

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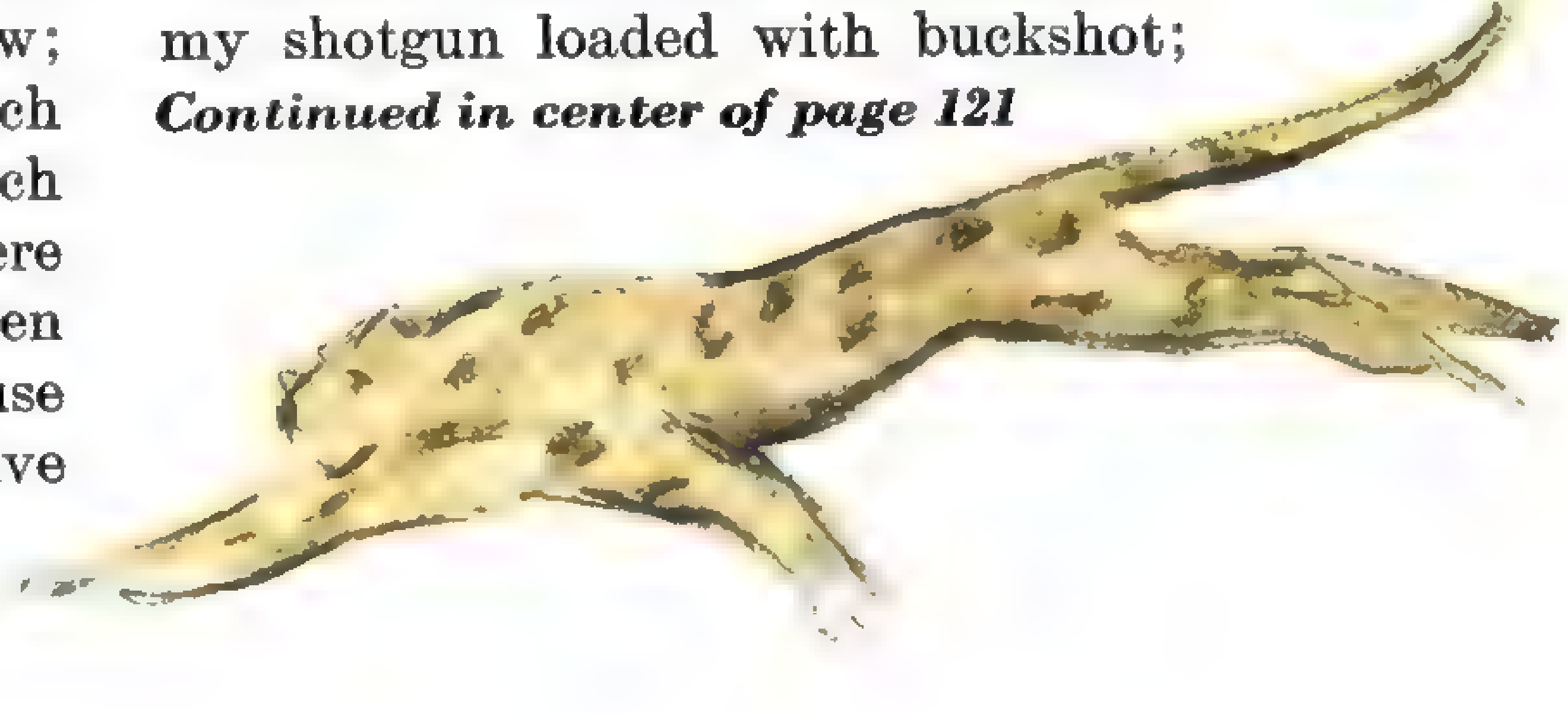
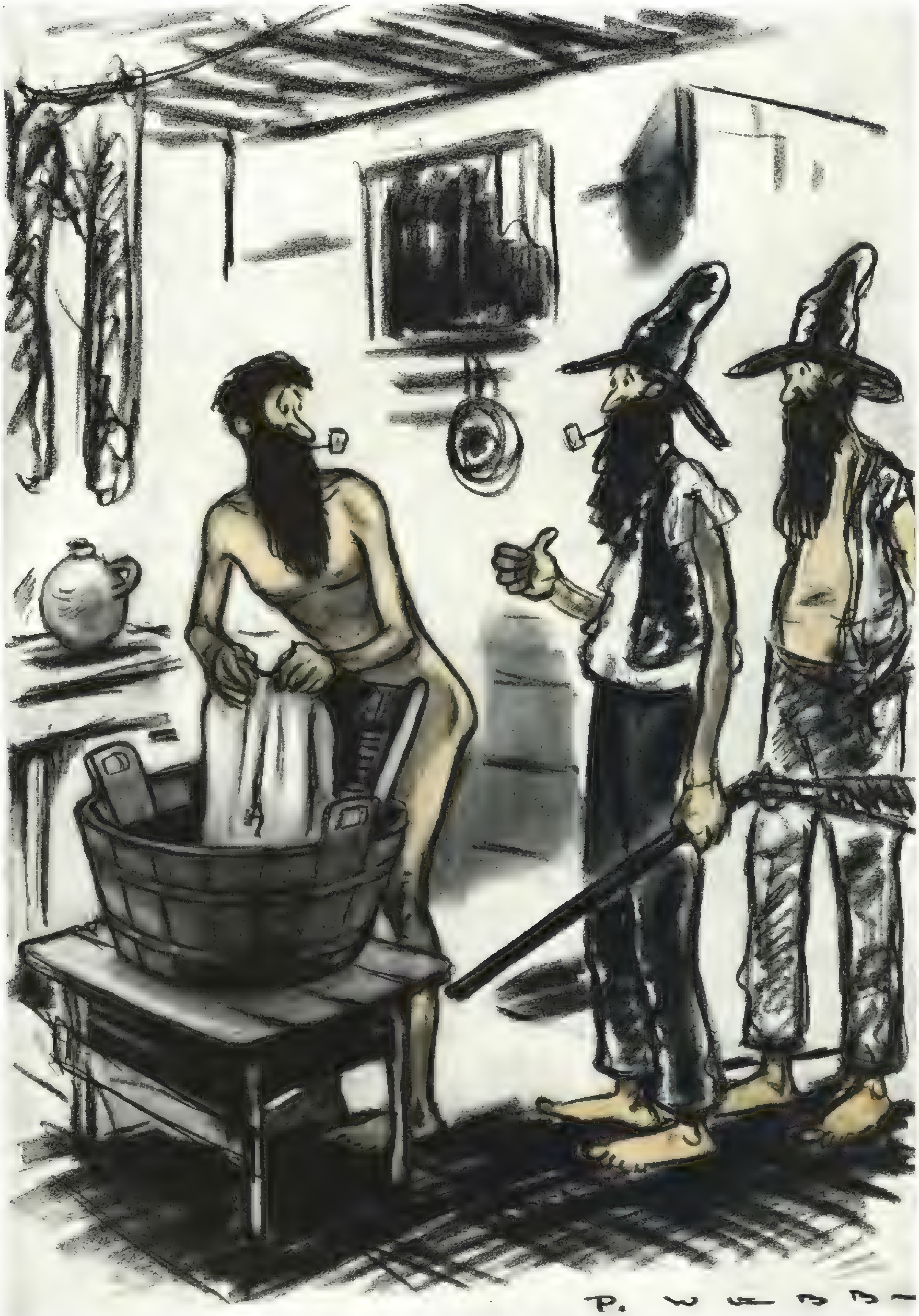
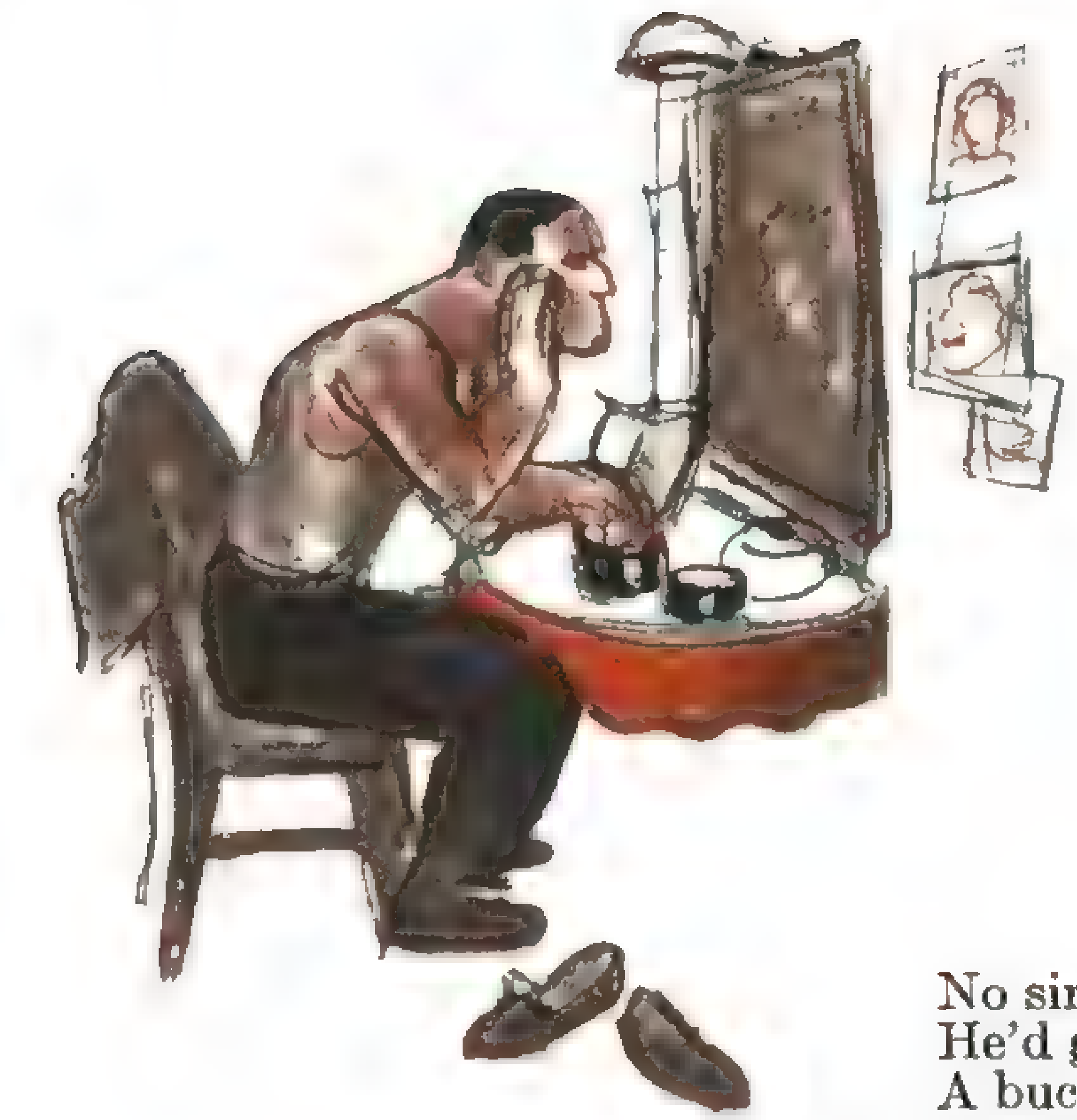




*"We revenged ya, Willy—I just shot the skunk"*



# The Two-a-Day

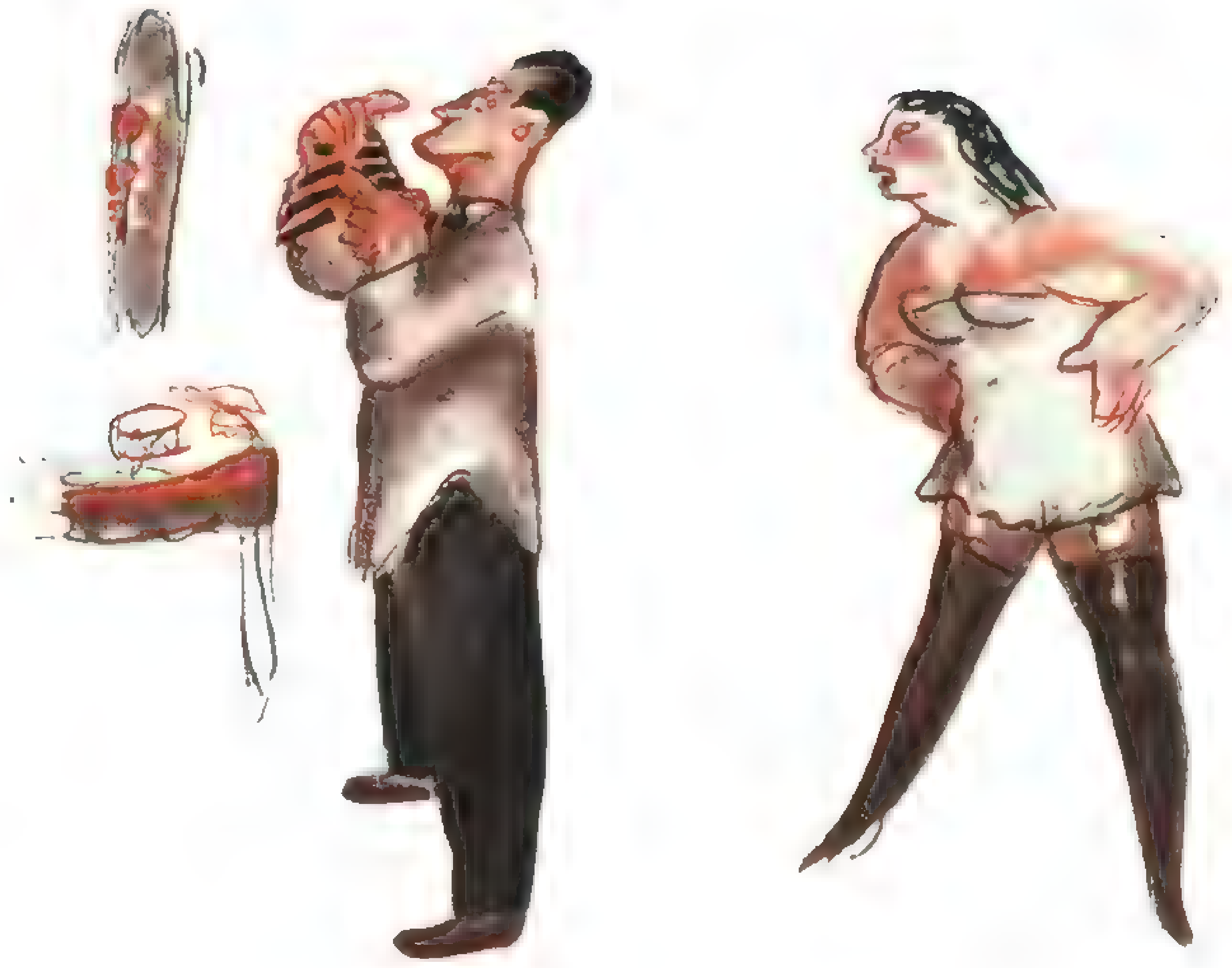
*Three Poems*

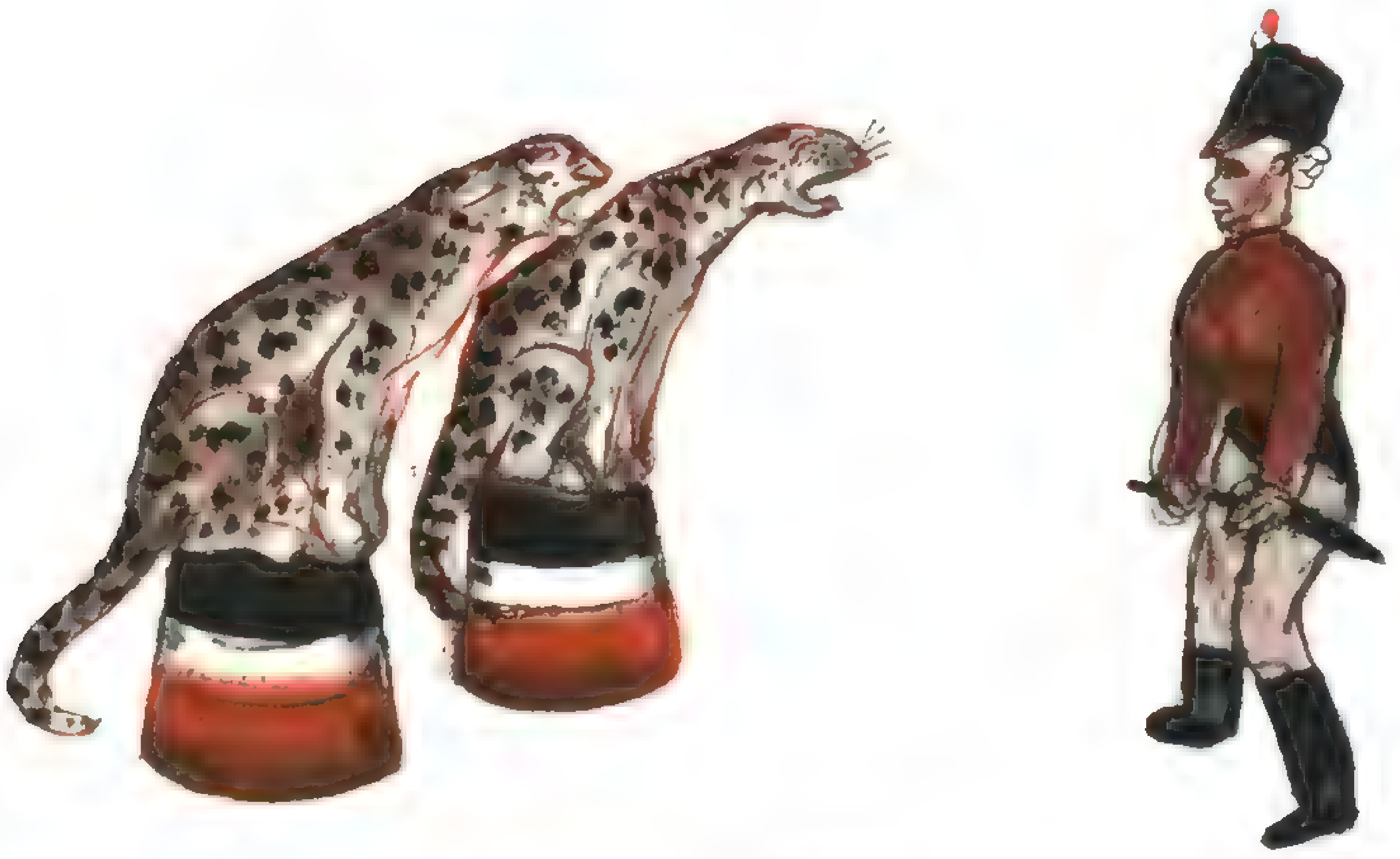
**by CONRAD AIKEN**

## *Frost and Nye*

No sir! The next time, if he signed a contract,
He'd get some fluffy chorus-girl, and learn
A buck-and-wing . . . Or else, go "on" alone.
But if that ass believed he'd stick forever
Taking the rough end, swallowing orders—
Well, then, he had another guess, that's all!—
Always mopping this everlasting grease off,—
Spoiling clothes, getting the black in his hair,
And under his finger-nails! . . . That very night,—
By gosh, he thought he'd say—"Now look here, Frost:
Either I get some good lines in this act,
Or we are through, that's all!—take it from me."
He struck a match and puffed a cigarette;
And wondered then what gags he wanted most.
"Who killed the Dead Sea?"—that was one of them.
And then that line that always raised a laugh,—
"Gee, I'm so angry I could crush a grape!"

He wiped the grease-paint gingerly from his temples,—
Turning his head to see pink ears in the glass;
But just then Frost came smirking through the door,—
Twirling his wig; and he suddenly started trembling;
And felt the hot blood swishing behind his eyes.





## *Sterretts*

"You say men flirt with me; and you no longer like me
Because you say I let them.
I'm not so sure as that—maybe I do—.
But if I do, whose fault is it, I wonder?
Tell me that! Just after we teamed up,
Who was it always complained because I hated
To show my legs and wear transparent dresses?
You—and you know it.
You said I was tame: that all the men were bored;
That I was as prudish and proper as a schoolgirl,
And put no life in the act.
Well, I did as you told me.
I put more 'life' in the act, by picking my dress up
And showing my legs, and dancing those rotten dances,—
Wearing as little as a girl can get away with.
And what's the result?—The men run after me.
And now you complain, because I'm not so proper
As the innocent fool you married.

"I might have had the sense to see this coming—!
Next time, by God, I'll know. You're all alike—
Pull down a girl to your own level,
Coarsen her to your taste, then kick her out,—
Sick of a thing too like yourselves. *I* know! . . .
Then comes a hot affair with some new baby—
Somebody innocent and pure as heaven;
Somebody like this doll in Vyo-Lyn,
With pansy eyes; and you get sentimental,
And talk about ideals—and God knows what.
And soon as you've got her,—well *she's* on the spot.

"No, Tom—let's get this straight. I understand you—
You're tired of me; just as I'm tired of you.
We'll go our ways, not dragging at each other,
Pretending nothing, demanding nothing.
I'm sorry it should be so,—because I loved you:
And I still like you—well, I'm fond of you.
But it's your fault. And it might as well be faced . . .
Although, sometimes, I wish we were starting over,
With the sense to see things right!"
She stirred her coffee,
And blinked a little, to keep the tears from falling.
But he, absorbed in the smoke of a cigarette,
Smiling a small, self-conscious, ironic smile,
Did not look up. He sat, and never moved:
Thinking that in two weeks, they'd come—once more—
In the same bill with Vyo-Lyn.

## *Curtain*

When Vyo and Lyn have come and gone,
And Queen Zudora's act is over,
And Violet's leopard turn is done,
And Félice runs to meet her lover,

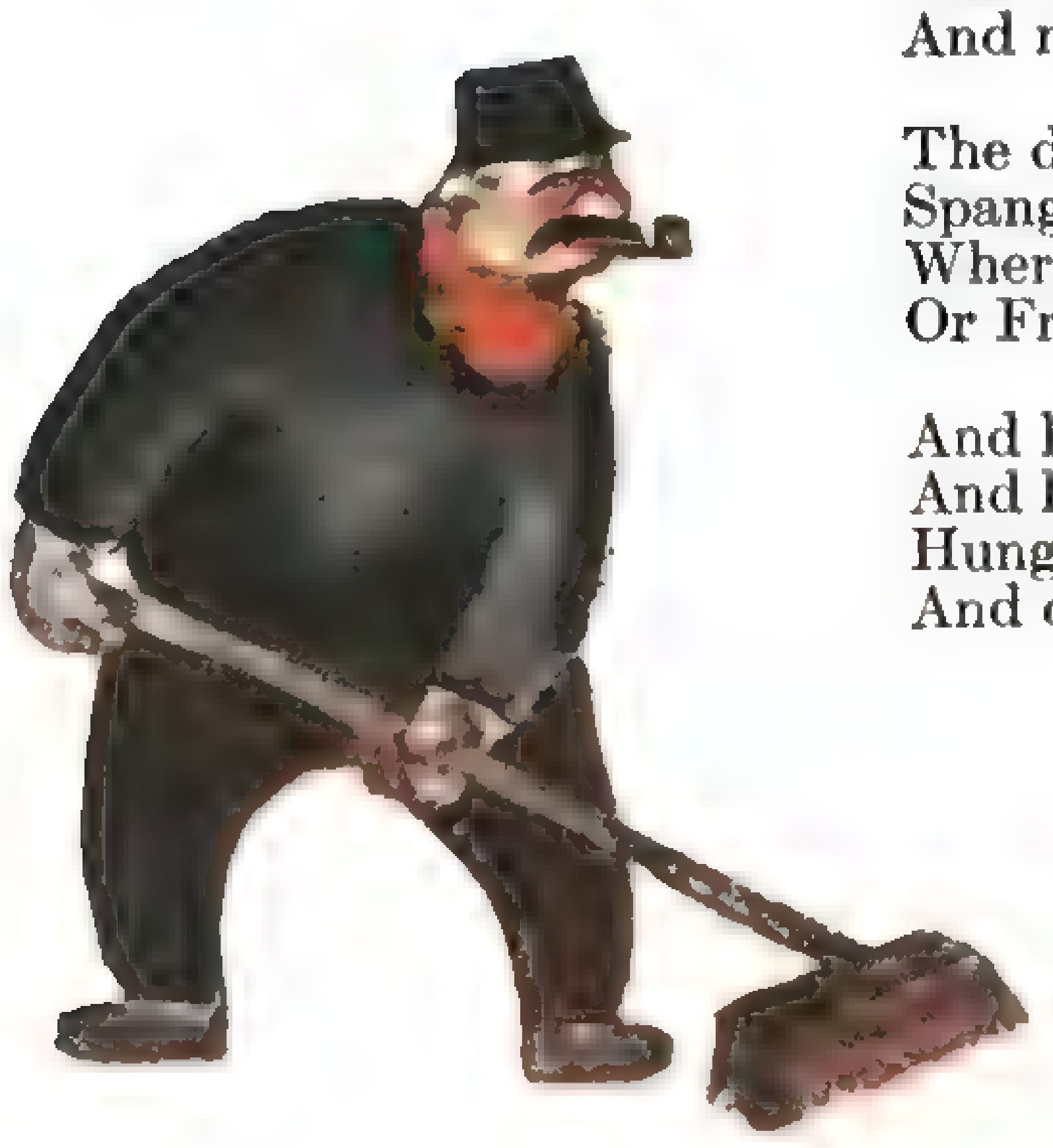
And cards and wands are put away,
And music ends, and people hurry,
And the dying man for one more day
Postpones the fever and the worry;

And she goes out, who in her ears
Still listens to applause and laughter;
And he goes out, who thinks he hears
Malignant hisses creeping after;

Then, while the birds in hooded cage
Are perched in silent rows and sleeping,
The red-faced stage-hand takes the stage,
And noisily stamps across it, sweeping

The dust of golden-slippered feet,
Spangles, and scraps of rainbow paper,
Where Rose or Lily sang so sweet,
Or Frost or Coffin cut a caper;

And having swept, turns out the lights,
And knocks his pipe, and leaves the curtain
Hung high and dark for other nights,
And other vain things just as certain.



MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

# Autumn the Seventeenth

### A heavy footed philosopher emerges from his citadel to have a look at civilization

### by LOUIS PAUL

FICTION

Adams ran his fingers through his white hair. The wind turned to lavender. The sun set in an unbelievable riot of hues. The windows of the white buildings reflected pastel colors out of water and clouds and tinted air, perhaps exaggerated by the dull grey fastened in the mind of the ex-convict. He sat down on a park bench, somewhat confused. The meaningless words of a bum haranguing a companion beat into his ears. A fellow beside him, decent looking but for a dirty stubble of beard, murmured, "Chance of looking at your newspaper, old-timer?"

"S-sure," stammered Adams, handing him the newspaper he had bought on the train that had carried him away from the prison.

Motor cars ground gears noisily at the intersections. A newsboy shouted to the crowds home-returning by twilight. "Poppy, laist poppy! Cungriss voass noo tax bill gitcha poppy. Read allabout laist bang ropry. Poppy, Joinil, poppy!" The shrill whistle of a traffic cop blew like a rhythmic period to sentences of vast commotion. Women, in tired and cold loveliness, hurried, jostling their slender-bodied way. The man beside him was talking.

"Us single men have got just as much right to a job as the guys with kids. We ain't suppose to have no self-respect, though. You don't have to starve. The city'll feed and sleep you.

"Feed! Maggots, with a little pepper and salt on 'em. I rather bum, see. I pick up a few honest nickels. But the bulls nab us off, that's the trouble with bummin'. I just got through doin' sixty days in the workhouse."

"Sixty days," said Adams without smiling. "I robbed a safe in a warehouse in—the year after the war. It's not such a bad place, though, after you get used to it. They said on account of using a gun it was serious. I should have robbed that place without a gun," he told himself.

"You mean you just got through doin' sixteen years in the Big House?"

"Peg-top died," said Adams. "There's a fellow could tell you stories. Cell mate. Nights is bad first-off, for a couple of years. It was hot in the laundry. I had the washers. Some of the lads shoved in too much acid to cut the rinsin' time. Not me."

"How'd you come to rob this here bank?" asked the dark-bearded fellow.

"Spice warehouse. There was a little safe in it. I forget. I wanted some money. This place is all changed, it seems to me. I guess you got lots of automobiles these days."

"Yes. We've got lots of automobiles."

"I had a ride," said Adams. "When we buried Peg-top. They let me sit up by the driver." He permitted his memory to savor the experience for a moment. "Christmas we had vaudeville. Back in '29 we had a minstrel. Joe Canelli was interlocutor. It's sort of noisy here. Or maybe my ears aren't used to it. The colors are pretty, though. Right before it got dark it was nice. Kinda hurts your eyes for a minute. I like colors."

"I didn't notice it."

"Music. There isn't much music. The steam clogs up your nose and you don't smell properly or breathe good. I don't know, though. The food's not so bad. It's your feet. You see, they get big. They grow and they grow and your brain gets littler and littler so that you don't look right to yourself. You kinda look terrible stretched out like that, mister. It goes away in the morning. You ain't crazy. A stir-bug's something else. It's imagination and maybe too much bread soaked up in gravy. You got books to read and so on. Not so many colors, like in the city. But it's quieter. I figure you don't notice the noises here like I do—"

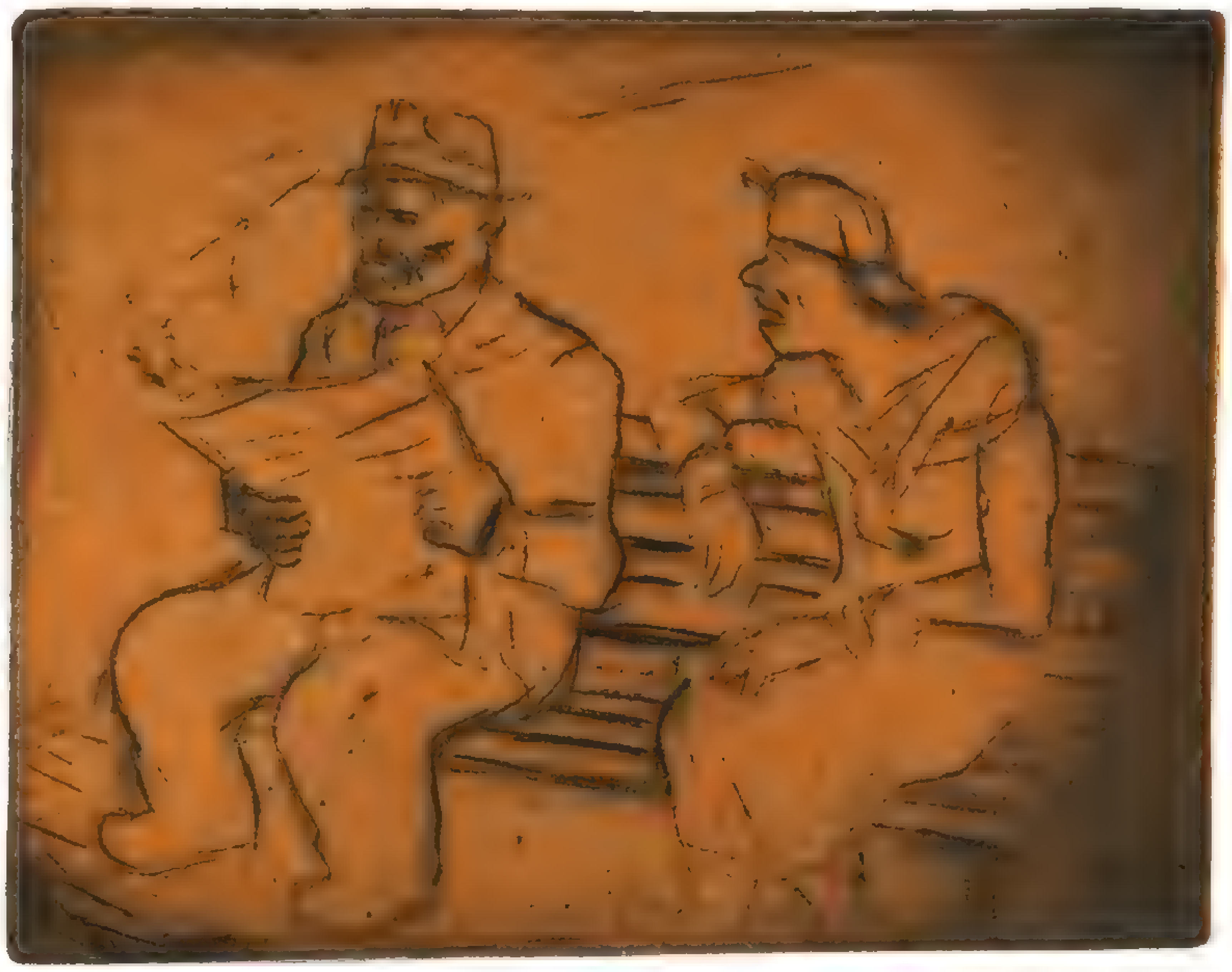
The man next him on the bench had gone, taking Adams' newspaper with him.

"It's because it's autumn," he continued, his voice softer since it was no longer necessary to make himself heard. "Autumn's pretty nice. Gives you a feeling to see the sunset reflected in the windows and the sky all lit up with different shades, and the air crisp and balmy at the same time. It's good not to have to go any place. But kind of lonesome, too. Here it's night now. Town beginning to light up, pleasant to watch, twinkling. Green is all dark orange. Can't see any stars, sky turning shell-pink, but the lights make up for it. I ain't afraid to be with myself. I'm only what everybody is; older. Conservative, in a way. I—"

Adams stopped talking to himself. If people heard him doing that they would think him crazy. Stir-bug. That poor fellow he had spoken to, been talking about wanting a job. But the city had made him eat maggots. Either the man or the city was silly, one. Being forced to eat maggots didn't make sense. No one compelled you to eat such things in the Big House. A policeman came along. "Move on, buddy," he said kindly.

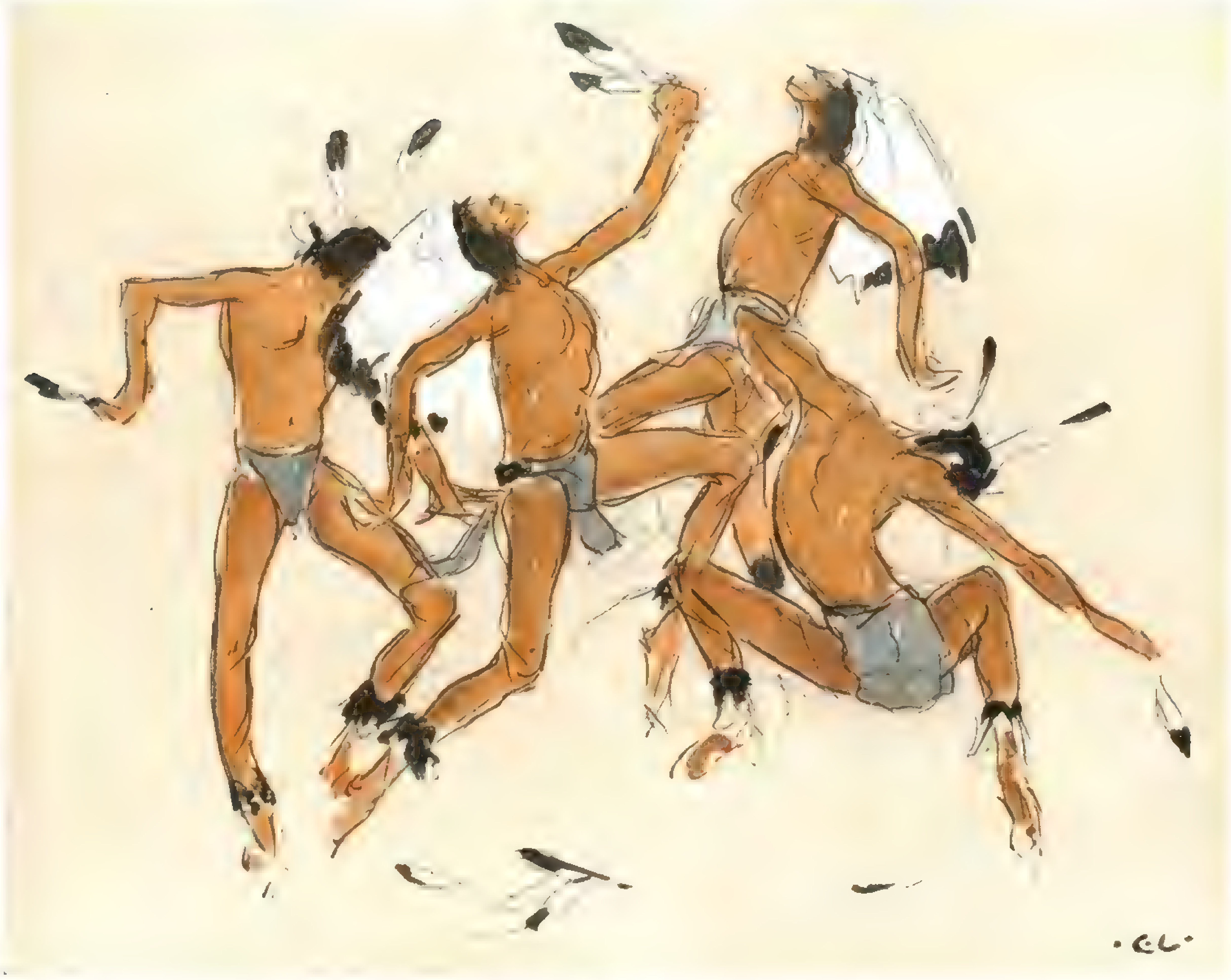
Adams walked where the lights shone most brightly. People were going to theaters, jeweled, in white kidskin gloves. Their faces were grim. Surely theatergoing had not become a grim business in such a few years. The men in prison had thrilled expectantly for months before a show, had laughed uproariously at the comedians' jokes, and rightly so. It was more difficult to get used to this world than it had been to accustom himself to that other. If you exhibited noticeable unreason or questioned the logic of rules a person appointed to that task rapped you over the skull with a mahogany club weighted with lead. Perhaps to attend entertainment grimly in the pursuit of irrationality constituted the boon of freedom. The women, in fine chiffon gowns and wraps of satin, were woefully overdressed in a naked sort of way. This, too, he presumed, was a privilege, much as it was the city's right to make the man he had spoken to eat maggots.

It got rather cold toward dawn. But the sun came up, shining and ready for business, his face washed. Adams went into a cafeteria and bought a big breakfast of hotcakes, eggs, bacon, toast, butter-ring, and several cups of coffee. Breakfast was his important meal. It took quite a bit of money but it was worth it. There would be a lot to see today, and he wanted the pleasant sense of warmth and well-being that a stomach richly lined in the morning imparted. He went into a store and bought



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

Continued on page 177

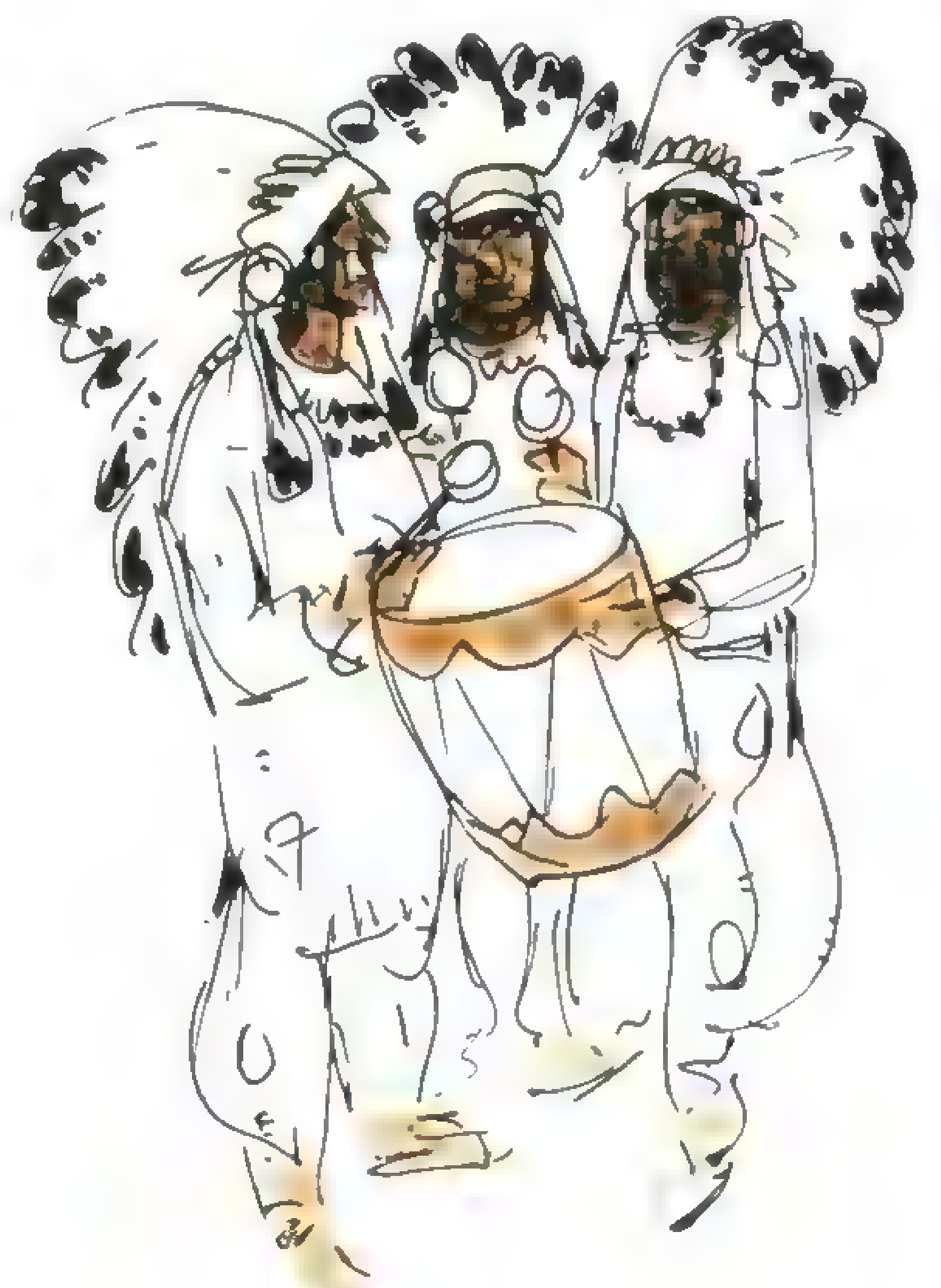


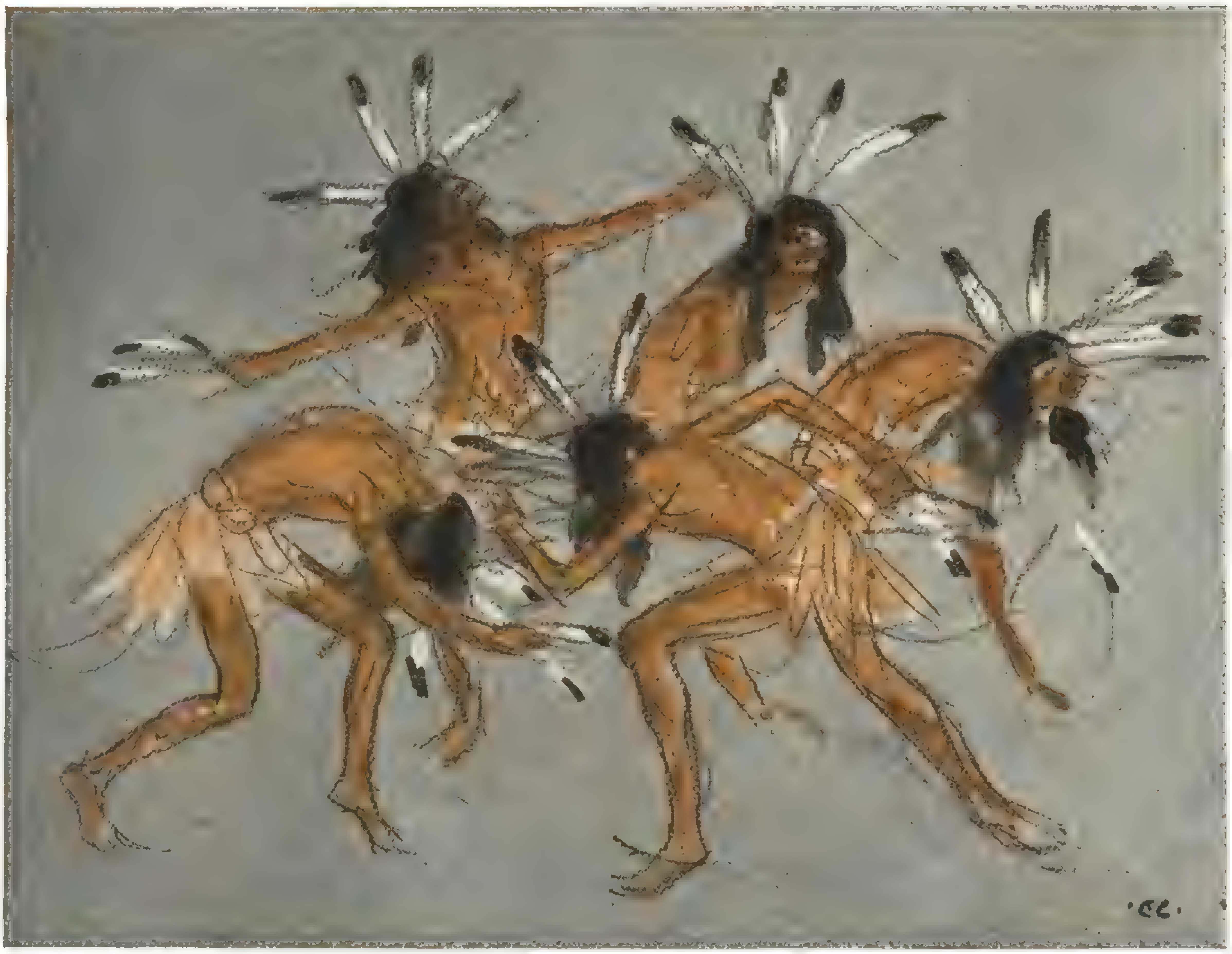
# THE ONLY HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN THEATRE

***Sketched at* Gallup, N. M. *by* ERIC LUNDGREN**

With bonfires for spotlights, with New Mexican mountains for backdrops, and with chants ten centuries old as the only stimulant to a delirious momentum, the Indians of twenty-some Southwestern tribes put on a show that is wonderful and weird. The cast is all-American in the first sense of the term, but the audience is polyglot, coming in from north, east and west by bus and by buggy, the lowly making their way by jerk of thumb, the oil-well Indians of Oklahoma arriving, on cushions, in style. Admission is by ticket, at a tariff of dollars two. The afternoon program is prosaic enough, with steer riding, broncho busting and the running of relays. But time seems to recede as night comes on, the aeons turning backward as the hour hand moves forward, and by mid-evening the ticket-stub in your hand has turned moist, as the nature of the spectacle has become increasingly primitive.

This is the west that was wild before the first gold rush, the wild west that never toured the tank towns with Buffalo Bill.

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# That Blowzy Goddess Fame

### After waiting twenty years for her to come around an artist goes out and tries to make her

### by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

"EVERY dog has its day," I said, "and your day is sure to come." But my words were hardly consoling.

"Yes! That's the bunk I've been hearing for years. If you don't mind, I'll have some of it now. My hair is gray from waiting." A smile crept over his face. He smiled as though he himself was his own best joke.

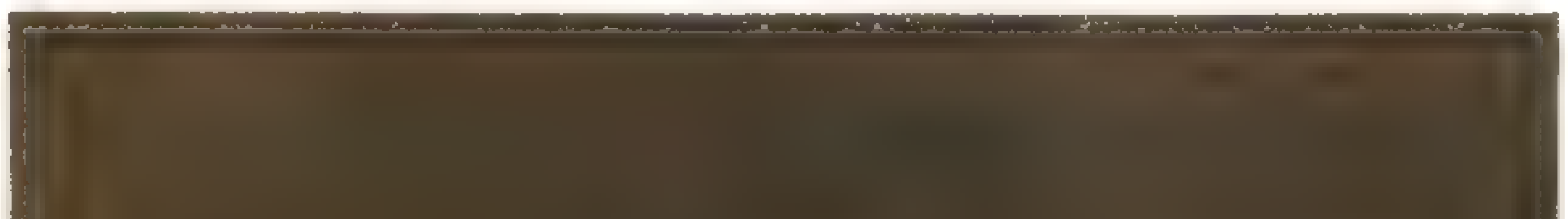
"Well some fellows are lucky and some . . . You are really due for a break and . . ."

He did not let me finish.

"Yes I am due for a break and maybe it is coming to me and maybe not. But I don't believe in luck. When I am dead my pictures may bring high prices. Yes, I know all the stories about Rembrandt and Van Gogh and Gauguin and all the poor suffering geniuses and how the dealers bought up the pictures for a song and raked in the cash. I've heard all the stories and if you think I give a damn about being great after I am dead you are mistaken. I want to eat something now."

"Well, Ben, I've known you for twenty years and you always managed somehow or other."

"Sure I managed. But I'm damn sick of that existence stuff. I'm sick of the lousy ten-dollar-a-month studio on 14th Street. I'm sick of smoked fish that I keep in the sketch box. I'm damn sick of painting on old canvases and wearing the cast-off clothes of my friends. And who the hell wants to buy a picture these days anyway. Say, you know a good joke. Listen to this one. Every year for over fifteen years I sent a picture to the Pennsylvania Academy. Yes, sir. I sent them and they sent them back just as certain as rejection is a word in the dictionary. Well, I don't claim I sent them masterpieces but by golly my stuff is better than a lot of the junk that they hang. Well, the story is a good one. Every year I fill out the blanks and mark down the value of the painting at one thousand bucks. Sure, I'd take less but how often does a fellow sell a picture? Then the Artist's Express Co. comes around and collects the picture and two-dollars-and-fifty cents from me. They are a good company and reliable and careful and I have no kick. Well, for fifteen years I sent and was rejected and I wasn't discouraged; but last year things were pretty bad and I couldn't afford the two-fifty and I said to myself, what the hell. Supposing this year the damn jury has one picture less to reject. And supposing I don't send and don't get it back and don't pay out the two-fifty is my art any worse for it? Not at all. So the hell with them and I didn't send. And what do you know, the damn train wrecked on the Horse-shoe Curve and the box car that looks like a padded cell for lunatics got all smashed and the insurance company paid for each picture in full, and the boys have been living on it all year. Well, I suppose you think that is bad luck. Sure it's bad luck but I don't believe in luck. That's all the bunk. Robert Henri used to tell his pupils: 'Don't come to me and tell me that you have no luck. Use the luck you have, good or bad, and use it over again and keep on painting and soon you will discover that you have more luck than you imagined. And what is true for luck is also true for talent. Use what you got and keep on using it.' That man Henri was certainly the wisest teacher an art school ever had. And J. P. Wicker in Detroit was another. These two men turned out some real artists. Where would Bellows have been without Henri? And remember that fellow Charlie Lister? He was sure one of the rattiest painters in our class, a good slick commercial broadstroke fake technique. Well, today Charlie Lister sells everything he does and he only has to do a half-dozen canvases a year. The museums gobble them up. And would you believe me if I told you I could paint a better Lister than Lister can; and no joke about it. In fact I am doing the fourth copy now of that piece of cheese of his that hangs in the Metropolitan."



OIL PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

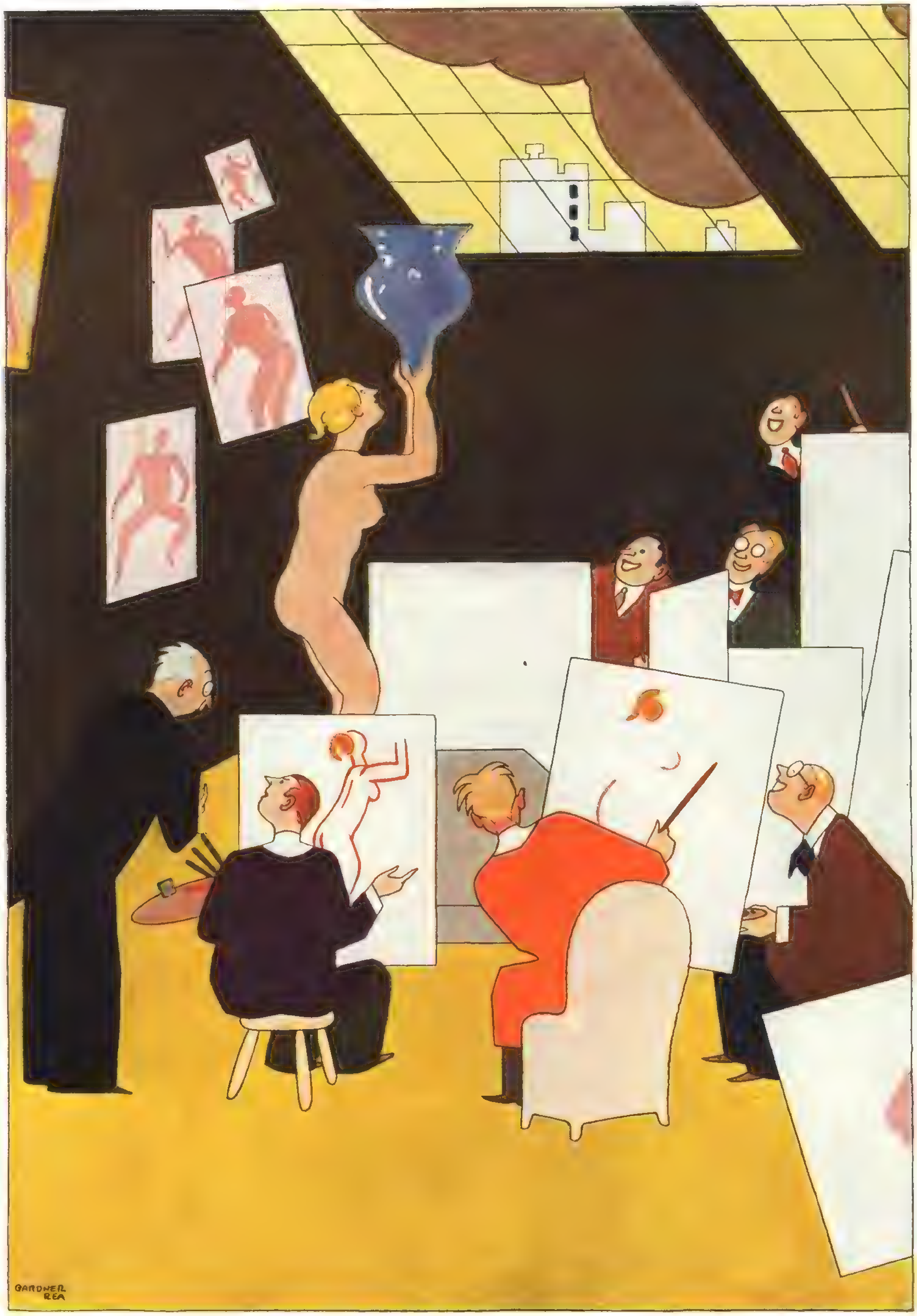
"Who do you do them for?" I asked.

"An interior decorator. He sells them with his modern rooms all framed in a dirty white chalk frame, French style, for seventy-five bucks. He gives me forty. And my landlord takes ten for that hole of a studio. Figure it out for yourself. Yep. I climb up the marble steps of the Metropolitan Mausoleum of Art and set up my copying easel in the Modern American room and I look around and there they all are: Kroll, Speicher, Karfiol, Poor, Luks, Sloan, Bellows and all the rest. And I knew them all when . . . You know how the saying goes. Bellows was certainly a real fellow and if Henri could only have painted half as well as he spoke he would have been the greatest of the lot. But the magic he had with words did not quite get down into his brush. But anyway he was somebody, and when he spoke to you he made you feel that you too were somebody and that you had something; and when you left you would carry your pictures home in the cold and you felt warm. That's how he was and he made all his pupils feel they were alright and the world be damned! That's the way an artist ought to feel. That's the whole secret. The joy of the whole business comes from such a feeling. Glad to have seen you. I'm sending another picture to the Pennsylvania this year. Hope the train wrecks again. What a break! But it couldn't happen twice. Besides, I don't believe in luck, anyway. Goodbye."

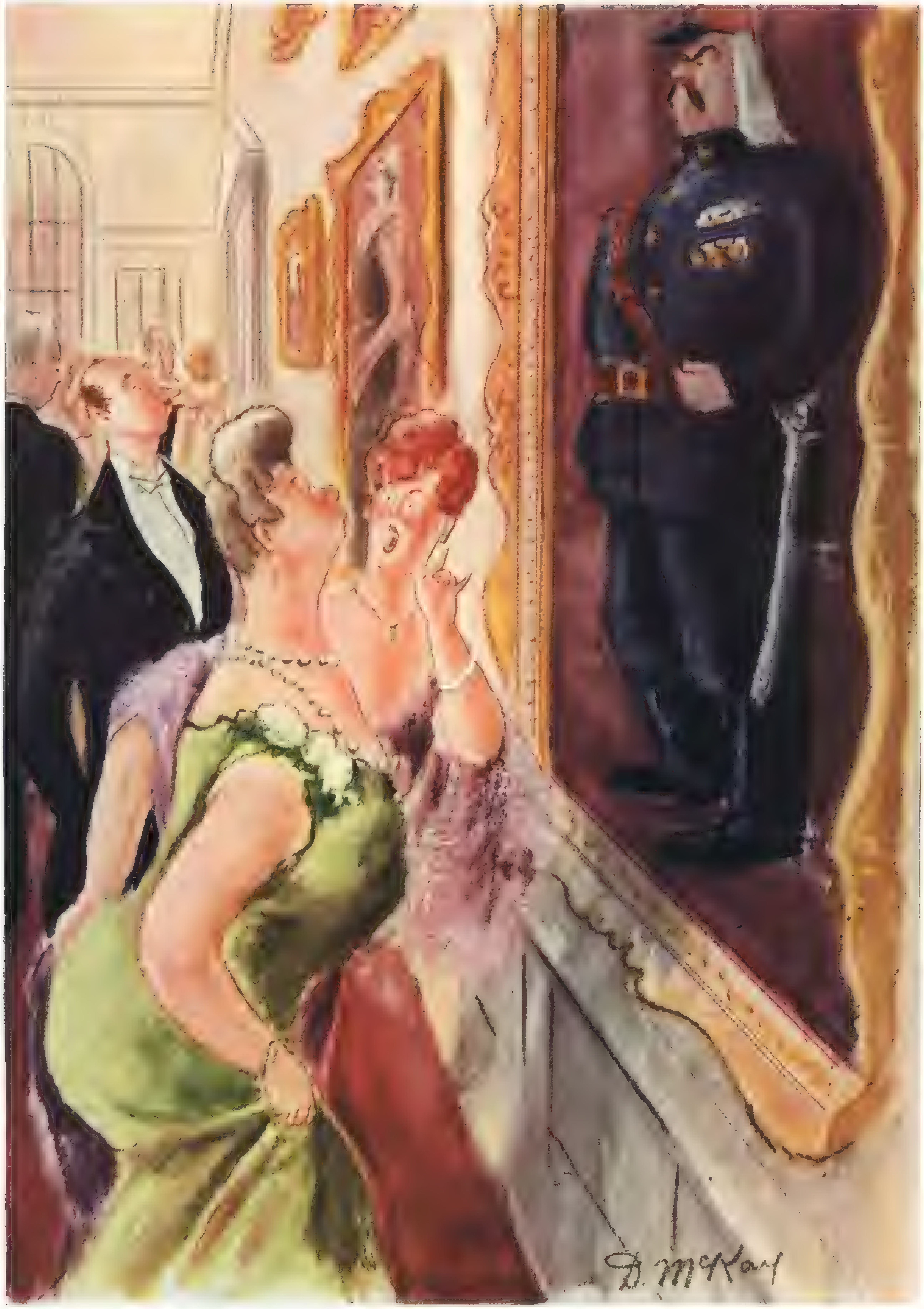
Well that is how he was and that is how he spoke. His name was Ben Ross. I had known him for years and what he said was true. He was an old pupil of the Independent Art School and he did know Robert Henri and Bellows and Sloan and all the rest; and twenty years had slipped by noiselessly and quietly and without much fuss.

Twenty years of hand to mouth existence. And now Henri is dead and Bellows is dead, and Luks also, and the memory of them alone was enough to warm his chilled nature. And that old stink-hole of a studio on 14th Street has survived and the cracks in the

*Continued on page 157*


GARDNER REA

*"But how can I learn to let myself go if I always get this seat?"*



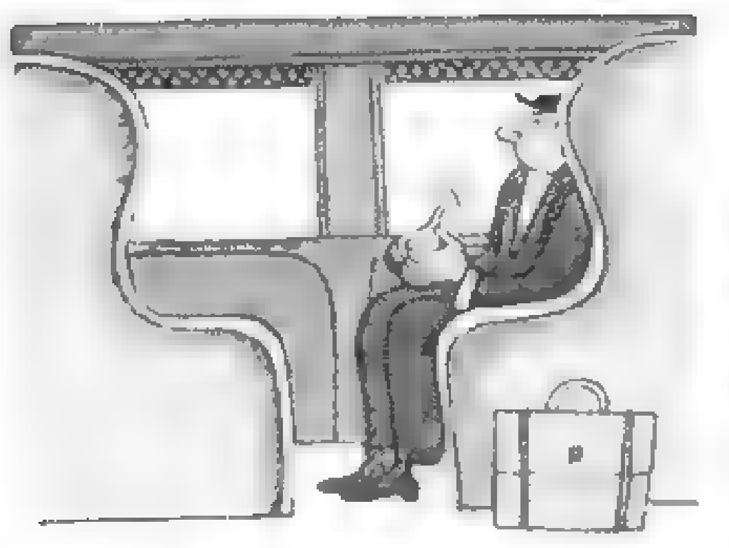
*"Didn't he die—or something?"*

# The Fall of the Sparrow

## Heaven decrees that there is one sure way of stopping a train but you have to be fair to the cow

### by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

▪ SATIRE ▪



THE man of prayer occupied a corner-seat next the corridor, facing toward the engine. This he had secured, having arrived early, for he never risked being late when on mission of piety; and as all his missions were of that character (he himself being a missionary) he had acquired a habit of impeccable punctuality. In the rack above his head lay an umbrella, and a small handbag, for he was only going to stay the night: across his knees a travelling rug, for the weather was chilly.

He was a large man of heavy build and a heavy countenance, something between a whale and a walrus. His attitude as he travelled was very passive and sedentary. Providence had him in its care, and would bring him to his destination in God's time. He did not read (though he carried the Word in his pocket) for that tried his eyes which had seen long service; he did not even think much, for what he was going to say that evening about missions he knew almost by heart. He just sat comfortably with God, and let mundane time pass over him.

"Tickets, please!"

With slow motion he produced his ticket—as he did so, looking up in the man's face to see whether he were saved. He did this always when encountering strangers: sometimes—following it up with inquiry—he made mistakes.

The man inspected his ticket. "Little Billing? You're in the wrong train."

"The wrong train?" His voice was incredulous; it was not the habit of Providence to let him get into wrong trains.

"This don't stop at Little Billing; this is the express. You ought to be in the local that's following."

"But it *must* stop at Little Billing," said the missionary. "I have to get out there."

He was not agitated, he was not even annoyed; he was merely explaining away a misunderstanding from the man's mind as to the place where Providence required that the train should stop.

But the man's mind remained dense to the requirements of Providence. "You say it 'must', but it won't," was his reply. "Not," he added jocosely, "unless you pull the cord and get yourself fined five pounds for doing it."

This practical statement of the case gave a sharp jolt to the business side of the missionary's character—a side which, in missionaries, though latent is always there.

Five pounds! He could not afford that. If that was what Providence intended, it was too expensive. He wondered if a tip would do it. With an indicative motion (he looked again to see if the man *was* saved, but did not now like to ask) "Can't you stop it?" he said.

"Not being a Director of the Company, I can't," replied the man: "and you not being one, either. It's only then we stop an express for single passengers. No, sir, sorry: quite impossible."

Cutting short any further debate on what, as against duty, Providence expected of him, he went off on his job, leaving the missionary to the sympathetic glances of his fellow-passengers, and a situation in which he had never before found himself. At Little Billing an audience that loved missionaries, was even now gathering to hear him: at Little Billing station, the pastor of the Chapel where he was to speak was coming to meet him; it was the first time in his experience that Providence had ever taken upon itself to "let him down". He would not believe it: it only required faith.

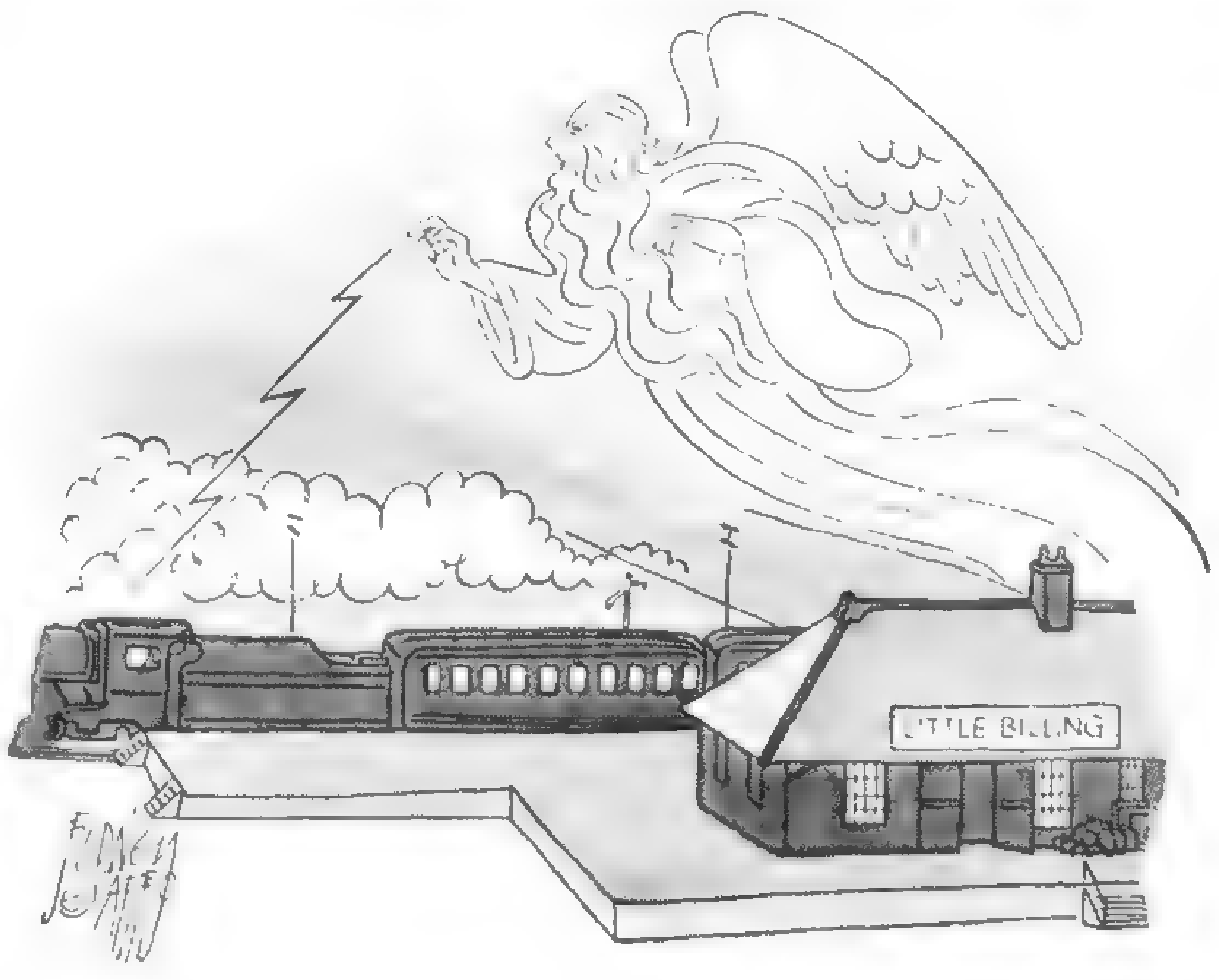
"Quite impossible," that was man's word for it; but man's word was not the last.

Shutting his eyes, but without taking off his hat, he began praying, and, with a faculty of faith which had come by long practice, he prayed, without an atom of doubt that his prayer would be answered, that the train should stop at Little Billing station, and let him get out.

He had been there twice before on his triennial round; and presently gazing out at the twilit landscape, he recognized its approaching whereabouts. The train passed an outlying signal-box and a village lying in a hollow. This must be Little Billing.

Not wishing to delay the train unnecessarily he rose from his seat, gathered up umbrella, handbag, and travelling-rug, and, under the astonished gaze of his fellow passengers, moved out into the corridor.

The station flashed into view: the engine gave a loud whistle: with a sudden grinding of wheels, under brakes urgently applied, the express deadened its speed, and came to a stop.



Christopher Smart, the mad poet, in lines the finest he ever wrote, likens the man of prayer to a whale.

> "Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
> Emerges as he goes"

is the immortal and majestic phrase used for the comparison. It was with a like majesty that our own particularly whale-like man of prayer emerged from the train, and stood enormous—and alone—upon the platform of Little Billing station, looking to right and left for the local pastor who should have been there to meet him. . . .

In Heaven Time is of small account; but in the Courts of Heaven the things of Time are constantly claiming attention. And it was, in earthly measure, about half-an-hour before the express stopped at Little Billing, that a communication had arrived at the celestial Receiving Office (night and day always open) requiring instant attention.

An operator handed it to a winged messenger boy, the messenger to the Clerk of the Court: the Clerk of the Court carried it to the Proper Authority to whose care it was addressed.

"Holiness," said the Clerk, "here is a message waiting an answer."

"What about it?" inquired Proper Authority.

"Number 3957, Class A Free Church Foreign Mission Society, wants his train to stop at Little Billing."

"*His* train? Why can't he stop it himself?"

"He's in the wrong one."

"Then it's not 'his'."

"No: that is why he wants to get out."

"Why did he get in?"

"He finds that he made a mistake."

"And now doesn't want to pay for it? The usual thing. What claim has he that we should attend to him?"

"Only the usual claim that Class A is always able to make itself. He is a man of faith, and a man of prayer: and he has not the slightest doubt that his prayer is going to be answered."

"Well, then, I suppose we've got to answer it; the train can be stopped I suppose? How are trains usually stopped?"

"Usually by signal, Holiness: and always at certain places according to the time-tables. If elsewhere the signals are against it, the train stops."

"Well, if we signal this train to stop, will it do anyone else any harm?"

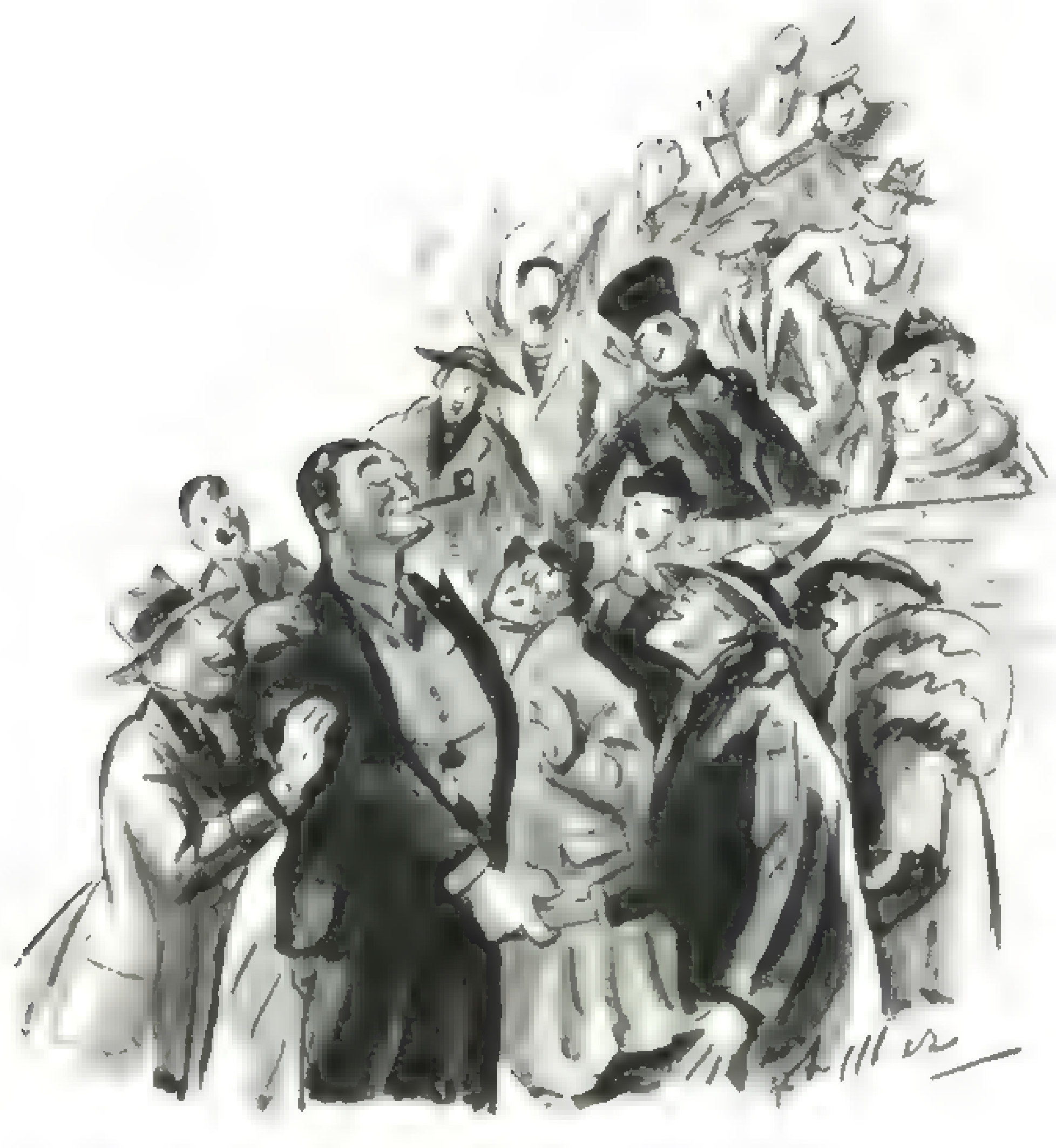
The Clerk of the Court considered awhile: "It would make all the other

Continued at top of page 155

# Nuts In November

## *An Assorted Bowl*

**by GEORGE SHELLHASE and ROBERT BUCKNER**

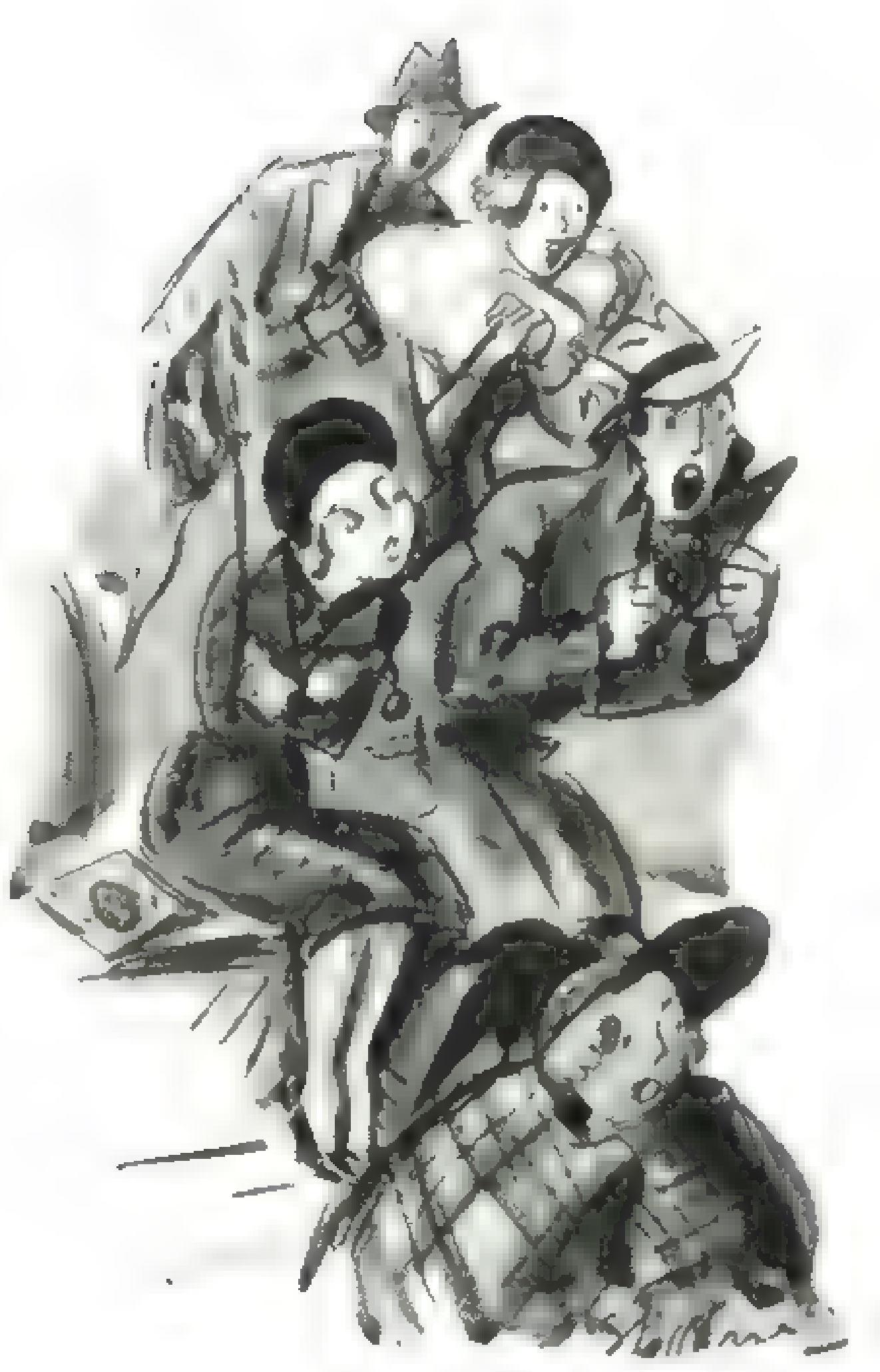


*The Hero's Return*

Sa-ay, isn't that "Jumbo" Wichnitzki, the big shot of '33 . . . football captain, Best Looking and Most Likely to Succeed? . . . Jumbo always sits down on the bench with the players so the stands can recognize him, and he still wears his gold football . . . Between the halves he strides up and down the side-line, crushing the hands of once-worshipping classmates who still get a kick out of being seen with him, and proving by his elastic stride and toothsome smile that he's still the same big, handsome, lovable old Jumbo . . . He will cherish the coach's "Jeez, Jum, *how* we could use you out there today, son!" for months after he has returned to the underwear counter in Gents Furnishings.

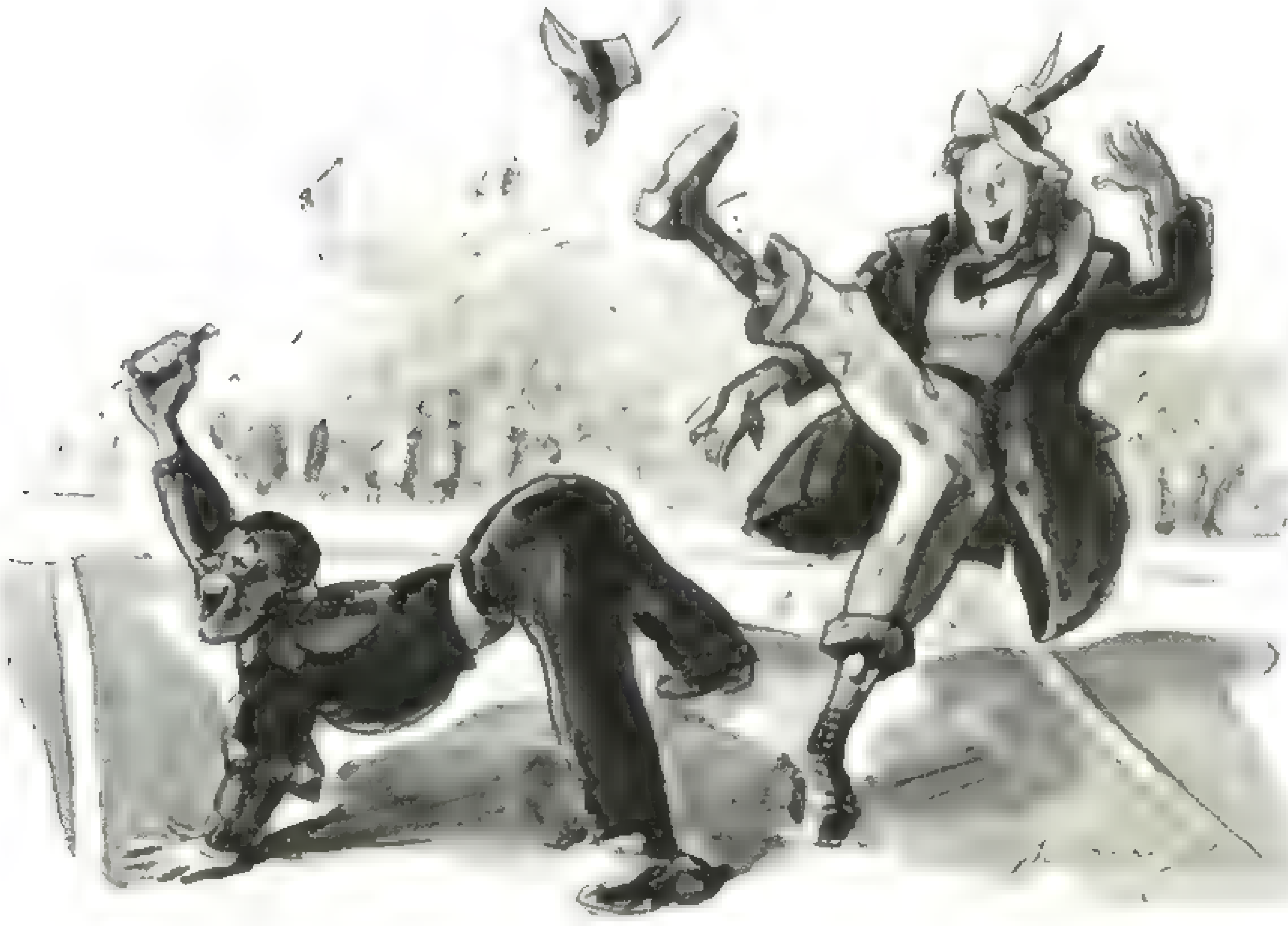
*Off-side and Holding*

*What, no Dixie Cups!*



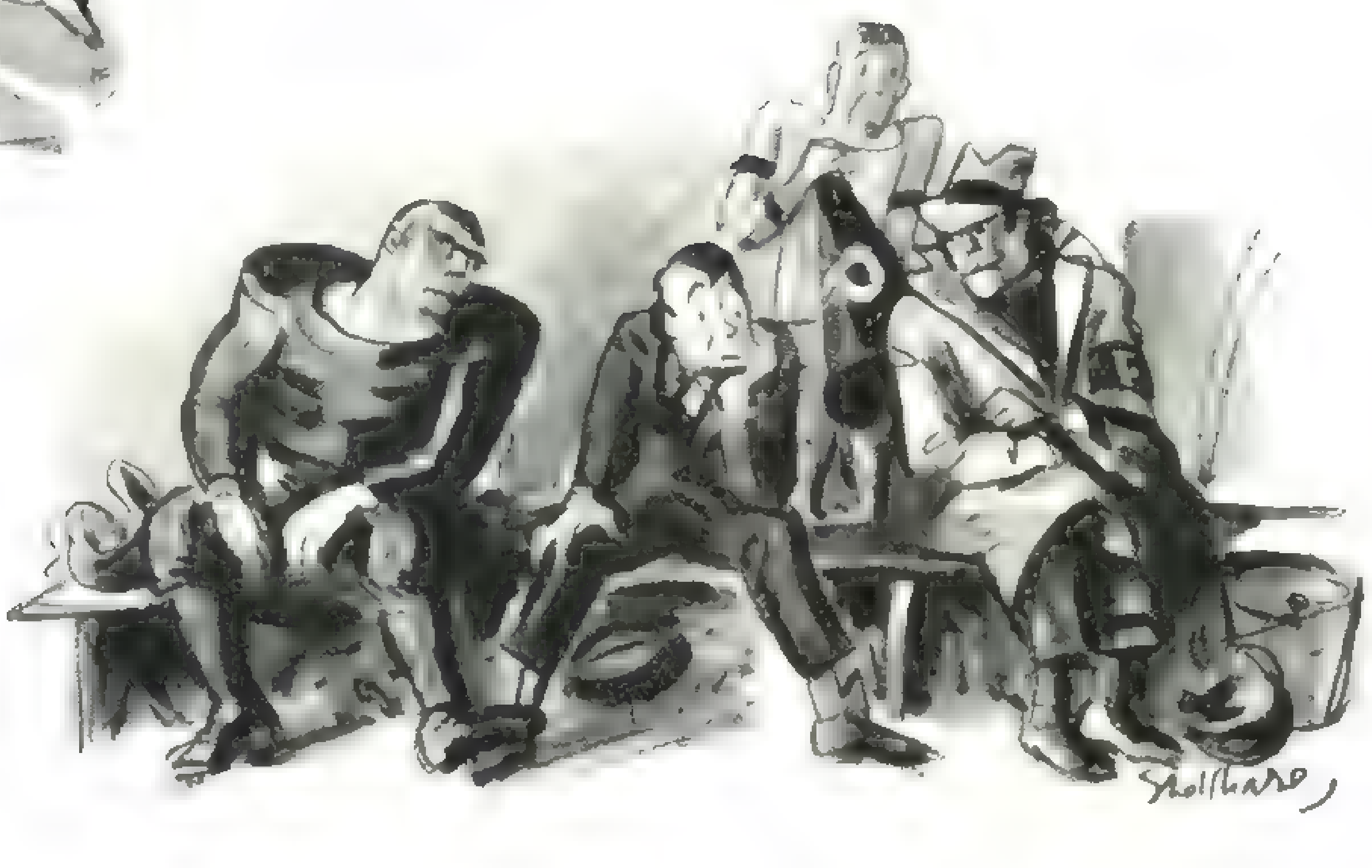
*Time Out*

"O Wilbur, where's our flask? . . . My footsies are cold, aren't yours cold? Why didn't we bring a rug like that lady has? . . . What's the score now, Wilbur? In favor of *them?* . . . Find out who that tall, handsome player is, number 39—no, 93. A halfback? What's a . . . oh, and next year he'll be a fullback? *I* see . . . Look Wilbur, isn't that Florence Wookey down there? Yoo-hoo, Florence! My God, what a hat she's wearing . . . I'm getting hungry, Wilbur, aren't you hungry? . . . What'll I wear tonight, the black velvet or the flowered chiffon? . . . *Wilbur,* listen to me! I asked you a question . . . *Who's* on the one-yard line? Well, anyway what I said was . . ."



*Hics Between Halves*

Those constant nymphs, good ole "Blotto" Mooseman and his bosom pal "Corny" Feathers, both ex '31 and campus sots of legendary capacity, return for each Homecoming Game to defend their laurels against the undergrad soaks . . . Between halves they put on their same old act (patents pending) of tackling each other in midfield, rolling on the ground and passing the bottle . . . Always good for a laugh, except among the dear brothers of Sigma Pi, who will eventually collect the two from beneath the stands and take them back to the House to sleep it off until Monday.



*The Bull Pen*

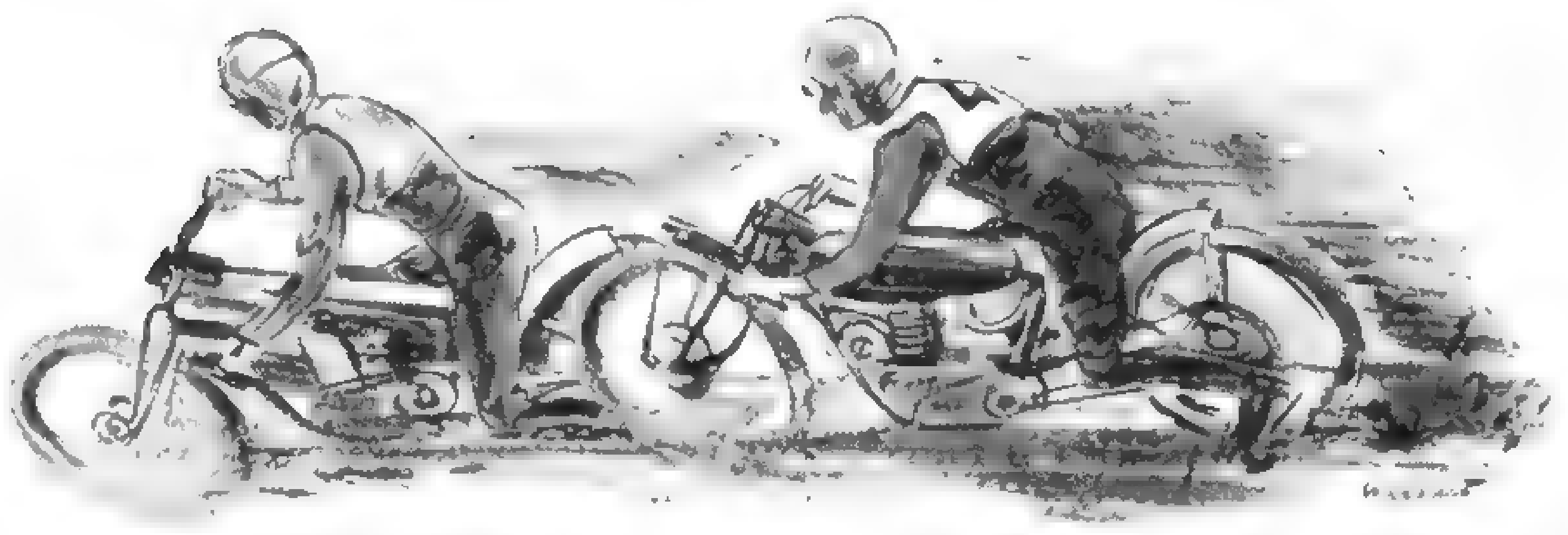
The fourth quarter and 37 points behind . . . Head Coach "Chuck" McGlone, imported at a fee of 15 grand from the Notre Dame stud farm, and having just laid his first goose egg, figures out a nifty alibi for the Press and the Alumni Association . . . The cynical gent on the right is the Graduate Manager, wondering why the hell they ever picked McGlone to help pay off the $265,000 deficit on the Bowl . . . While "Bull" Papazoff (left) of Shaft No. 9, Coaltown, Pa., cracks down a size 16 boot on McGlone's ankle in hopes of getting into the game for the last 2 minutes and so earning part of his free board and tuition.

# The Grandstand Complex

### Of a literal battle to the death between two champions of the motorcycle speedway

### by HORACE McCOY

• FICTION •



Tony Lukatovich had finished the Florida season a few points ahead of me, but I had got them back (with plenty to spare) the first four weeks in Los Angeles. That L. A. track was made to order for me. I had so much confidence in it, and in my jap motor, that after the first week I stopped wearing the steel cap on my left foot and the polo belt I used to protect my abdomen. This made it more dangerous for me in case of a bad spill, but it looked spectacular to the crowds. You have to be a showman to be a success in motorcycle racing. Finally, to live up to the publicity I was getting in the newspapers, and to prove that my winning of last year's national championship was no accident, I discarded my crash helmet, substituting a simple leather helmet such as aviators wear. Everybody said I was a damn fool for doing this. If my head ever smacked the track or the guard-rail at fifty-five or sixty that leather helmet would have been absolutely no protection. My skull would have cracked like an egg shell. I knew that and so did the crowd. The majority came out just to hear somebody's skull crack (you may not think you can hear a skull crack with all those exhausts popping, but you can, you most certainly can) or to see somebody's brains spilled in the dirt, but so far the customers had been disappointed. At the end of the first four weeks I was the big favorite in L. A. I was out in front in individual points, and with the Long Beach team matches coming up, and the national awards but a month away, I looked like a cinch to repeat the championship.

Tony Lukatovich was very jealous of my popularity and you would have thought that every point I collected was a year off his life. He had been the runner-up in the national last year and he had definitely made up his mind he was not going to finish second again. I don't think he wanted the championship title as much as he did the glory that went with it. He was a grandstander, a great grandstander. He was a great rider too, but it was the cheers of the crowd he wanted. These were meat and drink to him. Give him a crowd big enough and let them all root for him and he was the greatest motorcycle racer who ever lived. He would pull turns and slides and finishes that none of the others of us would even dare think about. In Florida when he was leading in points and was the star attraction, where the crowd was for him to a man, he was a broadsiding maniac. He was more than that; he was a genius.

But the Florida track was short, one-sixth of a mile, and the L. A. track was longer, one-fifth of a mile. Those 72 yards made a difference. On the longer track Tony's judgment, his intuition, was a fraction bad. His timing slipped just enough to keep him from winning consistently.

"It's only your imagination," I told him one day, lying, trying to cheer him up.

"I haven't got any imagination. You're the guy who's got all the imagination. You go to hell," he said.

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it," I said. "I was only trying to help you out."

"I don't need any help from you," he said. "You go to hell."

After that he got nastier and nastier and finally I stopped speaking to him at all. Then he began taking all sorts of reckless chances on the turns and doing trick riding in the home stretch, trying to show up the rest of us. But instead of impressing the crowds with his ability he only gave them the idea that he was a wild man out there trying to kill some of the other riders.

I never did get really sore at him because I knew what was the matter. He simply wanted to become a favorite with the customers and get them pulling for him. He was starving for lack of glory. But the harder he tried the worse he looked. In every race I was knocking his ears down. I was concentrating on piling up all the points I possibly could so that if I had a spill that put me in the hospital I would have enough points to coast to the championship. I didn't expect to go to the hospital; I mean I wasn't looking forward to it, but in motorcycle racing you never can tell, especially when you have a wild man who hates your guts riding behind you.

Tony was trying so desperately to win, was looking so bad, the committee notified him that unless he got back some of his old-time form they would have to give him a handicap. This was like telling Joe Louis that unless he improved they were going to match him with Barney Ross. Tony raved and yelled and screamed and put on an act in front of the stands, challenging the committee to a fight, individually or collectively, kicking up the dirt and throwing his equipment all over the infield. He rushed over to the loudspeaker microphone and was trying to make a speech to the crowd when Jack Gurling, the promoter, collared him and threatened him with a suspension. That cooled Mr. Lukatovich, but I knew from the look of his face that there was blood on the moon.

That night after the races he came over to my room. I invited him in, thinking he probably wanted to talk things over.

"The team races with Long Beach are next week," he said.

"That's right," I said.

"And you and I race again as the No. 1 team?"

"I suppose we do," I said.

"And if we win this time we get permanent possession of the cups?"

"That's right. We've got two legs on 'em now and if we win this time we get permanent possession. Did you get back your cup from your mother?"

Tony always sent all the trophies and cups he won back home to his mother in Ohio, so she could show the neighbors how well he was doing.

"No, I didn't," he replied.

"You didn't? Don't you think you ought to get it?"

"I can't," he said. "It would break her heart. She thinks it's mine already."

"It probably will be," I said, "but if we should happen to lose it might be embarrassing for you not to have the cup."

"We won't lose," he said. "But I didn't come over here to talk about that. I want to talk about us—you and me."

"Go ahead," I told him.

"Do you think you're a better rider than I am?" he asked.

"How do you think I won the championship last year—with cigarette coupons?"

"You think you are then?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know damn well I am."

"Do you think you've got as much nerve as I have?"

"I wouldn't know about that. But I've got more skill, which is a damn sight more important."

"All you've got is a swelled head," he said.

Continued in center of page 130

# Navy Blue and Gold

## The legend of the fleet is made of every human mood from horseplay to heroic tragedy

### by HANSON W. BALDWIN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

You go down to the dock and walk across the gangplank (the Navy calls it a "brow") to the battleship and step into a different world.

Only you don't know you're in a very different world, because a white-capped sailor is patient to your questioning and explains carefully what a turret is and a rangefinder and shows you the galley and the bake shop and some oven-fresh pies. And because the sailor has a wide, white-toothed grin like the boys you know, and because he has freckles on his nose and talks slang, you don't think you're in a very different world, despite the steel and shining brass and burnished gun muzzles and the bo's'ns piping. And you're both right and wrong, for the Navy is a world to itself, and yet it is a part—though a distinctive part—of American life.

* * *

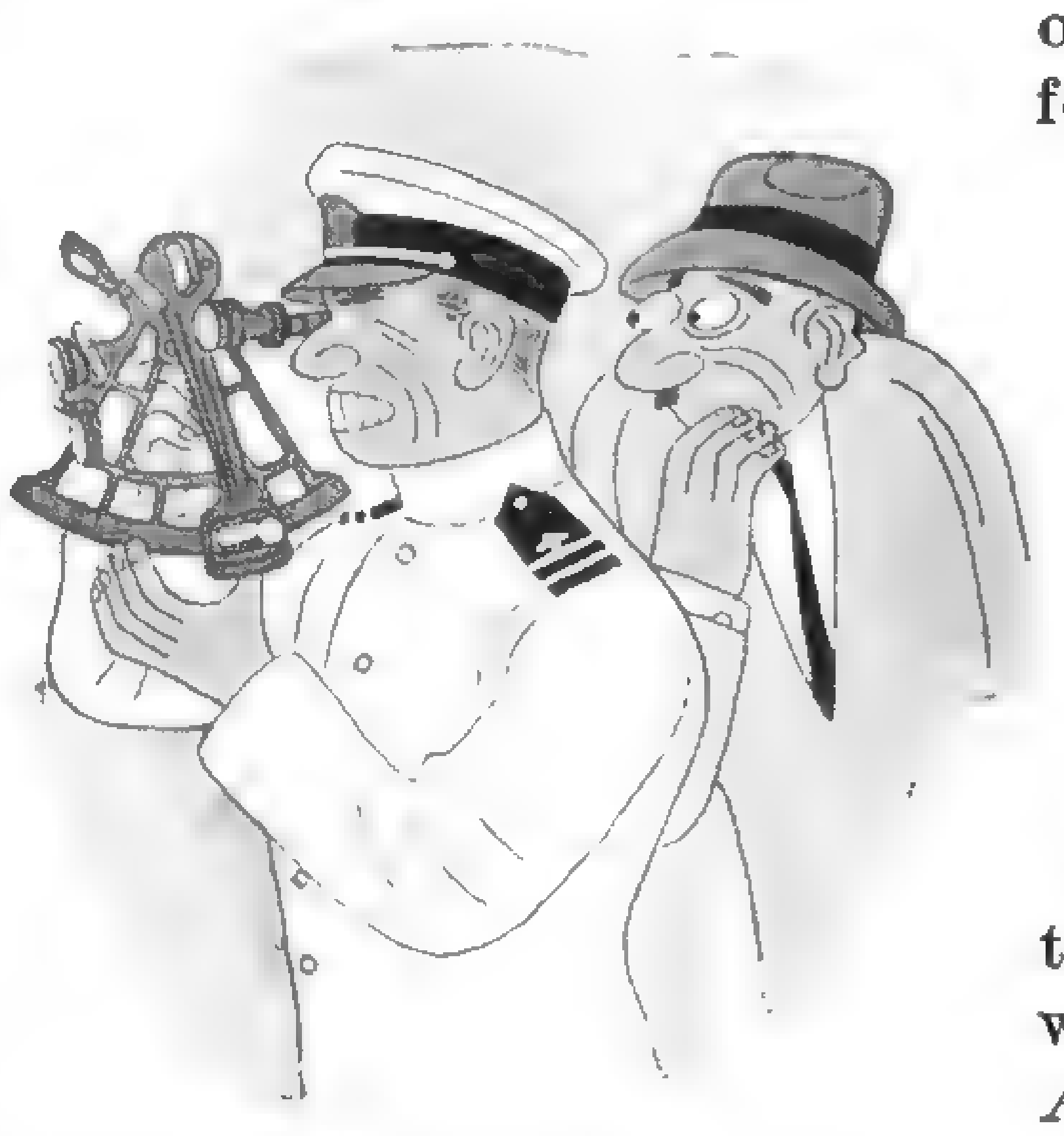
You don't know the long chapters of the past that make up the foundation on which the world of the Fleet is founded; you don't see the seven oceans in all their moods; you don't look at the stars every night and chart your next day's course; you don't handle forces—steam turbines, electric meters, Diesels, reciprocating engines, torpedo war heads, armor-piercing bombs, 300 pounds of TNT cased in steel—forces, any little one of which could run your factory for a month or could blow you and your city to small bits.

You don't see the war games and the gun firings; you don't know the verses of *Zamboanga*—

"... And we had to hold our noses,
'Cause it didn't smell like roses.
Oh, we spent a thousand years
In old Chefoo."

You don't know the one about the Captain's steward staggering back from shore leave in Cherbourg, carefully carrying, to provision a gala party, a broken French ice cream freezer and two eggs. You don't know how Judd Smith got that bullet in his leg up the Yangtze ... so you wouldn't know you were in a world apart.

* * *



But the midshipman knows it from the moment he walks through the Maryland Avenue gate at Annapolis in civilian clothes and goes down to the Midshipmen's Store to draw his "white works," his neckerchief, and his strictly regulation clothes. And the young Ensign knows it from that first ecstatic hour when he throws his old midshipman's cap away at graduation exercises in Dahlgren Hall and kisses his "O.A.O." (one and only) as she pins on his shoulder straps by the Japanese bell. And later, as the officers grow up in the service and their faces get that ruddy, wind-whipped look which only old seamen have, and the gold stripes on their sleeves and shoulder straps multiply and tarnish with the salt they are drawn closer and closer into the world of the fleet. It's a strange world, a brave world, compact of old visions of dim-forgotten things, vanished glories, present friendships, future hopes, a common service in a common cause, and the sea—the stirring, soughing sea, with its winds and clouds and stars—as the "yeasty firmament" of this, their world.

* * *

The leaven—of this life apart—commences to work on the young candidate as soon as he enters the Naval Academy.

There's the flag that Perry flew at the Battle of Lake Erie—"Don't Give Up The Ship"—in a glass case up on the ceiling, slanted in such a way that these words of Lawrence, white on a blue field, are the first thing the new midshipman sees as he climbs up the steps to "Mem" Hall.

He is surrounded by tradition and nurtured with discipline and duty and a new-found love of the sea. He learns to stow his clothes in neat creased piles, to call the floors of Bancroft Hall, decks, to keep his photographs thumb-tacked on the back of his locker door, to drill and sail and take sun sights. He reads the inscriptions on the bronze plaques in "Mem" Hall, memorials to men who perished in the searing flame of a turret explosion or died on some tropic beach in a forgotten war. He sees the Herndon monument, erected to honor a man who donned his dress uniform to go down with his ship and he tests the still staunch wood of the gig of the *Saginaw*, the gig which made an epic voyage in days gone by. And after a while, when the Maryland leaves turn russet and golden and the log fires burn in the old Annapolis homes, he marches out the gates with a great company of others one early morning before dawn, singing:

"Away, away with sword and drum,
Here we come, here we come,
Looking for someone to put on the bum,
We're out to beat the Arme-e-e!"

And he learns the thrill that never dies when the band plays *Anchors Aweigh*, and the company commanders pass the word along the line—"Tails over the dashboard!" and he marches into the Polo Grounds with the Regiment, white-gloved hands swinging in unison, sun gleaming from visored caps, to do battle with the team against an ancient and honorable foe.

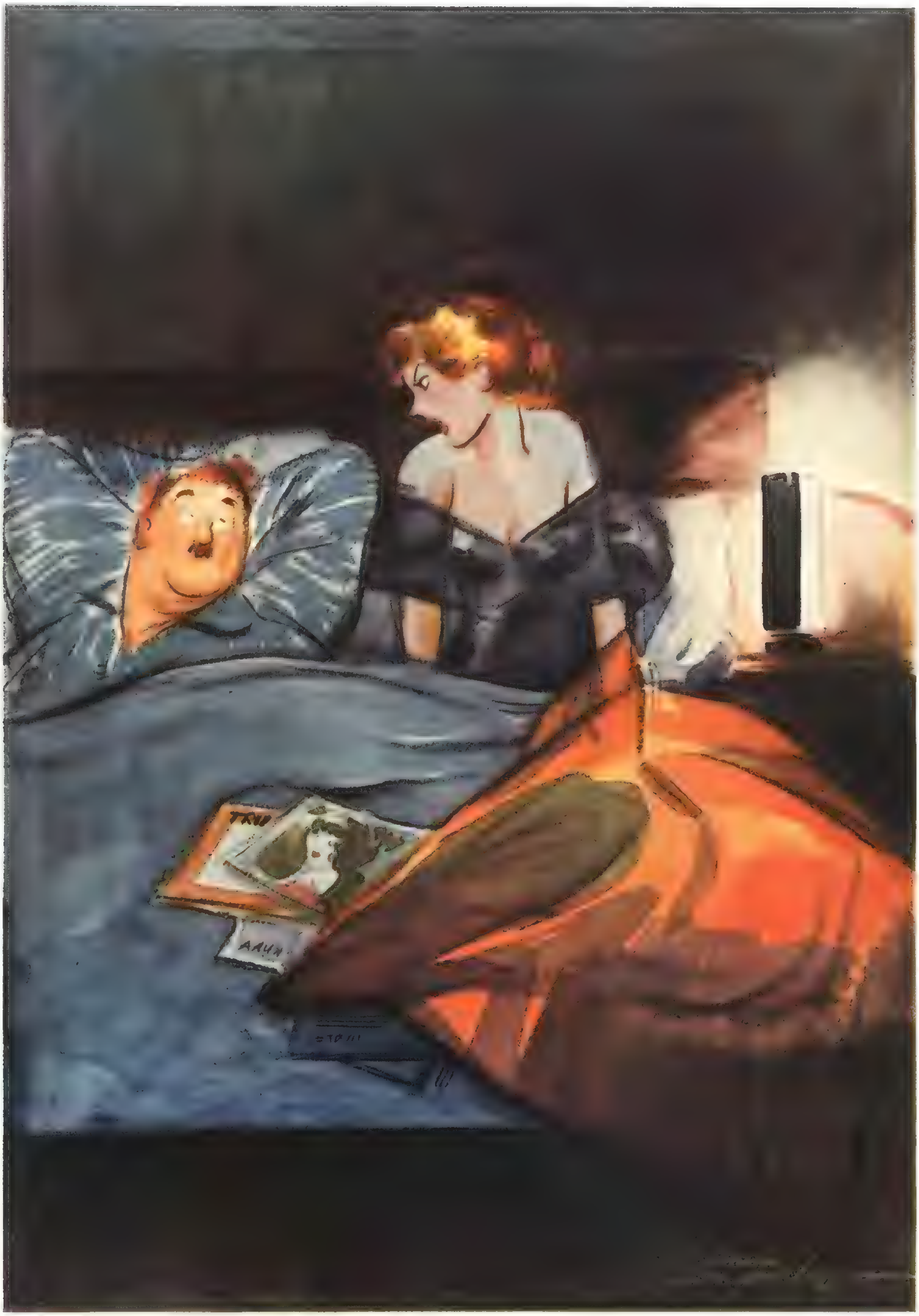
* * *

When the midshipman leaves the Academy he settles down into a service to whose life apart he has been inoculated at Annapolis, but despite his background of training and tradition it is some time before he absorbs the doctrines and the customs of the Fleet.

At first he is tempted to take himself and his life too seriously, a temptation that is recurrent to the naval officer. But if he is a good officer he learns to laugh at himself and his mistakes, and even to jibe at the Service—though always loving it and respecting it above all else. He pokes fun at the routine and the red tape, swears with a mighty oath that the "navy's shot to hell," proceeds to tell the one about the navigator who mistook the truck light for a star, or the story about the destroyer skipper who ran out of oil and brought his ship into port with the awnings stretched as sails. Then he goes below and works for hours to find out why the vacuum in the condenser is dropping, or he takes turret roller path data sweating over mathematical formulae as long as your arm. He gets into the swing of life and sooner or later he becomes an Admiral or is retired in a lower rank and joins those who have left this strange world apart and have gone back to the world from which they came as youths years before. But he's still distinct from this world of civilians—the world of other men; the sea's his home, the navy his life, and he's left

*Continued in center of page 125*

*"It's only a mascot, Sir!"*



*"All right—but next weekend let's go somewhere"*

# It's too Wonderful

### An amateur champion offers the professional critics a dose of their own medicine

### *by* LAWSON LITTLE

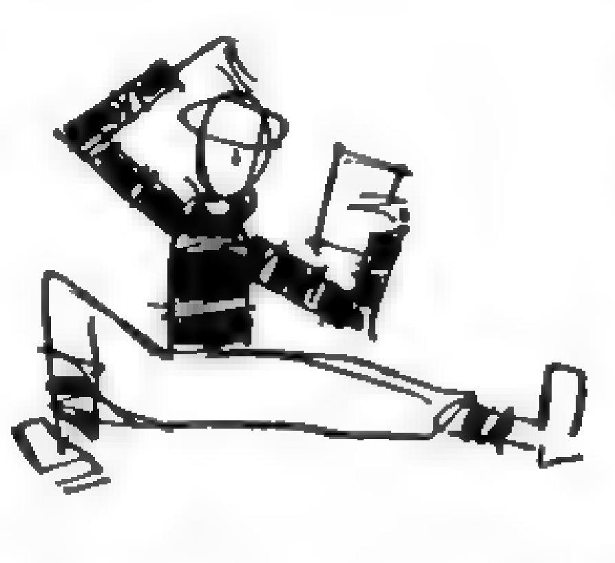
▪ SPORTS ▪

It is just simply wonderful to be a champion. Maybe I shouldn't say that and be damned for being cocky and in love with myself but I can't help it as I look over the fan mail and select a brief, cheering masterpiece from one of the members of the Lawson Little Loyal Rooters' club.

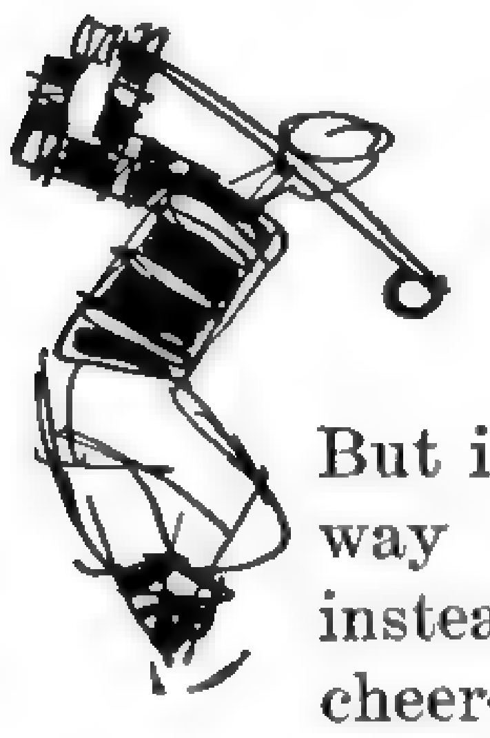
This little gem of sweetness and light I received from Bath, Maine, right after I had won my fourth amateur championship:

> "Dear Sir:
>
> I most sincerely hope that Emery beats you today.
>
> You, today, save for the fact that you do not play for money, are nothing more than a professional, devoting practically all your time to golf.
>
> Yours truly,
> J. O. L. (M.D.) Lincoln"

That goes to show you that a fellow in my spot can't be America's sweetheart. I got the letter after I'd played Emery and had the good fortune to beat a fine golfer, a great kid and an earnest, tough competitor. It was too late then to mess up the round and throw the match to Emery, which might have pleased the kindly doctor patron of good, clean sportsmanship, so I now probably stand worse with him than ever before. What can I do about it? I can't spend my dad's money to go to Bath and write on fences, "Old Doc is a sour-puss," just to relieve myself and get even. I haven't the time to sit down and write Doc quoting Voltaire, "Doctors are men who prescribe medicines of which they know little, to cure diseases of which they know less, of human beings of whom they know nothing at all."



So then, what? I want to be nice to people. Doc, I guess, expects me to spend one Saturday and Sunday week-end a month on a golf course, except during championships and then he wants me to pass among the gallery passing out cigars to the gentlemen, kissing the babies and giving packages of flower-seeds to the good wives. If I did that I would get a letter hoping someone beat me because I didn't pay attention to playing golf as it is supposed to be played in a championship.



It all seems to sum up that gentlemen of the genial doctor's type take amateur golf far more seriously than I do, and I'm no loafer at golf. But it's probably the case all the way through amateur sport and instead of worrying about the cheer-leaders on the sidelines running up and down in front of the crowds inciting them to abuse the players, I have now enough experience to laugh at these critics.

In Doc's case, I not only have a good laugh but I get some help. I had been wondering how to start this article so it would be something more than merely a composition and along comes Old Doc Sunshine giving me an idea of writing about the nuts I am supposed to please when I play golf as a nut on pleasing myself.

In 1923 when I was an innocent young fellow I thought of golf as a game in which everything was open and aboveboard and pleasant. I still think of it that way and it still is that way to me although the pleasant aspect of seeing the world and living unworried by thoughts of cost is a mirage and not a reality to the amateurs, regardless of what the dear old doctor's suspicions may be.

When I was a youngster I envied the fine players of the game—and admired them, too. I wanted to be like Bobby Jones and Hagen and the rest of them. I've found out since that part of it isn't all a beautiful dream. Is it Doc?

This golf for me really began when I told my dad, very positively, that I was going to be a member of the Walker cup international team some day. Father is a real golf enthusiast and he approved my ambition. I worked hard on my game. Don't think that the discipline, disappointments and experience of an amateur's development into the first flight isn't good training for a young man. I am confident I got a lot of broad and lasting value to me out of my devotion to improving my game.

In 1930 I told dad I was going to be a member of the 1934 Walker cup team. He asked me, "Why not the 1932 team?" That was the first hunch I'd had that I might actually be good before long. I'd won some matches from fine players but privately I'd thought I had been very lucky, instead of being superior to the fellows I'd defeated. But back in my mind was the idea I'd had since the national amateur championship of 1929 at Pebble Beach. This idea was that ultimately I might win a national title maybe some year before I was 30. At Pebble Beach I was playing as a young native son. I then was 19. Before me was the plan of West Point and following my father's footsteps in the army. When I beat Johnny Goodman in the second round of the amateur that year—the afternoon after he'd defeated Jones, the defending champion—and then lost to that grand gentleman sportsman, Francis Ouimet, one down, my yearning for West Point diminished. California papers gave me some very nice write-ups and I was sure that I was all set for the amateur crown and all the delights of being king.

It was then that I got my first inkling that a fellow who was playing golf for the fun of it might not find it all funny if he became a great player.

One reporter wrote something about me that burned me up so much I memorized it almost word for word. It took me three years to begin to laugh about this paragraph and I have had many a laugh since. He wrote—as near as I can remember—:

"It would have been a crime if Mr. Lawson Little had defeated Mr. Francis Ouimet because Little is the most exasperating player we have ever witnessed. He slobbers the ball up the fairway from tee to green, taking numerous practice swings and sauntering off in all directions over the course, killing as much time as he can and when he finally reaches the green he examines the line of his putt from all four sides of the hole, he walks backward and forward between the ball and the hole picking up imaginary nothings, and finally after taking his putting stance, falls into a siesta before striking the ball."

You don't have to have a very vivid imagination to realize the effect that statement would have on a 19-year-old boy in his first championship. I hadn't any idea at all I was supposed to be playing in an amateur championship with the big idea being that of pleasing impatient reporters or doing any harm to Francis Ouimet, a fellow I'd almost idolized. I thought I was just supposed to play a game as well as I knew how. I had practiced during the summer until my hands bled and I had dreamed for two years of getting good enough to qualify for the championship. Then to be criticized for doing my best was something I took pretty hard for a while.

Then, when I got around some more and

*Continued in center of page 179*

# The Tsar Up to Date

## How the image of Stalin is enlarged to the size of Lenin while Trotsky is blanked out

### by EUGENE LYONS

• ARTICLE •

PROBABLY no ruler in modern times has in his own lifetime been the object of such unrestrained and extravagant adulation as Joseph Stalin, dictator of the all-powerful Communist Party and therefore the dictator of the whole Soviet Union.

A year or two ago Benito Mussolini or Adolf Hitler might still have disputed honors with the Russian chief in this respect. But by this time, in my opinion, Stalin has definitely outstripped them both as to volume and stickiness of the flattery in which they all have their exalted being.

I have been in all three of the strait-jacketed nations and sampled the homage heaped on their respective keepers. The Russians, it seems to me, clearly excel in the arts of panegyric. Their genius for unctious praise is utterly Oriental, with the flavor of Ghengis Kahn and the Arabian Nights about its fat redundant phrases, its enthusiastic self-abasement. To alien ears there is an element in it of the fantastic.

Mussolini and Hitler, moreover, attained their grandeur in one mad leap, on the day of revolution. Their glory is static. But the apotheosis of Stalin has been a slow evolution towards perfection that is not yet completed.

For almost a decade after the revolution he remained in the background, laboriously harvesting advantages and tying them into strong sheaves of power. Even after he was sole master he did not assume the full assortment of the attributes of a superman at once. The Russian vision of his greatness was molded slowly.

Stalin emerged from relative obscurity after the death of Lenin. For a period he functioned as one of a triumvirate, the other two members of which were Gregory Zinoviev and Leo Kamenev, whom he lately sent to prison. Having used them to the limit in fighting Trotsky, he threw them over and they zig-zagged into Trotsky's camp.

It was after he defeated Trotsky and sent the whole Trotsky clan into Siberian exile that the evolution of Stalin, leading eventually to the 1935 model, gathered speed. The process is not ended, although mortal imagination is stumped by the problem of how his glory can be further burnished. But it will be done. When I left Russia a year ago, after six years residence there as press correspondent, I was convinced that the exaltation of a mortal creature could not be carried any further. I was mistaken, dismally mistaken. The Soviet press bulges with proofs that the human animal's capacity for sycophancy is literally boundless.

From the time Trotsky was shipped to Alma Ata in Asia in 1927, to about the middle of 1929, Stalin was merely described as "Lenin's best disciple." He was rarely mentioned, in fact, except in juxtaposition with the revered name of Lenin. His was a secondary role, and deliberately such, in order that the immense prestige of Lenin's genius might be transferred to his successor in the mind of the populace.

Soon, however, a word came more frequently into the public prints and speeches which deserves at least as much international currency as the Italian *Duce* or the German *Fuehrer*. Probably it is the difficulty of pronouncing it that prevented its world-wide popularization. The word is *vozhd* (the *zh* being pronounced like the French *j*) and it has exactly the same connotation as *duce*, meaning not just "leader" but "*the* leader." It carries overtones of greatness and infallibility far beyond dictionary definitions. No longer was he just Stalin, but "our *vozhd*."

Another year or two and the picture of a modest but fearless disciple of Lenin, of a Stalin who was just the willing and able instrument of Lenin's immortal will and wisdom, was gradually amended. Stalin began to emerge as an innovator in the realm of ideas; he was not merely interpreting Lenin's interpretation of Marx but interpreting Marx directly. He began to be mentioned as "our teacher" and designated casually but emphatically as a "great theoretician."

From that point forward the development was even faster. The *vozhd* became *veliki vozhd*, "the great leader," and soon thereafter "the great and beloved leader." Other superlatives fell into line, until the present redundancies were achieved.

In other departments of life too the exaltation of the leader kept pace with his literary and philological expansion. The relative prominence given to Soviet leaders in the public displays on the Bolshevik holidays, May 1 and November 7, are a pretty accurate index to their relative importance. The distribution of the portraits, busts and placards is not haphazard. Whoever lived through these Stalinist years in the new Russia could not fail to be impressed by the gradual increase of Stalin's likenesses on important occasions.

In 1928 Lenin led all the rest, with Karl Marx and Stalin in second place. A year or two later, Lenin and Stalin occupied approximately the same prominence and the rabbinical head of Marx receded into the background. By 1933, Stalin had "caught up with and outstripped" Lenin.

On November 7 of that year I had an American engineer with a penchant for statistics make an exact count of the pictures and busts and other representations of leaders on view on the most important stretch of the most important street in the Soviet capital—Tverskaya street, from Hunter's Row to Strasnoi Square. In a distance equivalent to four or five American city blocks, he counted 295 "icons" of leaders! They were distributed as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Stalin | 103 |
| Lenin | 58 |
| Kaganovich | 56 |
| Voroshilov | 33 |
| Molotov | 17 |
| Ordjonikidze | 10 |
| Kalinin | 8 |
| Karl Marx | 5 |
| Engels | 3 |
| Dzerzhinsky | 1 |
| Kuibishev | 1 |
| | —— |
| Total | 295 |

In other words, Stalin was approximately twice as much in evidence as Lenin, while Marx had to content himself with a place among the minor commissars. A Soviet journalist and Communist to whom I showed this compilation was both astonished and embarrassed—no one had ever made a mathematical test before of Stalin's conquest of Lenin in the public displays.

Despite the deification of Stalin in life, such crude relegation of the dead saints to secondary places still smells of blasphemy. The almost equal prominence given to Kaganovich, who is after all just an underling of Stalin's, and to Lenin seemed especially distressing. He sighed and favored me with one of those eloquent Russian gestures, half humor, half despair. . . .

Such is the current version of Stalin. It dominates all life, all thought. It is the outward symbol by which the new Russia lives and labors and sacrifices—and hopes.

* * *

A newcomer to Russia may be forgiven for assuming that this mountainous eulogy, these endless obeisances, bespeak a deep popular admiration and tender affection for the *vozhd*. The outward evidences of worshipful love are flawless. The reiteration of

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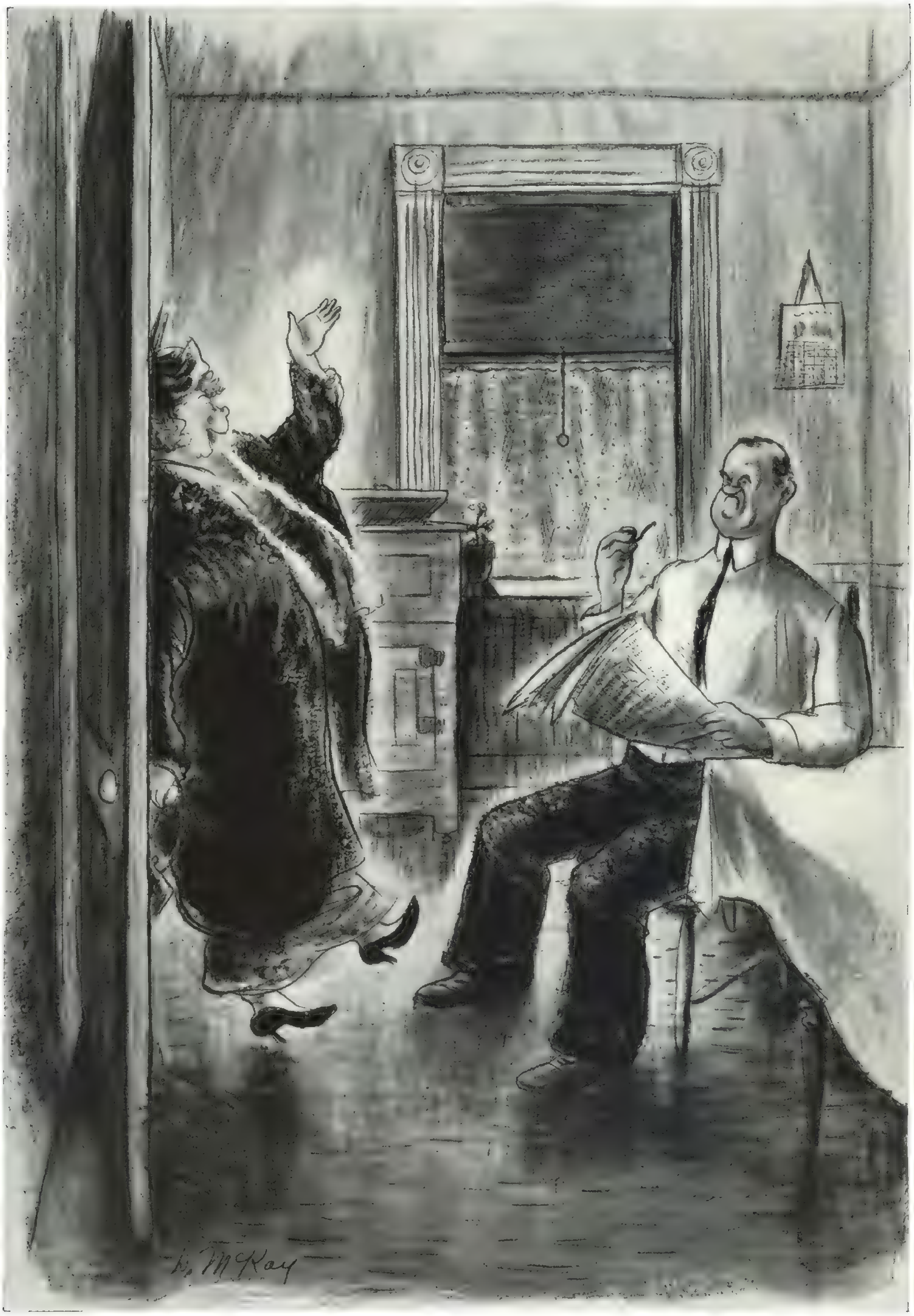


*“Hi—Old Sourpuss—I just had four Martinis!”*

# A Flight for Traffic

**The elements may play chess with a pilot but refuse to cheat an unconscious opponent**

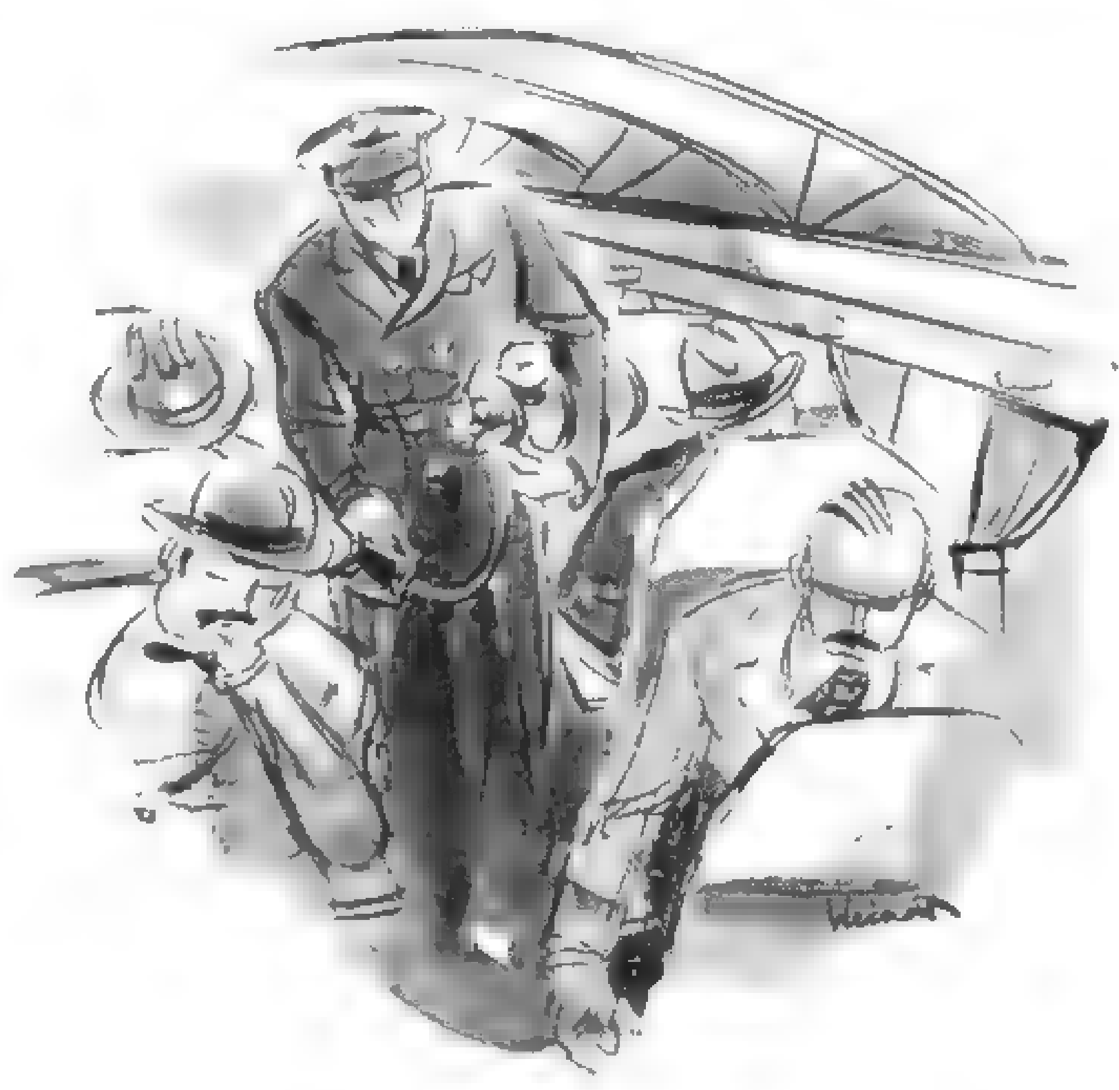
### *by* T. BENSON HOY

**FICTION**

“Capoto,” Steve Moyer said aloud. “That sounds bad.” He bent over the table and wrote with the deliberation of a boy doing his first subtraction. “I guess it means ‘plunged’.”

Buck Smith sipped his gin and tonic silently. There was a gambling casino in back of the hotel; the only one in the Argentine. He was considering whether to risk a few pesos.

After some more laborious addition and subtraction Steve pocketed his pencil and, in a disgusted voice, read: “Owing to a bad maneuvre of the pilot the huge tri-motor plane did this *capoto* thing and, in a spectacular way, buried its nose in the ground. The passengers and pilot are *ilesos*—I guess that means hurt in some way. The plane is seriously damaged. And in tomorrow's paper the editor is going to prove definitely that flights over the Andes are unsafe.”



Buck showed little interest in the news. He grunted. “No one killed?”

“Apparently not.” Steve Moyer grinned. “But you aren't mentioned. Maybe you're missing.”

“Yeah,” Buck said morosely, “missing a workshop. Maybe you got a broken leg.”

Steve disproved this by getting up to stretch on long, straight legs. “I guess it's exaggerated; but how much damage was there?”

“The tubing in the center motor-mount is bent. One fitting is cracked,” Buck answered. Then his placid face frowned. “It'll be two days' work with the tools I have.”

“It's the same dumb stuff they used to print in the States. It's bad publicity though. Something should be done about it.” Steve dismissed it all with a wave. “Let's eat.”

True to his word Buck had the plane ready in two days of hot work under the Mendoza sun. His work was done. But Steve felt a lingering responsibility, although the accident had not been his fault. The Ford had hit a soft spot in the field, landing from a flight across the Andes. It had almost stopped rolling when a wheel sank in the mud-hole and the big plane nosed gently over to rest awkwardly on the center motor, with the tail pointing skyward. The passengers had hardly been aware that anything was wrong. They had been transferred to a train with little enthusiasm for the long ride to Buenos Aires over the monotonous Pampas. Steve had mulled over the problem of how to counteract the bad publicity with little success. He thought that when he got back at the controls, flying might bring an inspiration. But the flight back to Buenos Aires produced nothing in the way of a solution.

Before the next weekly trip to Santiago a report came in to the B. A. office from the company's Mendoza agent. The editor of the paper had been denouncing aviation and the company in particular every day. The Andes, to him, were a barrier erected by nature to separate the Argentine and Chile. Flying over them in an hour or so was a fearsome, reckless flaunting of God's intentions. No good could come of it. This had already been proved by the French mail pilot who had been lost on frozen Lake Diamante. The new Yankee line would get it next.

The traffic manager raved a little—helplessly. How could he be expected to sell tickets in a country where editors were like that. He thought the editor would be more reasonable if the line bought more advertising. But his budget would not allow buying space at this time. He gave up the problem, fretfully.

Steve Moyer took off for Santiago still at a loss. In the States, on any line, an editor could be given a ride that might change his views. It seemed the thing to do here; but Steve decided against it. This was different. A ride over the Andes in these first days of the line's operations was apt to be anything but a convincing demonstration of flying comfort and safety. If it happened to be a rough trip, the editor's fears would be supported by actual experience.

A more urgent concern presented itself when the wavy blur of the Andes came up over the flat horizon of the Pampas. They were buried in what, at a distance, looked like billowing folds of creamy tapestry. It reminded Steve of a chocolate cake covered with whipped cream. But whimsey was short-lived as the speeding plane brought the massive bulk of the Andes nearer. There was a storm over the mountains.

One spot, south of Mendoza, seemed low enough to squeeze over. Steve landed for gas.

“Gonna try it?” Buck asked.

“Yeah,” said Steve. “Fill the tanks.”

“Okay.” To Buck it looked like a swell bunch of clouds up there—to stay away from. But he had been Steve's flight-mechanic long enough to go along without questioning.

The six passengers alighted to stretch, and Buck followed them out. When Steve stepped to the ground the agent came up to him.

“*Mucho viento*,” he said. “The wind is strong in the Cordillera.”

Steve saw one of the passengers, a short, elderly man, looking at him questioningly. He was the Chilean general on the manifest.

A nondescript group of natives stood around with the dull curiosity of *cholos*. Some of them, though, had flat hats and baggy pants tucked into boots. Their more alert eyes belied their studied indifference. They were gauchos.

“*Es nada*,” Steve said. “It is alright to try.”

The Chilean general heard Steve's reply and lit a cigarette with an indifference to match the gauchos. It was nothing for a Chilean.

But when Steve pulled the plane up in a steep climb for a close look at the storm he was quickly convinced the mountains were unpassable. The stretch of low clouds that he had hoped would be a way through the storm, had filled up. The closer he approached to the mountains the rougher became the air. He travelled south for a half hour, skirting the edge of the mountains, and decided it was no use. Tomorrow the mountains might be clear. The plane was lurching and staggering through the air as though it were some contraption in an amusement park that had lost its sense of humor. Then, suddenly, it dropped. Steve's body left the seat and pulled sharply upwards against the safety belt. Buck's belt wasn't fastened. He left his seat entirely and his head cracked against the top of the compartment. The plane fell in the down draft unresponsive to ailerons or rudder. Then the wings hit more solid air and the descent was checked with a jerk.

“Wow,” Steve exclaimed. “That was a honey.”

He glanced back at the passengers in the cabin. Several of them were sprawled half out of their chairs. He met their startled looks with a reassuring smile.

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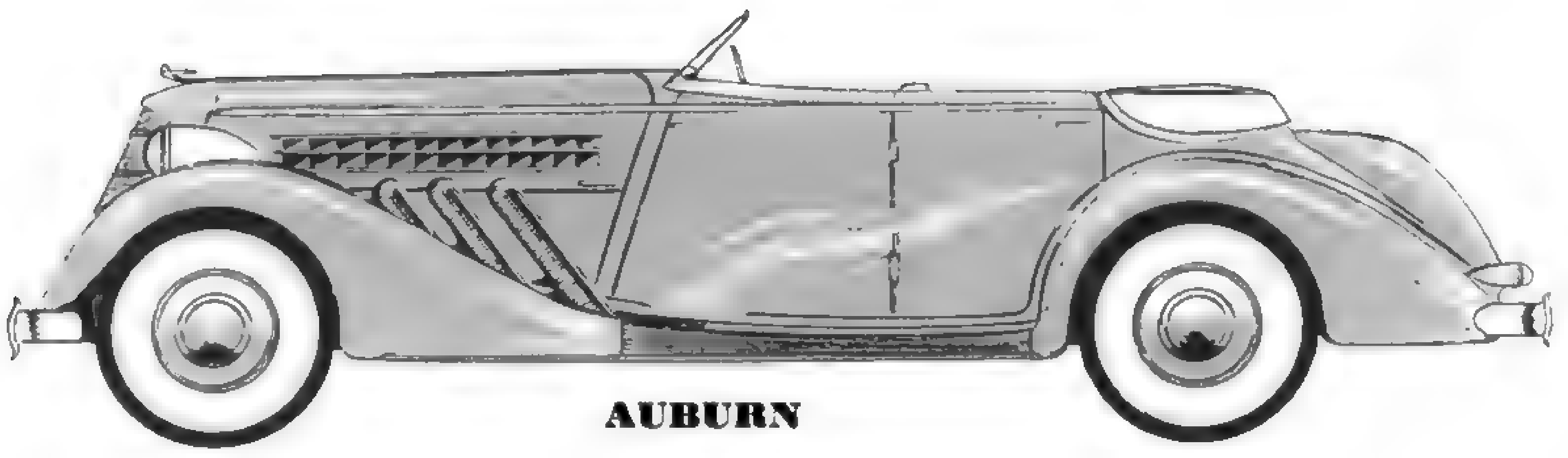
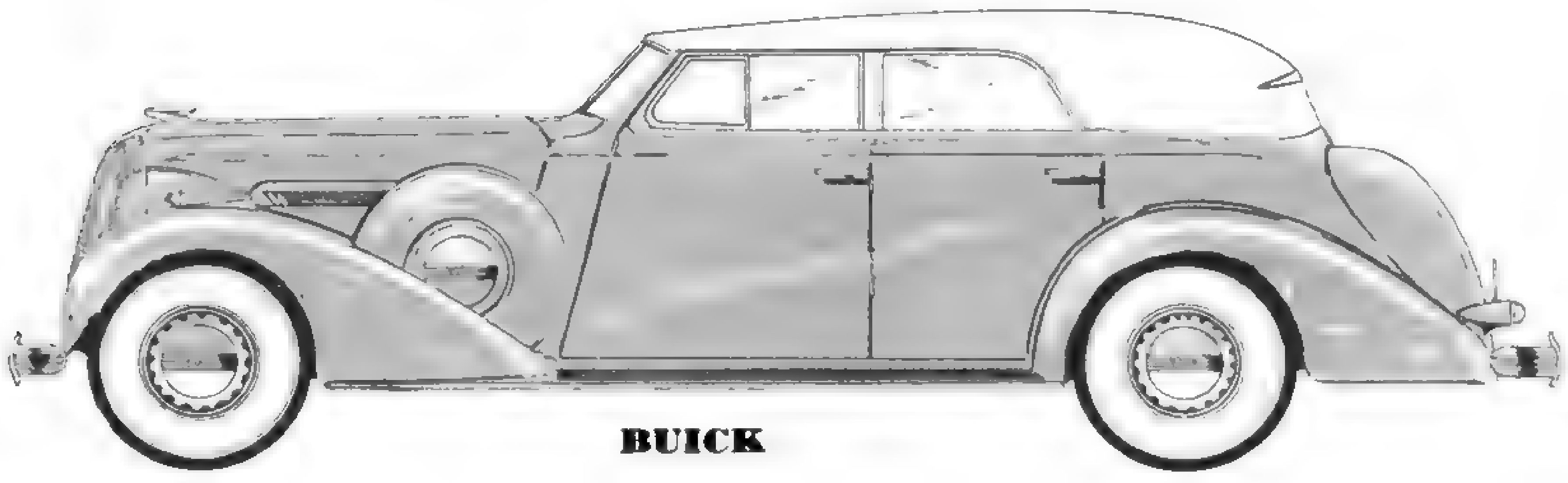


AUBURN



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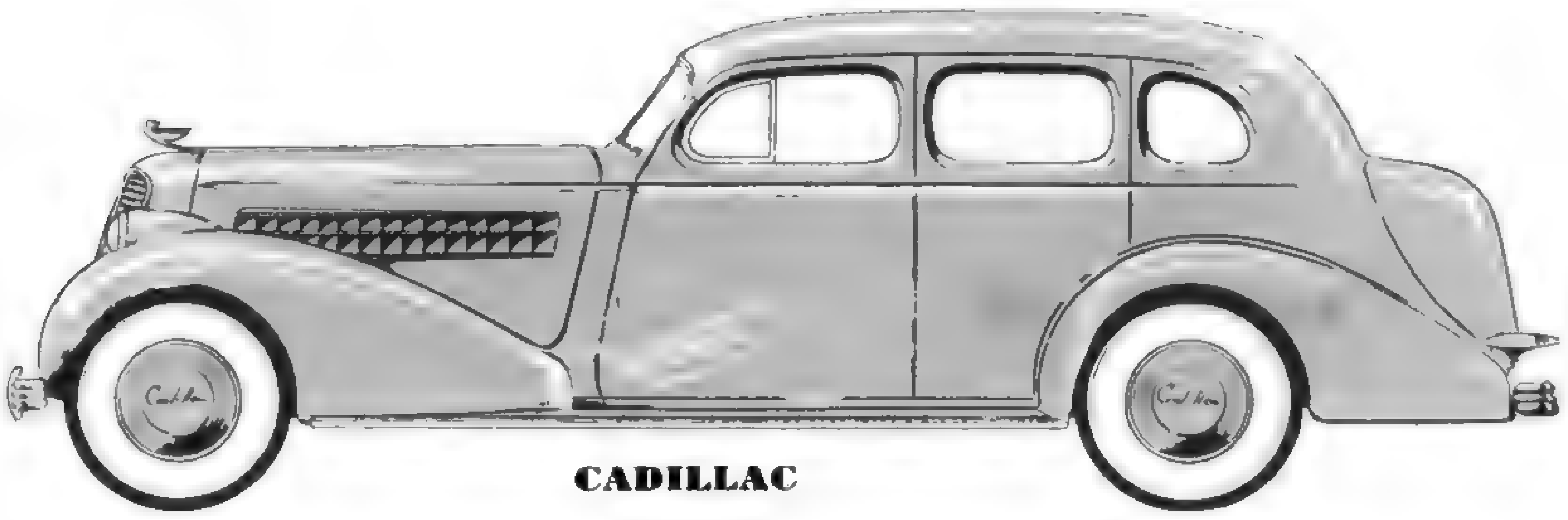
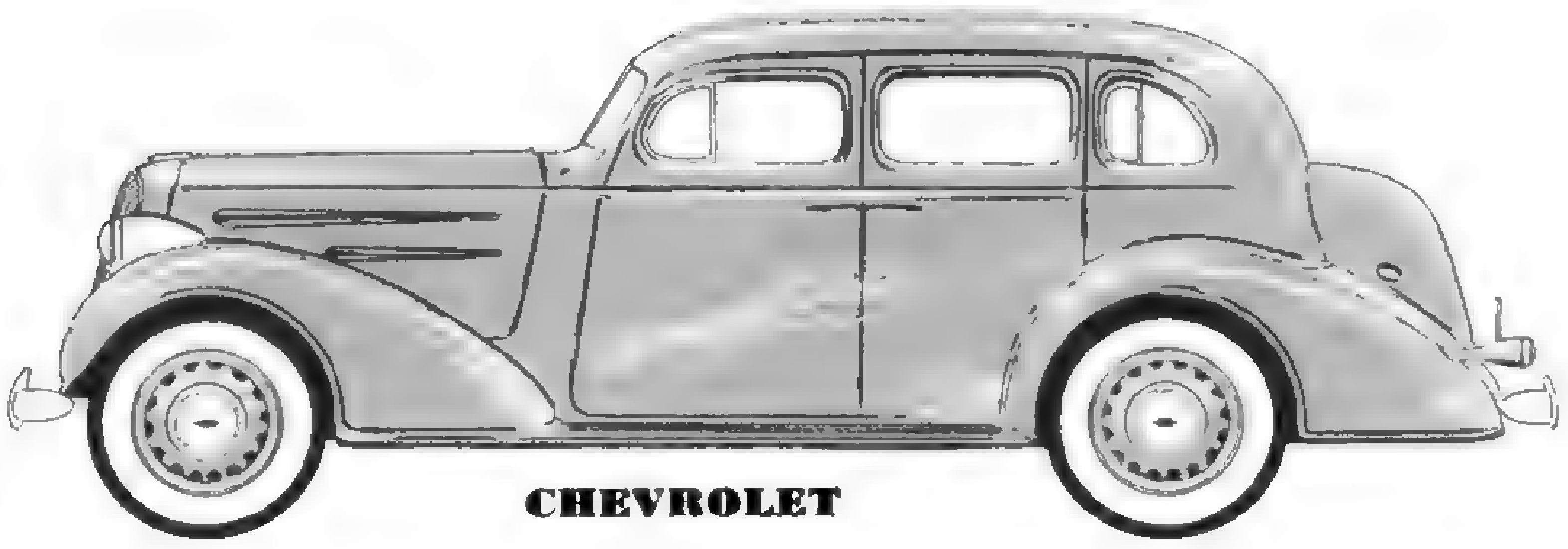


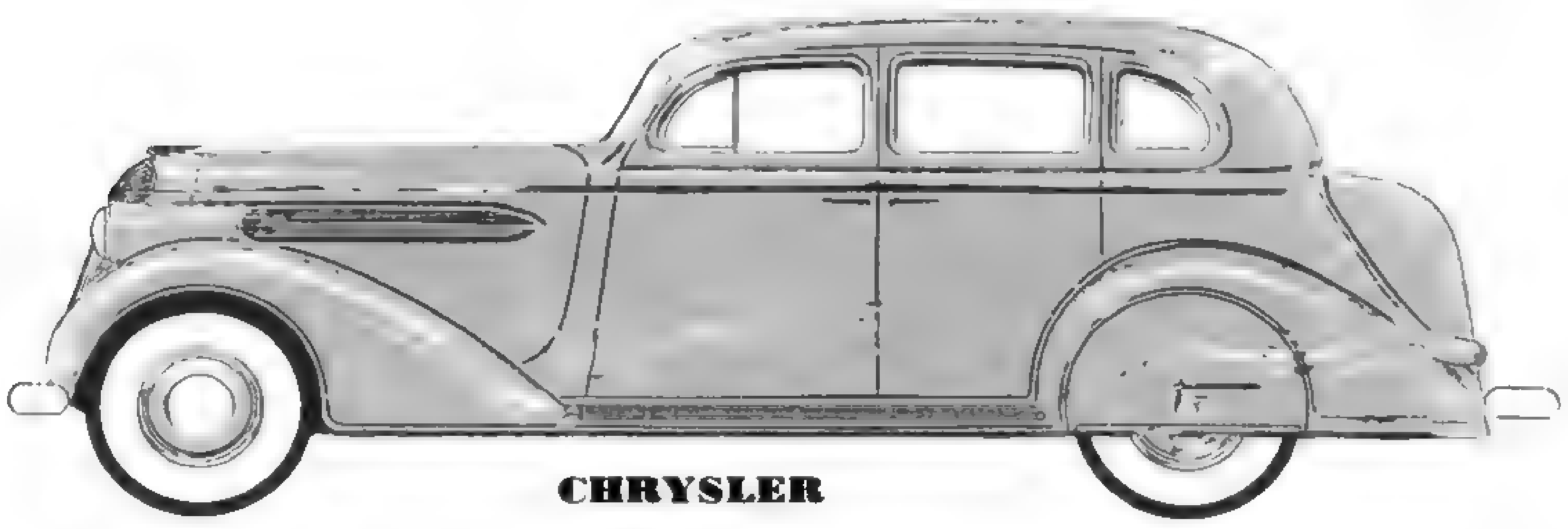
CADILLAC

## The ABC's of the Automotive Alphabet for '36

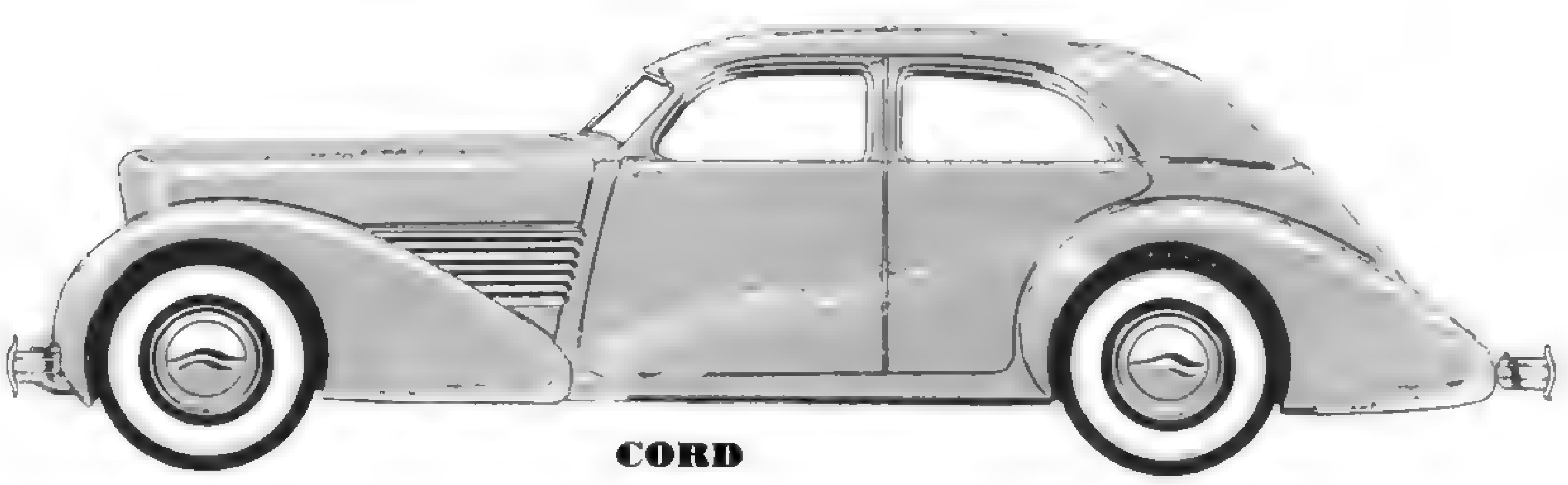
***Sketched by* ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY**



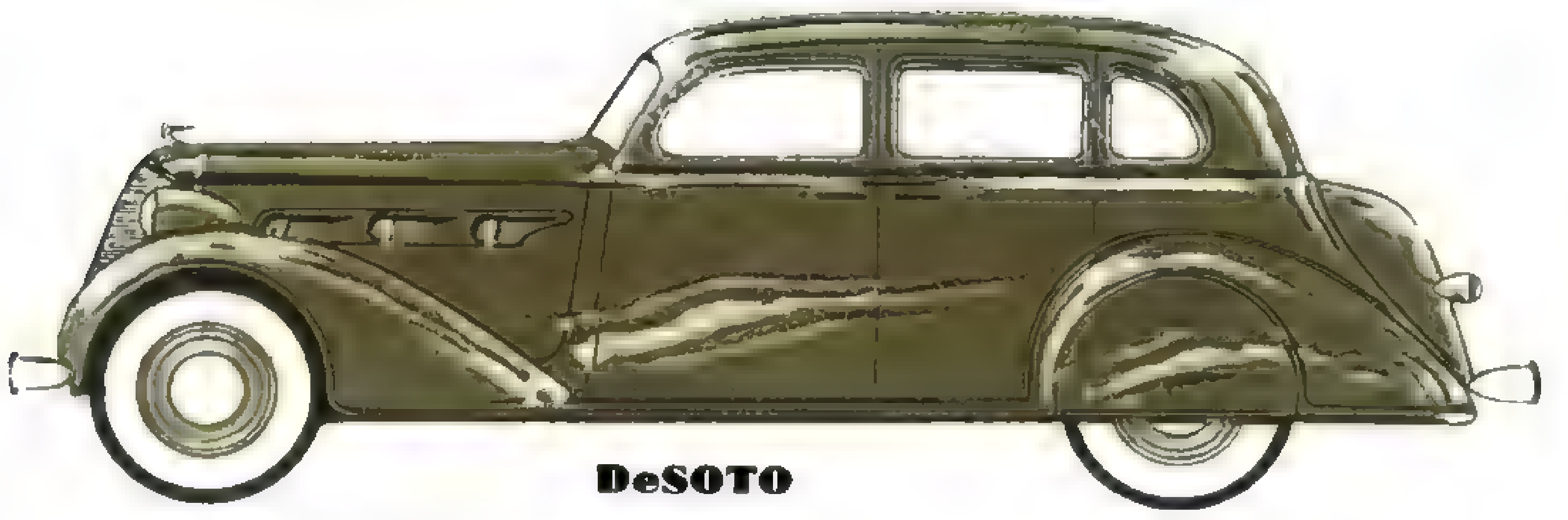
CHEVROLET



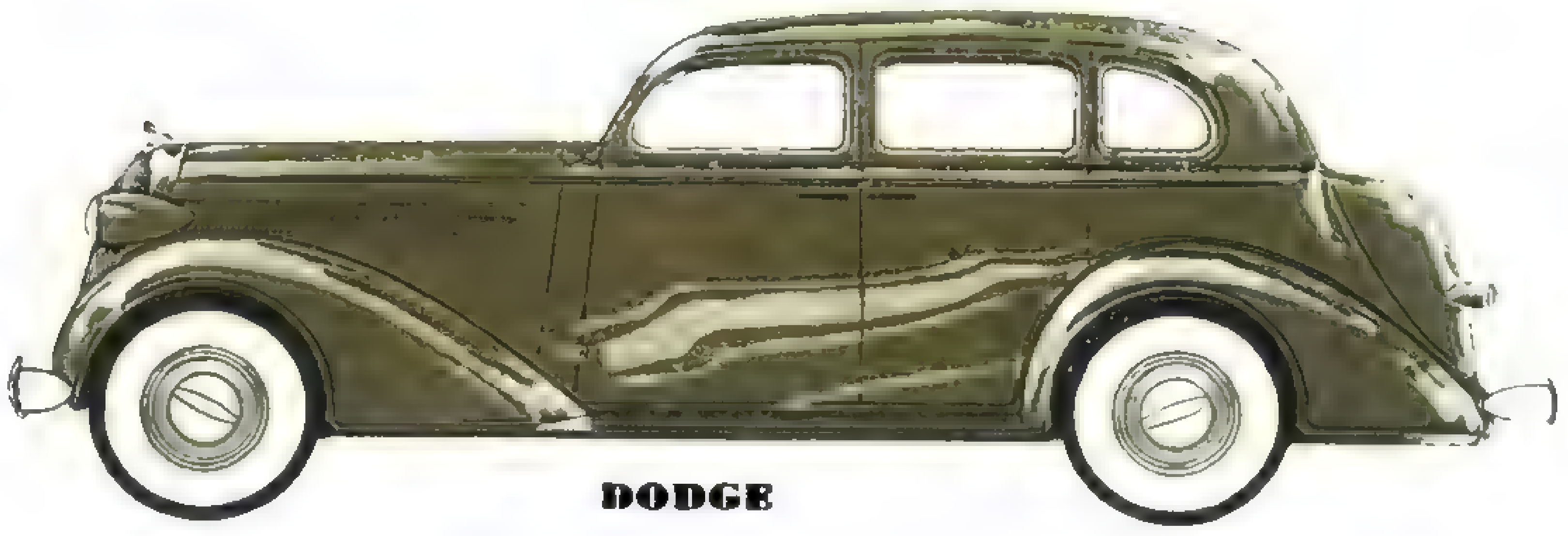
CHRYSLER



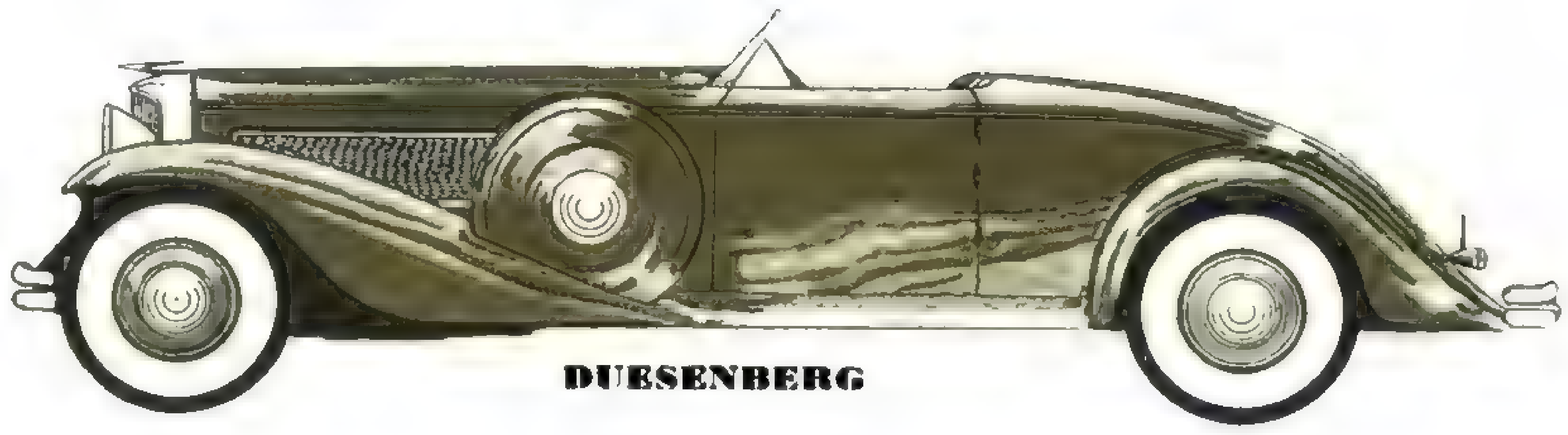
CORD



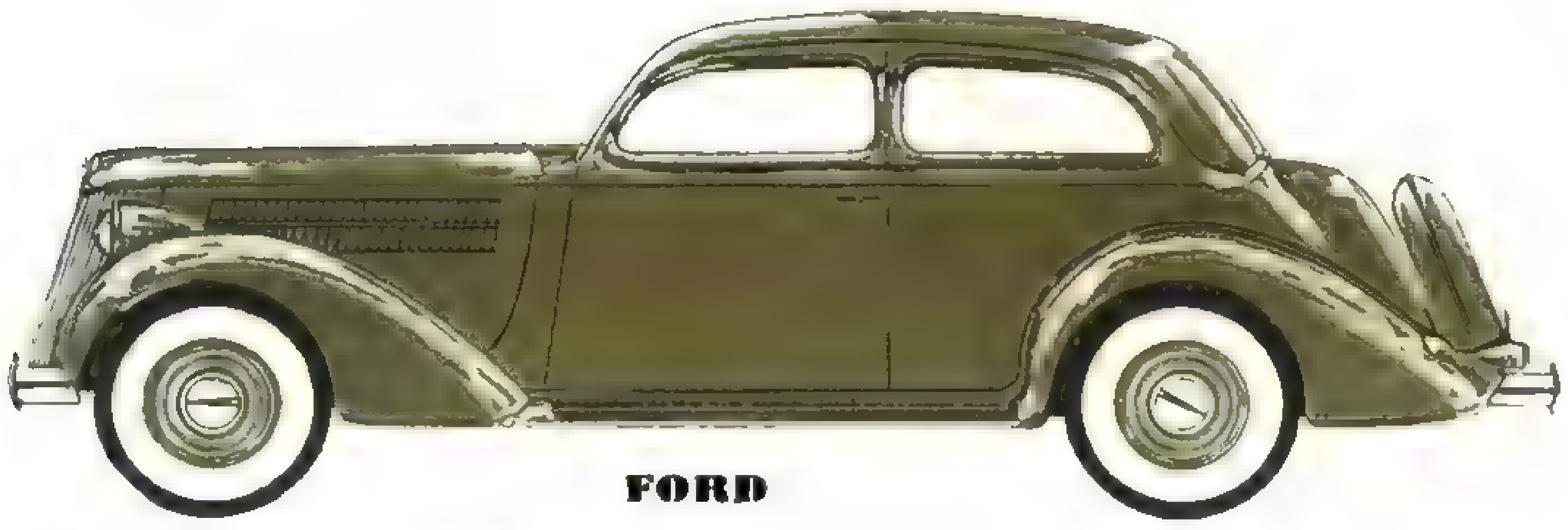
DeSOTO



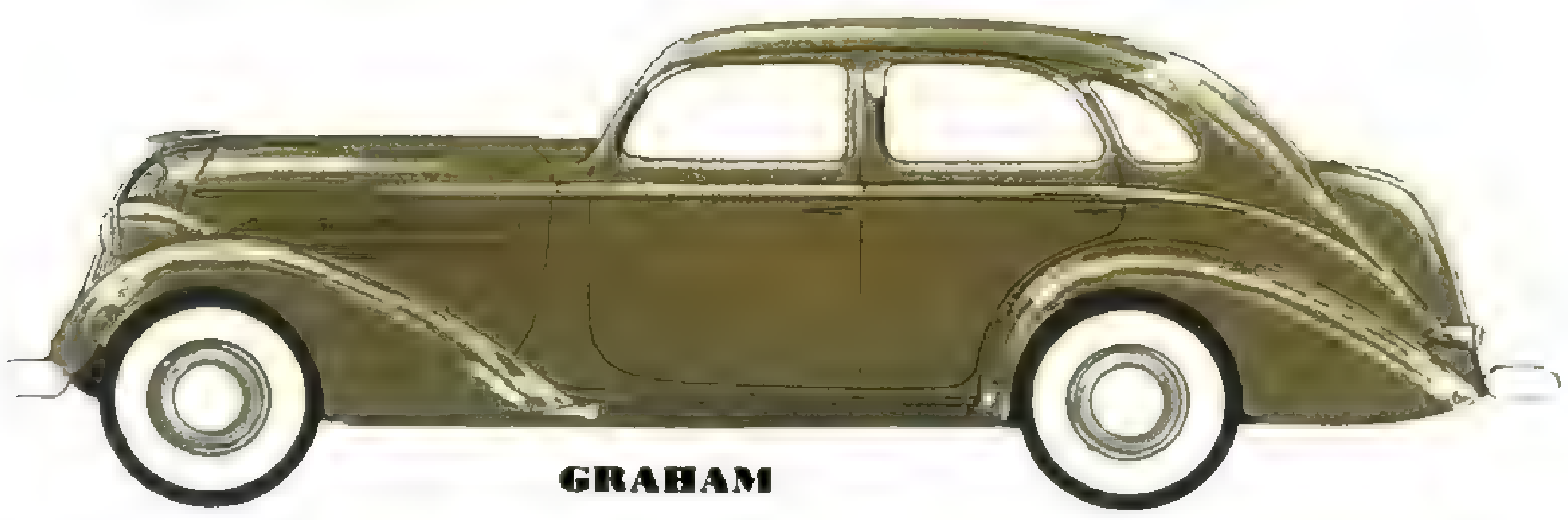
DODGE



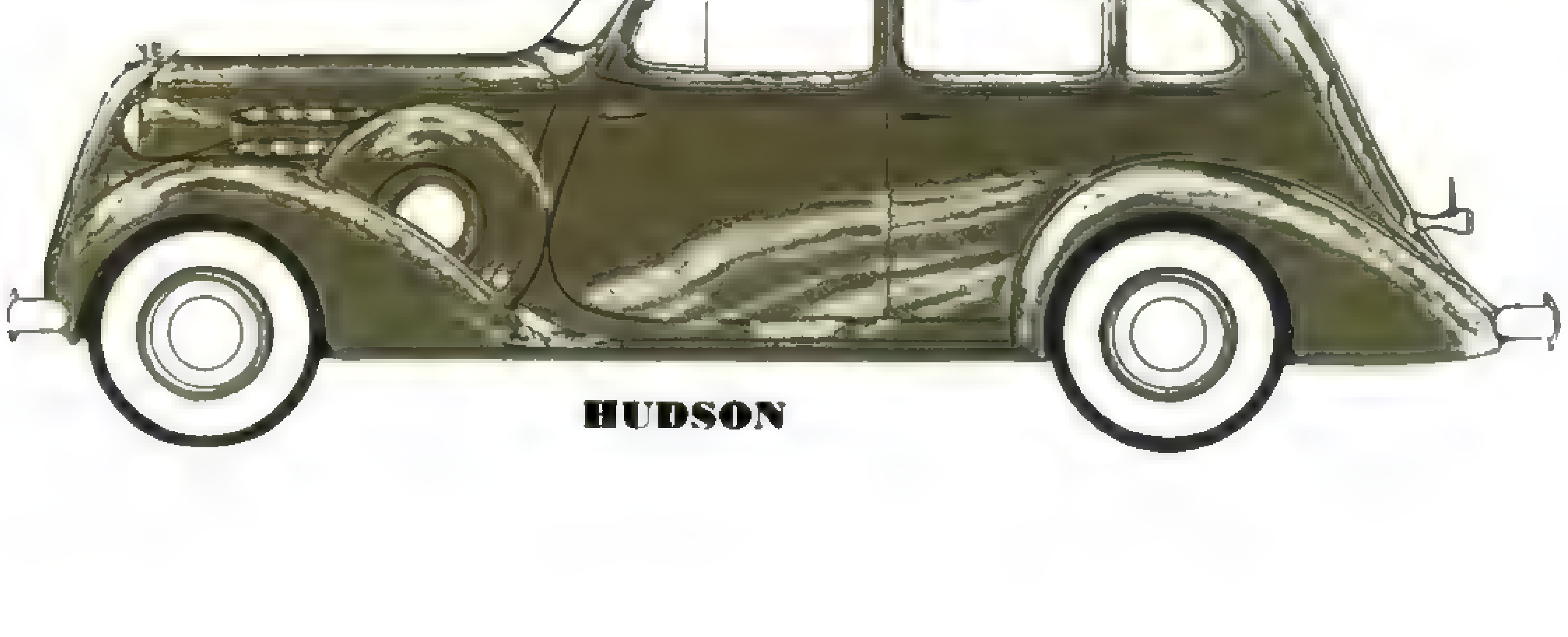
DUESENBERG



FORD



GRAHAM



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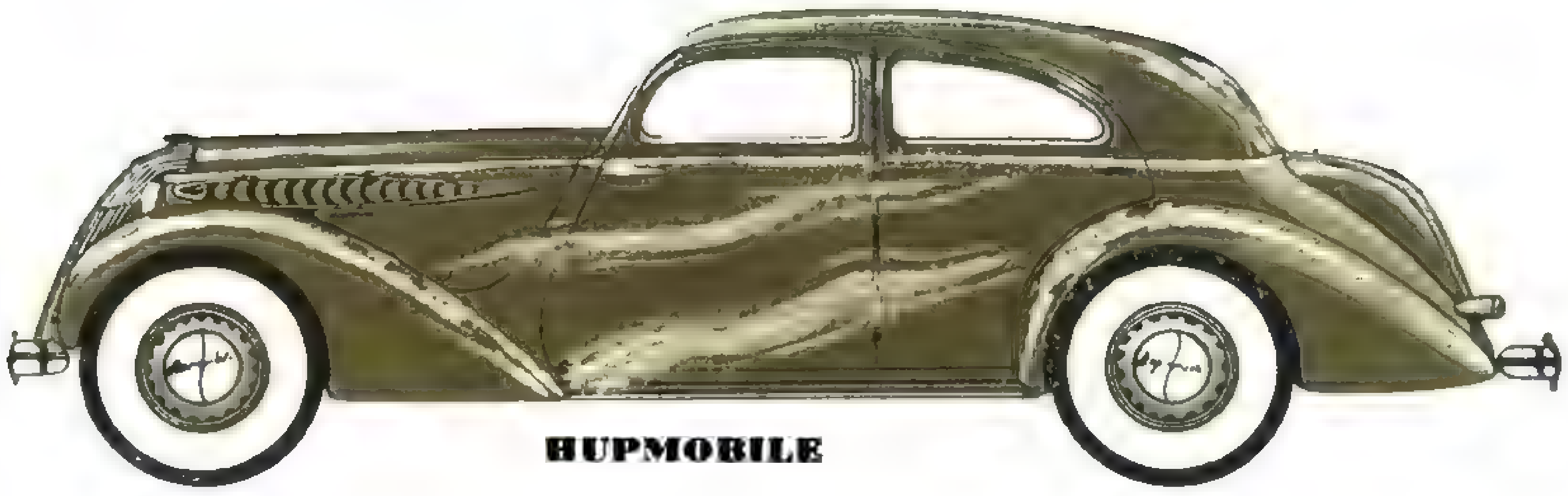

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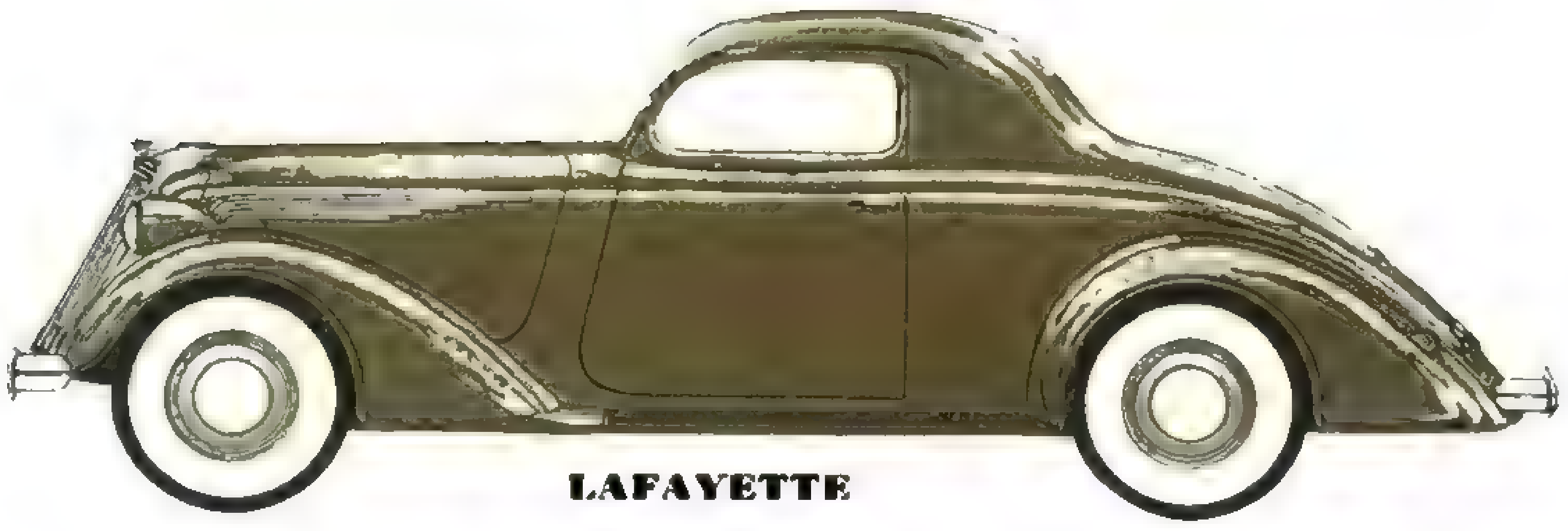

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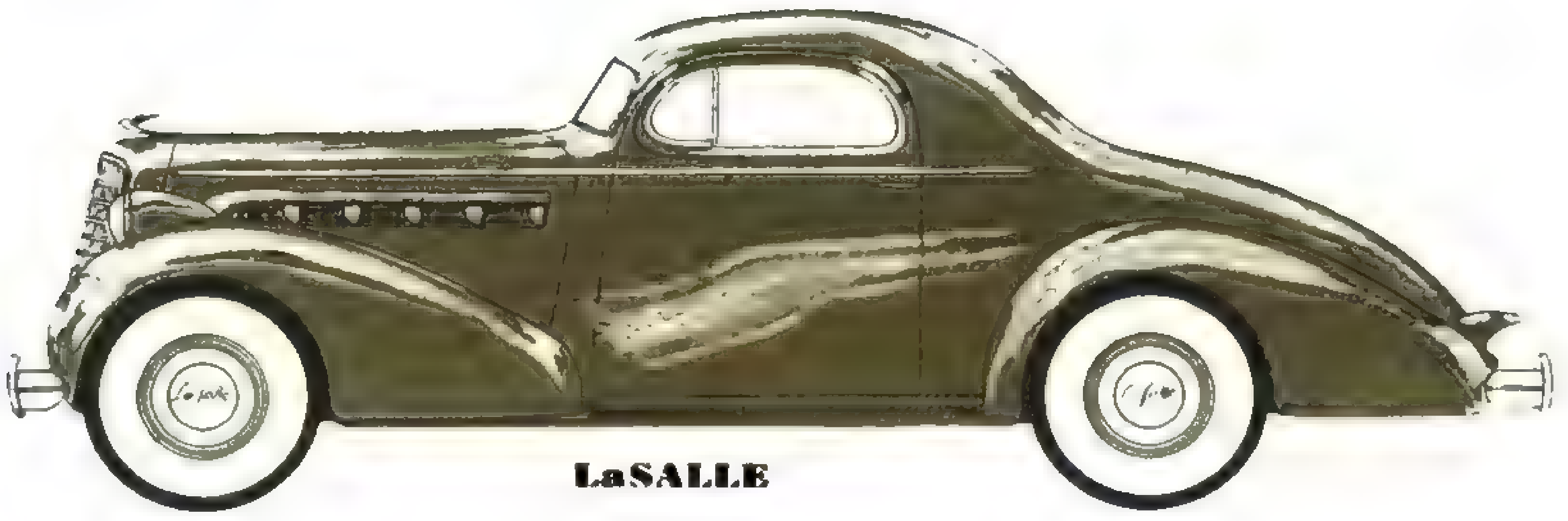

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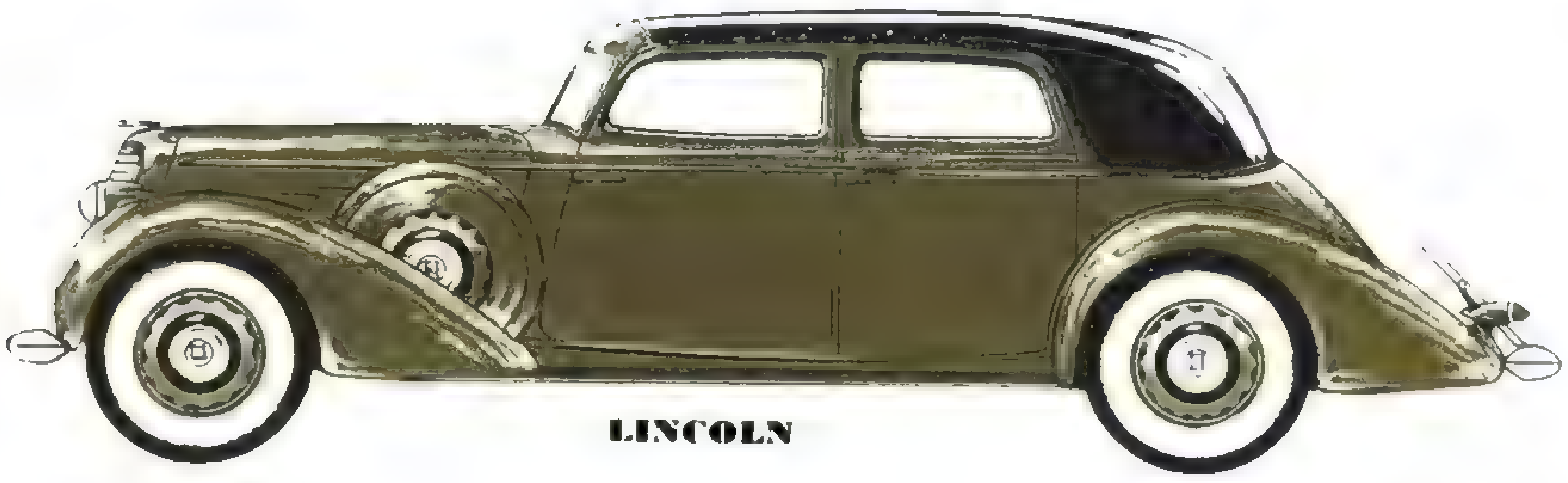

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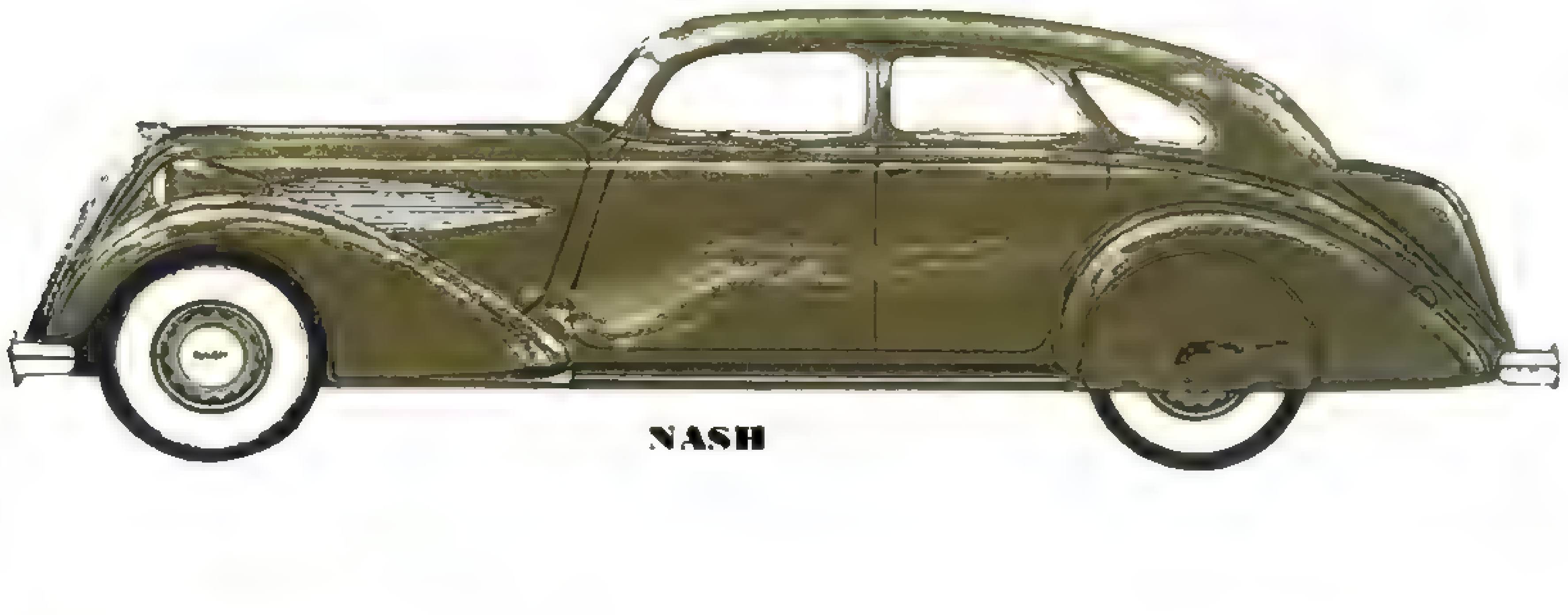

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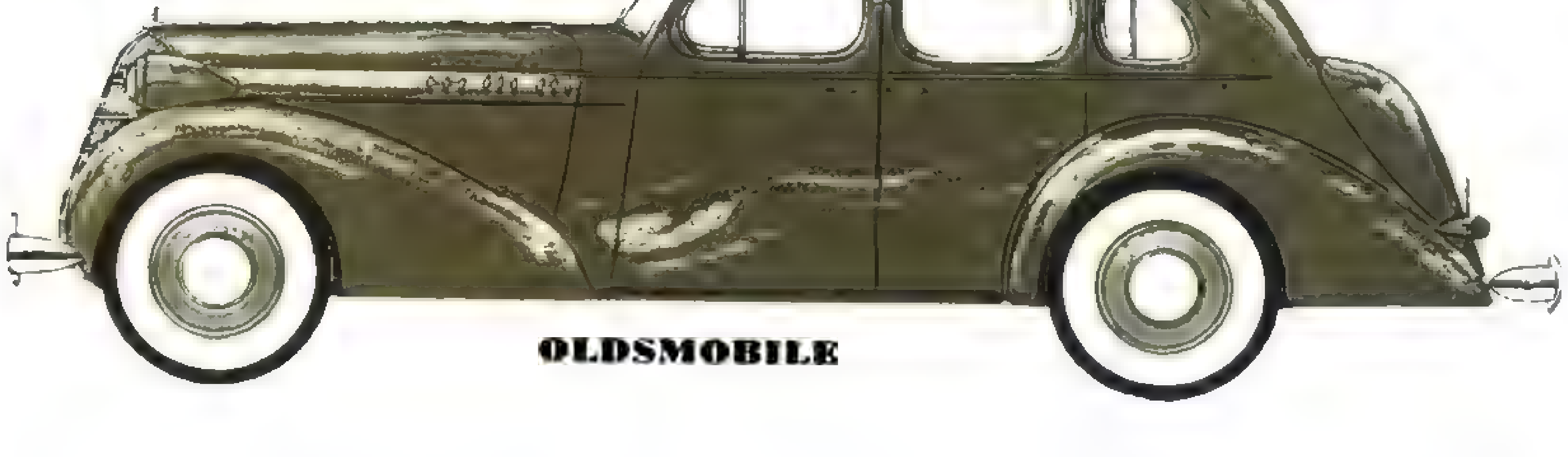

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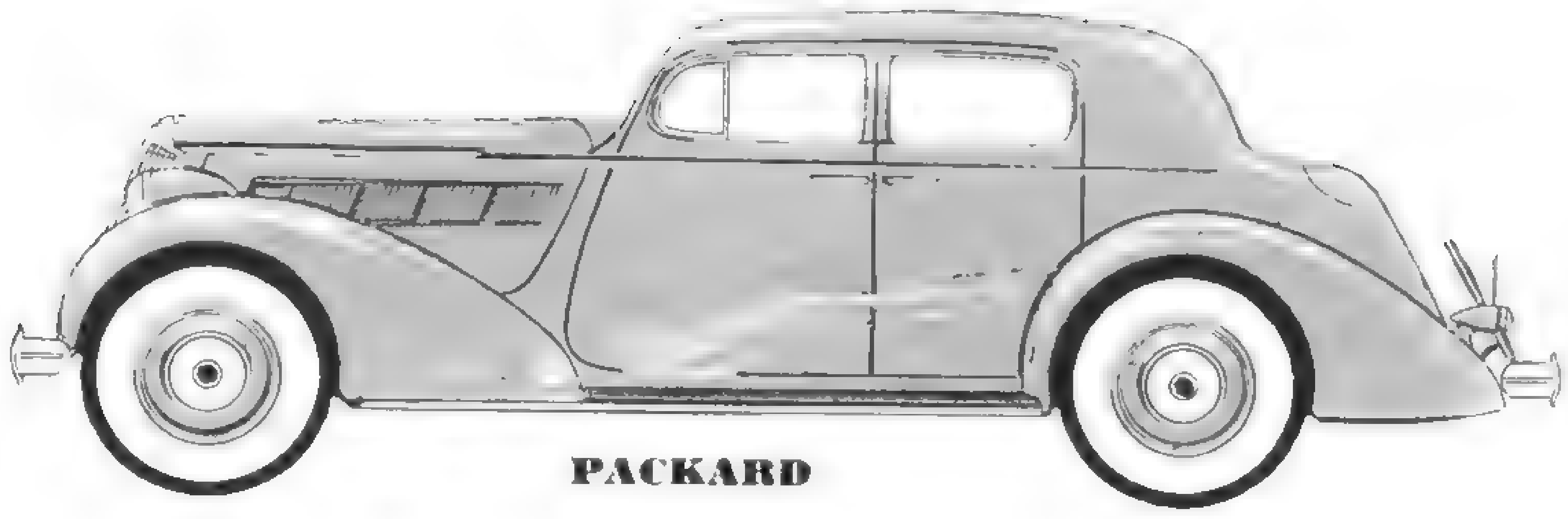

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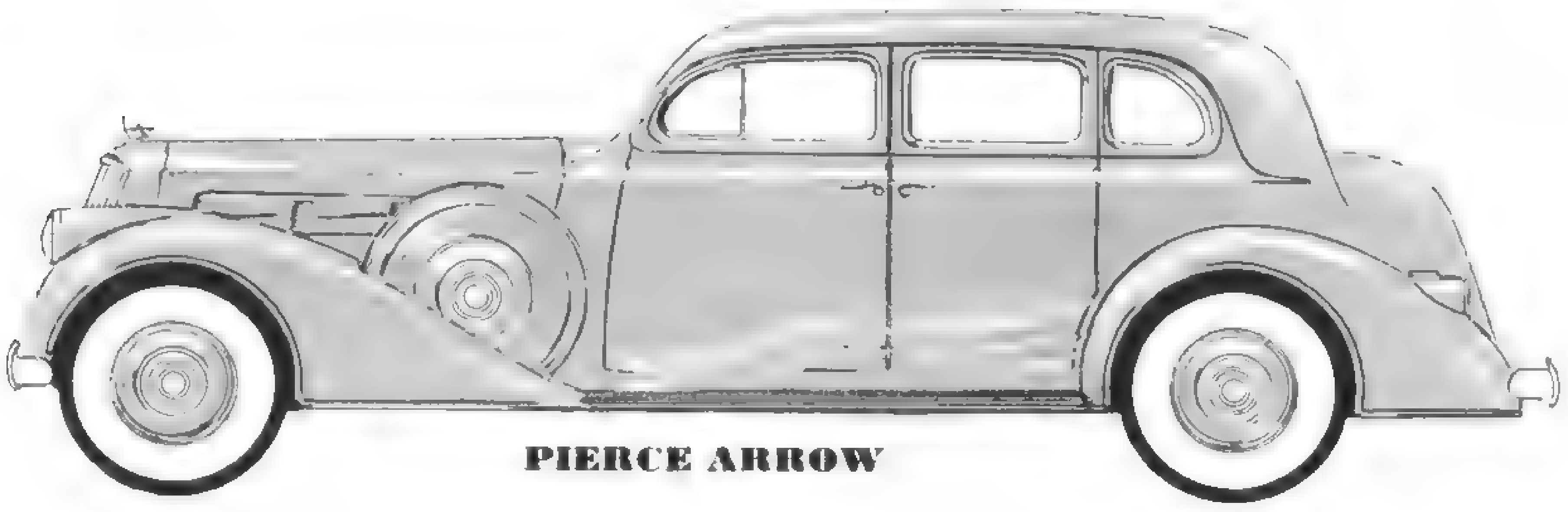

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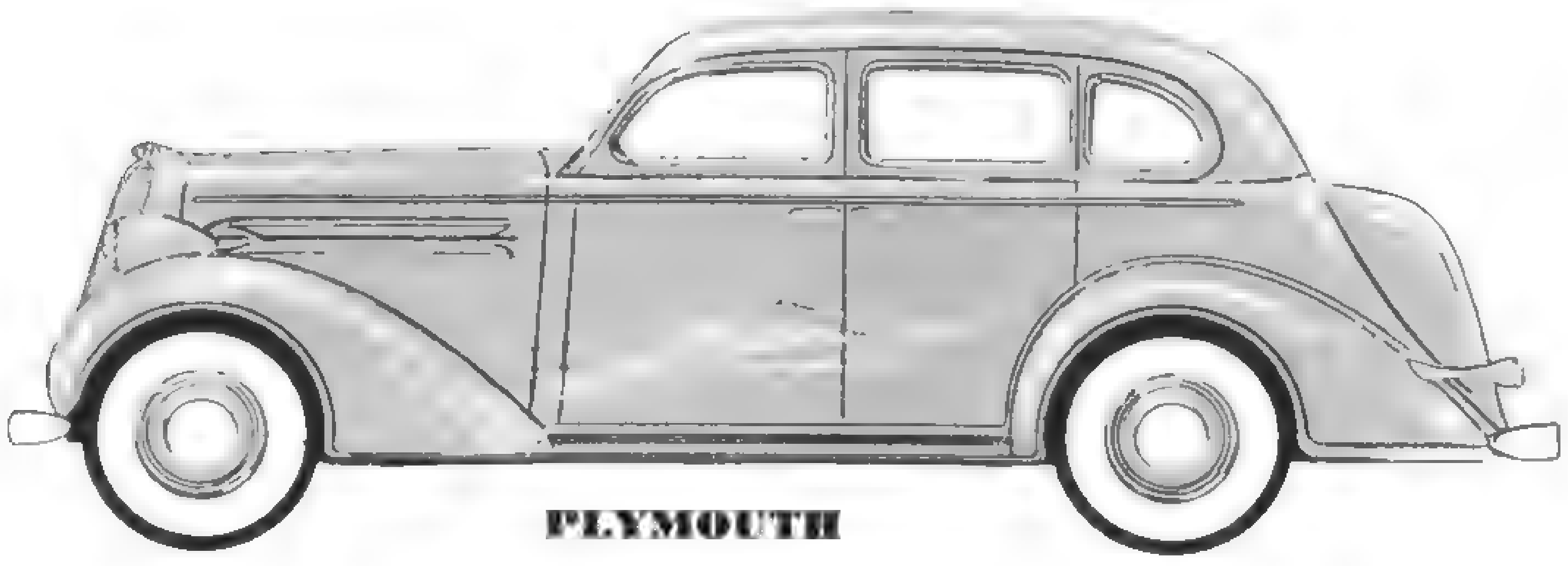

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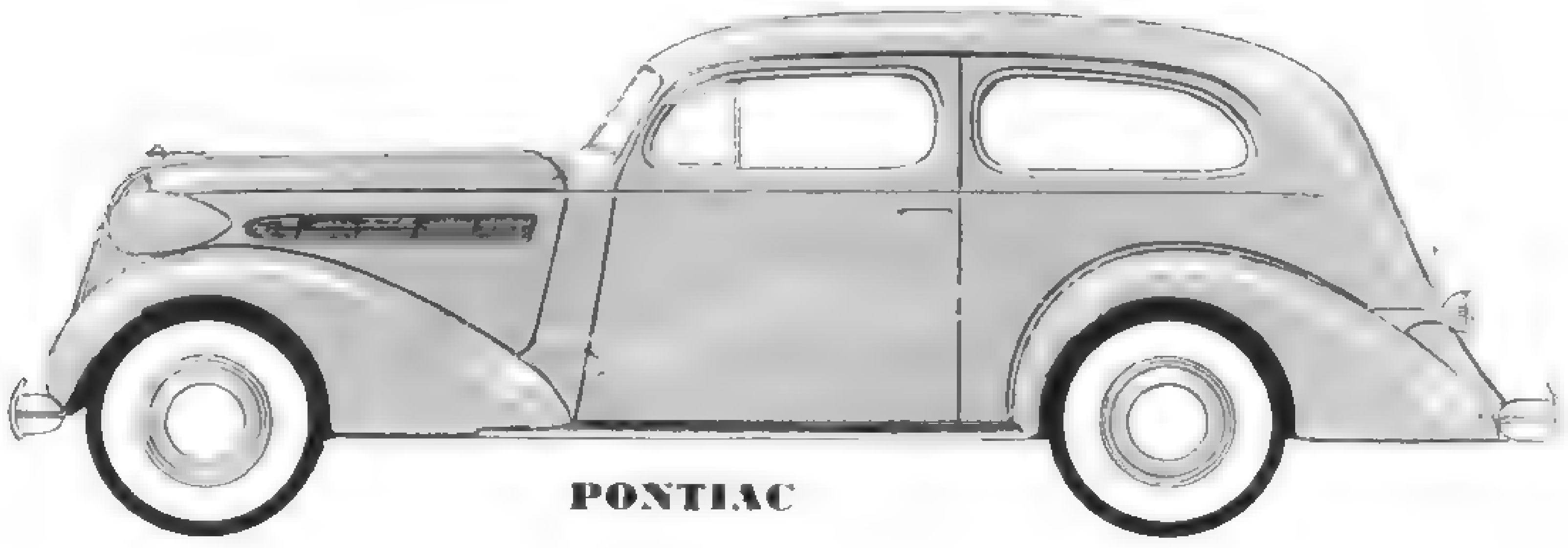

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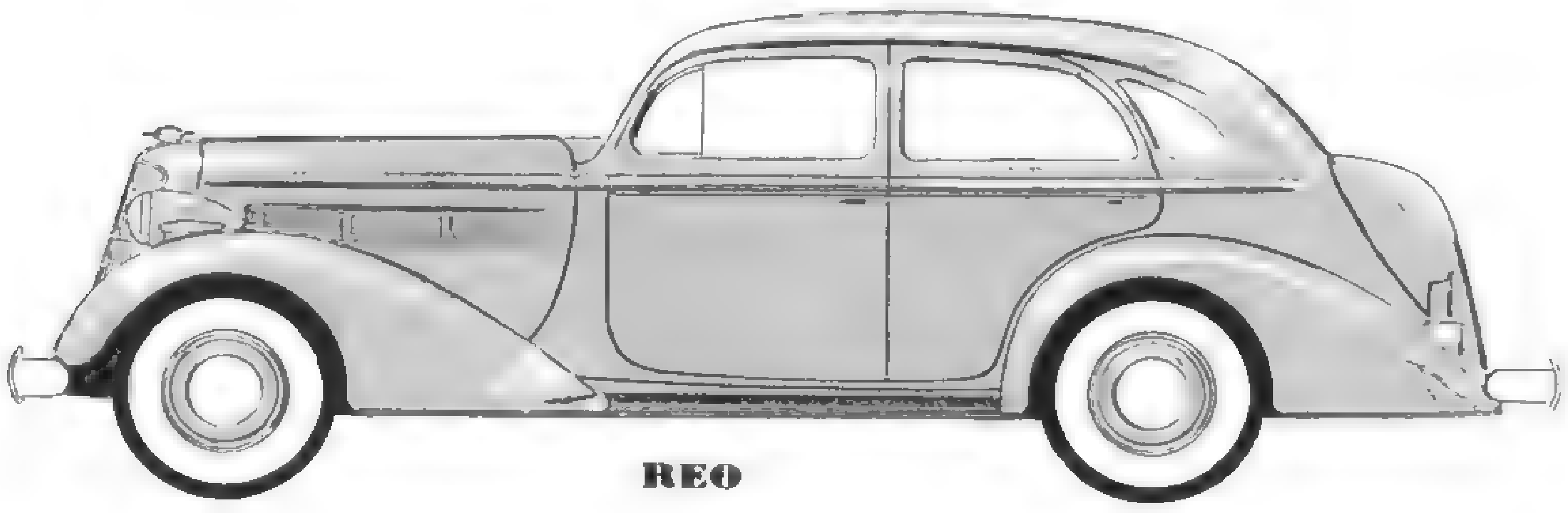

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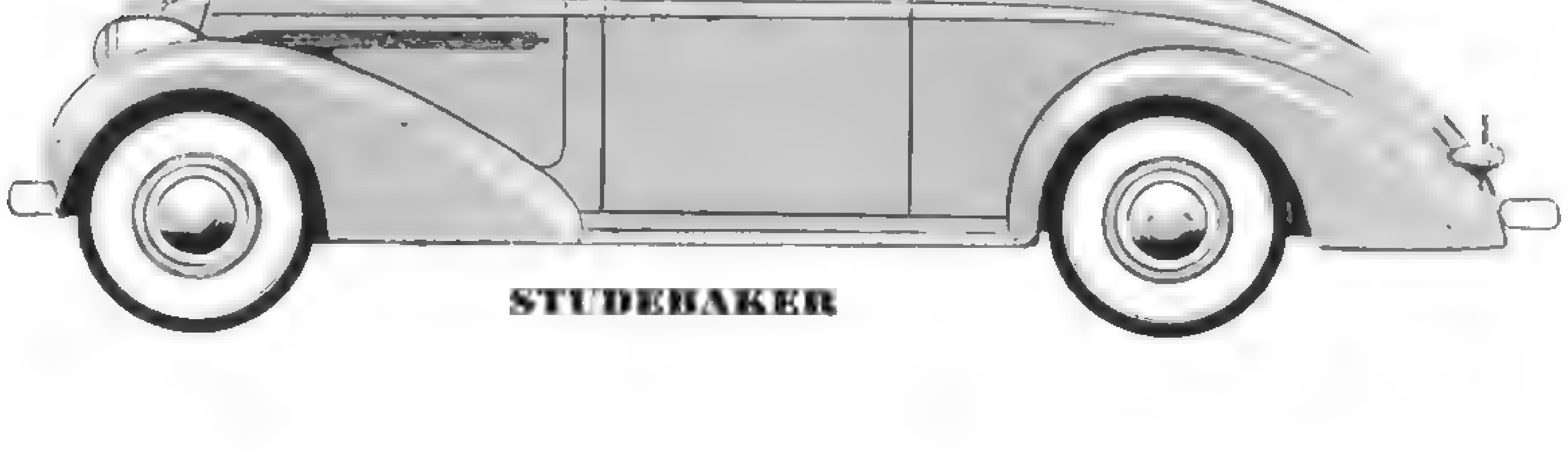
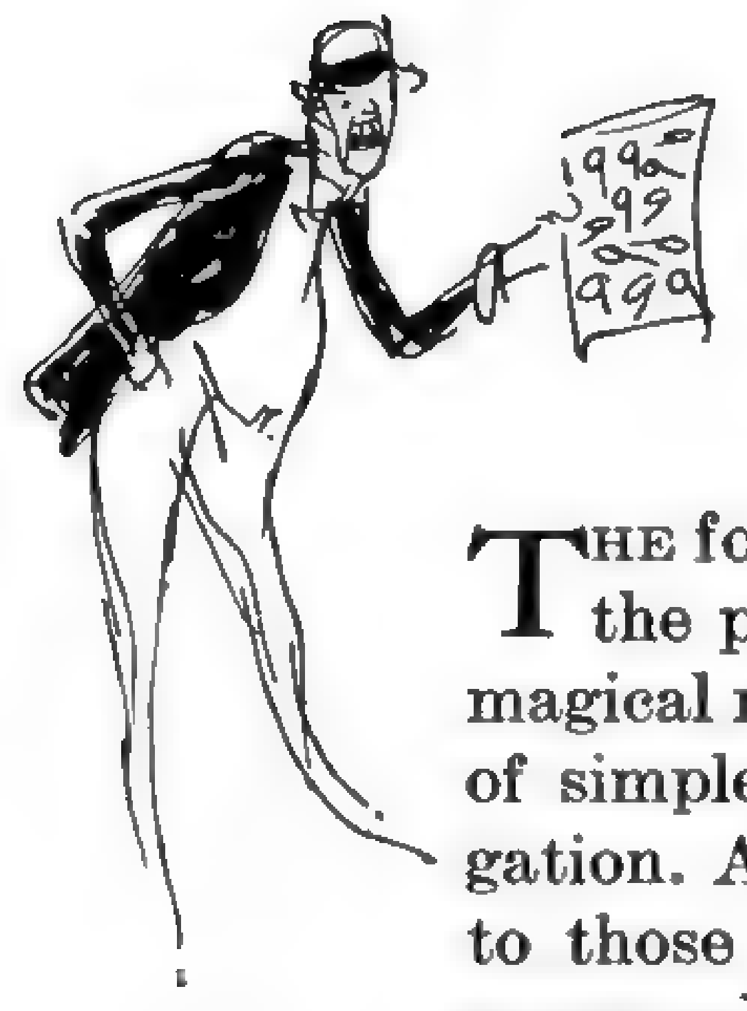


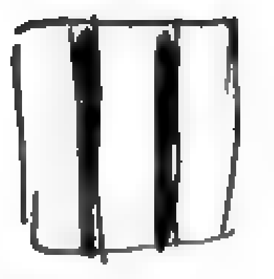
STUDEBAKER

# A Numerical Adventure

## Playing with numbers has one advantage over playing the numbers: you just can't lose



### by J. THORNWELL WITHERSPOON



▪ ARTICLE ▪

The following observations on the properties of the, to me, magical number 9 are the results of simple mathematical investigation. At the onset I apologize to those arithmetically inclined seers and pure research workers who will undoubtedly find gross errors and omissions in this numerical adventure. I only hope they will pass over these mistakes, categorying them as the results of an amateurish hobby rather than condemning them. The many peculiar properties of this number 9 are so interesting to me as a lay worker in this field that I offer assurance to those readers who will travel this adventure with me, that they will be amply repaid for their efforts. I understand that technical books on the philosophy of numbers are published and in the dim recollections of the past, I even seem to recall at college my exposure to a course, *The History and Philosophy of Mathematics*, but I offer the reader my sincere promise that only the title of the course is remembered and that the following remarks are the results of amateurish and untutored speculation in the realm of numbers.

### I

Number 9 was first brought to my attention as possessing unusual properties by the simple observation that the sum of the digits of any number (two digits for simplicity) divisible by 9 add up to be 9. Thus the digits of 18, 36, 54, 72, total 9. If we take this observation one step farther, it is readily seen that numbers, whose digits in any manner of combination total 9, are divisible by 9. Thus, 252, 522, 126, 621, 117, 171, 135, 351, or any other similar combination of digits is divisible by 9.

A general law may therefore be stated:

1. The digits of any number divisible by 9 will always add up to be 9 or a multiple of 9, and this figure when reduced to one digit will always be 9. Thus 4689 = 27 = 9 and 684 = 18 = 9.

The explanation why the digits of any number divisible by 9 will always add up to be 9 or its multiple is due to the fact that 9 is the last number in our series of numbers, 0 to 9; any summation of digits above this final number 9 will revert back to one of the numbers of the original series. Ten becomes 1; 11, 2; 23, 5; 132, 6; 487, 19; which in turn becomes 10, then 1. If any number divided by 9 has no remainder, 9 will necessarily go into that number evenly. If there is a remainder, it will equal the summation of the digits of the original number. Thus

178 ÷ 9 = 19 with 7 left over.

The summation of the digits of 178 = 16 = 7.

A second law developed from the peculiar properties of this magical number 9 is:

2. If any number, when its digits are placed in reversed order, is subtracted from the original number or the original number from it, the difference between these two numbers will always be divisible by 9. Thus

$$\begin{array}{r}614\\ \underline{416}\\ 198\end{array} \quad \text{and} \quad \begin{array}{r}73\\ \underline{37}\\ 36\end{array}$$

The differences, divided by 9, equal 22 and 4 respectively. The explanation of this observation is based on the immediately following corollary:

A. The summation of the digits of any number, or of the rearrangement of these digits in any manner whatsoever, will always be the same, and when these summations are divided by 9, their remainders will necessarily be the same as each other.

Because the digits are merely interplaced, not changed, the results of their summations are always the same. Thus 73 ÷ 9 = 8 with 1 as a remainder; 37 ÷ 9 = 4 with 1 left over. The sum of the digits of 73 and 37 equals 10 which, when divided by 9, has 1 also as a remainder.

Applying this corollary as an explanation for rule 3, the following is almost self explanatory.

$$\begin{array}{r}73 = 9(8\text{'s}) + 1\\ \underline{37 = 9(4\text{'s}) + 1}\\ 36 = 9(4\text{'s})\end{array}$$

If any number and its reverse image, when divided by 9, are split into their quotients and remainders, and are then subtracted from each other, the similar remainders will cancel out and the difference between the quotients, themselves multiples of 9, will be left, which is necessarily a multiple of 9.

This explanation stated differently may be clearer. Both the original number and its reverse image, when divided by 9, become multiples of 9 with similar remainders. Since the similar remainders cancel out, the difference between the quotients, both multiples of 9, must necessarily be divisible evenly by 9.

Still another observation may be stated:

3. If the sum of the digits of any number is subtracted from the original number, the difference will be a multiple of 9.

Thus, the sum of the digits of 418 equals 13, and of 647 equals 17. Subtract the sum of the digits from the original numbers and we have

$$\begin{array}{r}418 = 13\\ \underline{13}\\ 405\end{array} \quad \text{and} \quad \begin{array}{r}647 = 17\\ \underline{17}\\ 630\end{array}$$

Both 405 and 630 are divisible evenly by 9. The explanation of this observation is based upon the fact that any number or the sum of the digits of that number, when divided by 9, will have the same remainders. Subtract the sum of the digits from the original number and the remainders cancel out, leaving only multiples of 9. Thus

$$\begin{array}{r}418 \div 9 = 9(46\text{'s}) + 4\\ \underline{13 \div 9 = 9(\ 1\text{'s}) + 4}\\ 405 \quad = \quad 9(45\text{'s})\end{array}$$

For fear of numerical indigestion from over-abundance, I shall limit myself to two more observations on this magical number 9.

4. If two numbers, the sum of whose digits are the same, are subtracted from each other, the difference will be a multiple of 9. Thus

$$\begin{array}{r}847 = 19\\ \underline{685 = 19}\\ 162\end{array} \quad \text{and} \quad \begin{array}{r}352 = 10\\ \underline{55 = 10}\\ 297\end{array}$$

Both 162 and 297 are multiples of 9. The explanation of this observation is similar to that of rule 3. When two numbers, the sum of whose digits are equal, are divided by 9, their remainders are likewise equal. When these numbers are subtracted, the similar remainders will cancel out, leaving only multiples of 9.

And the last observation is:

5. Arrange the digits of any number in whatever order one may choose and divide by 9, the remainder in each case will always be the same. Thus

142 ÷ 9 = 15 with 7 as a remainder.
241 ÷ 9 = 26 with 7 as a remainder.
412 ÷ 9 = 45 with 7 as a remainder.

The explanation of this observation is the same as rule 2, corollary A. The summation of the digits of any number, or of the rearrangement of the digits of this number in any manner whatsoever, will always be the same, and when these summations are divided by 9, their remainders will necessarily be the same as each other.

I leave further discoveries of properties of this magical number 9 to the experimental reader. The field is a fertile one and unusual properties are uncovered by simple inquisitive investigation.

All these characteristics of num-

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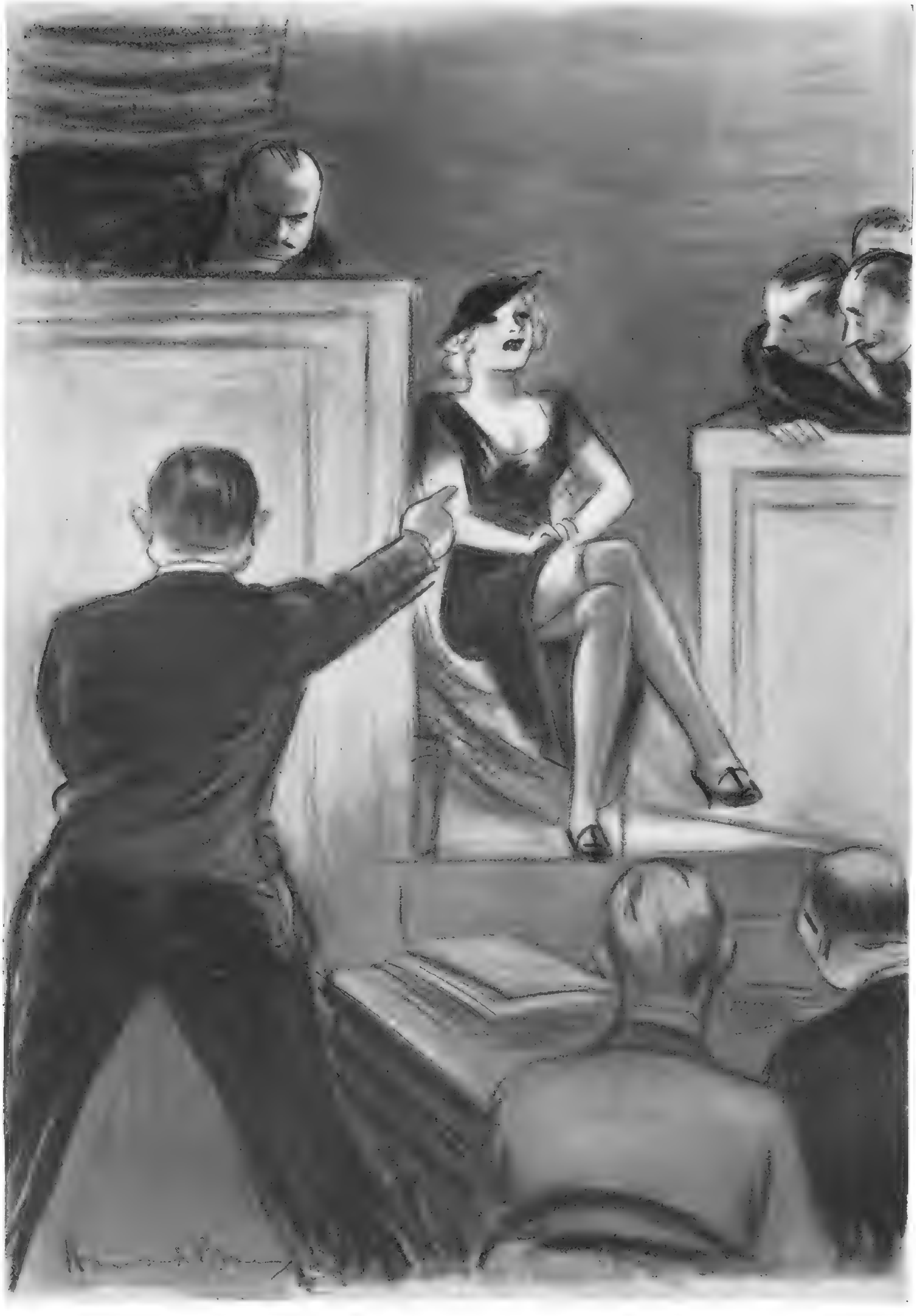


*"That isn't cricket, your Honor!"*

# Battle of the Bettas

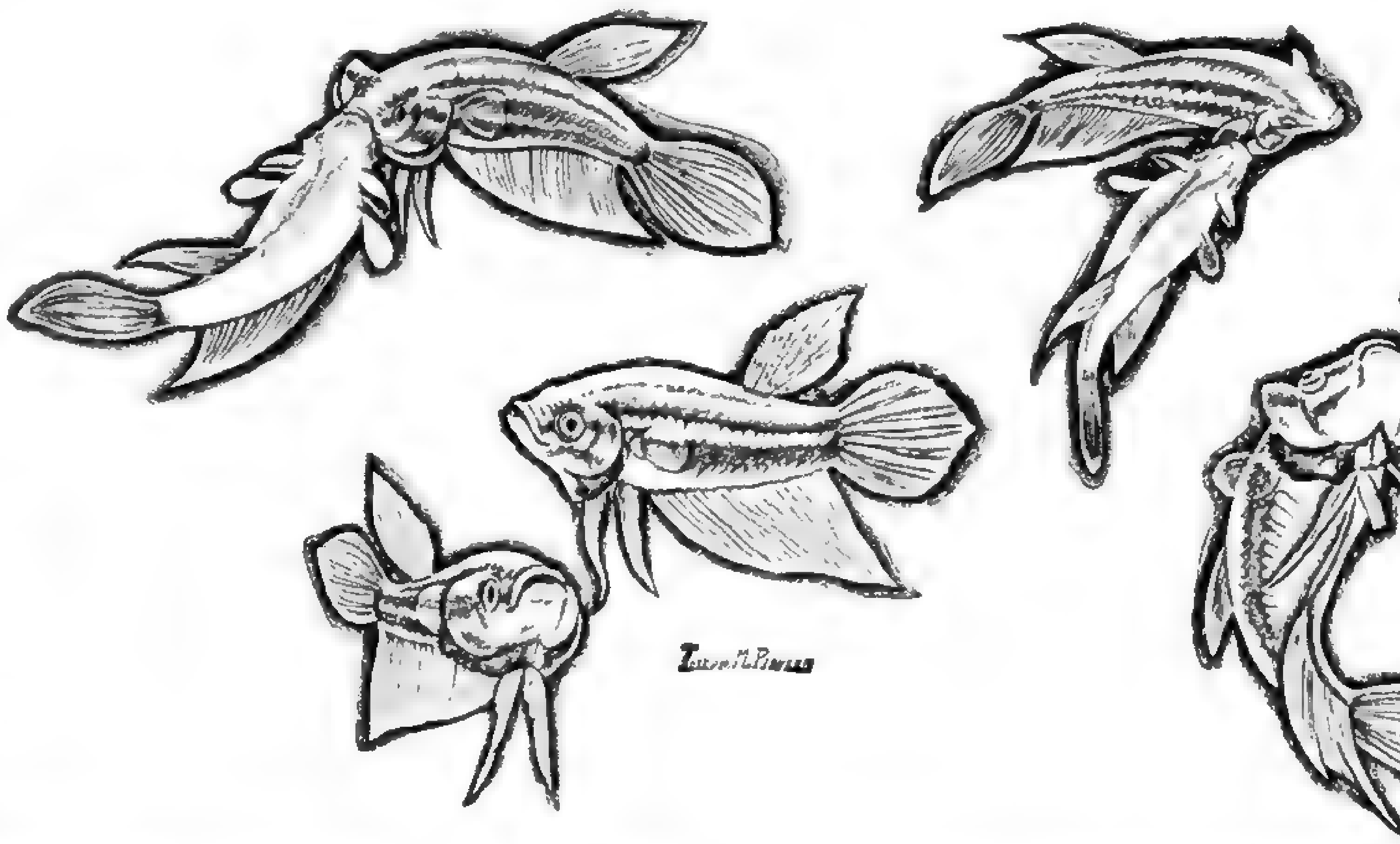
### The latest thrill for fight fans is staged in a garret and the arena is a glass tank

### by E. MACLAY GEARHART, JR.

• SPORTS •

Bull fights, cat fights, dog fights, street fights—Bah! Take me to a fish fight.

The unboisterous battles in aquatic arenas are unique for exotic beauty and bizarre effects. The viciousness displayed by two rainbow tinted, finny midgets, scarcely three inches long, is unbelievable. They stage no puny tussle of bluff and rout, but put on a brutal battle, bite for bite, 'til Death descends. A whip of green fins, flashing jade against scarlet, silence, and the whirling sand. Whirlwinds of color congeal to sudden tableaus that slowly recover motion and sweep on again.



A single encounter, such as any congenial aquarist might provide for the entertainment of a few of his friends, should prove to be a novelty to the most blasé, but a George Hendricks (we'll call him that) was needed to figure out the possibilities of a commercialized card of fish fights and then set about presenting these fights with a showmanship so superb, it is worthy of a Barnum. Hendricks' fights have turned out to be the only spectacle of their kind on this side of the world. And "the pity of it all," is that not more than a hundred people will ever see them.

The Siamese Fighting Fish (Betta splendens) used in these fights is a quiet looking little fellow, rarely more than three inches long. He looks like the front end of a small eel with tiny negroid lips pursed, ready for a kiss.

This fish rarely molests other species in the same aquarium, but let a male get one glimpse of a brother of his own species and he's off. The Siamese have been matching these fish for decades. It is reported to be a national pastime with them and good fighters have been said to bring prices equivalent to a hundred dollars and more.

His family life is curious. Daddy builds a nest of bubbles at the surface and induces Mamma to lay a few eggs under this nest, sometimes about five hundred. These Daddy carefully picks up in his mouth and blows into the bubble nest. Then he tells Mamma to get out of the aquarium. If she does not go, he starts her on the road to fish Heaven with a few well placed bites, then casually takes up the care of the nest full of eggs. These hatch, in about a day and a half, into scores of transparent wriggling commas.

Having been introduced to the Betta, you must realize what a difficult proposition it is to stage a fish fight with an audience of any appreciable size. None of the good fighters I have seen were more than three inches long. At five or six feet, you would miss much of the action between two such midgets. Now how many individuals can you get into a circle with a five or six foot radius and still permit each one to get a full view of the interior of a glass tank filled with water at its center? Could you work up a program that would permit you to charge each of these individuals enough to pay you for your trouble and the damaged fish? That is just what Hendricks is doing.

Every Tuesday night, thirty-six fight fans (no more, no less) climb the stairs to Hendricks' attic. They enter a room separated from the rest of the attic by plaster board partitions. The room, as I recall, is about twelve by fifteen feet. It would be mighty hot in summer weather and even these fall evenings can seem mighty warm up there.

Four or five feet from the door stands a heavy oak table. Three small chairs are drawn up to each of the four sides for the holders of "tank side" tickets. Those who purchase standing room are permitted to place themselves immediately behind the chairs. They are advised to stand five on each side for the best view of the aquatic ring.

In the center of the table, raised on a small wooden platform, stands the fighting tank. It is about twenty inches square and nearly a foot deep—about twenty gallons capacity. It is so placed that each of its four corners is immediately in front of the center chair at that side of the table. Refraction angles then permit each of the occupants of the "tank side" seats to have a full view of the interior of the tank, whose bottom is just above their eye level.

Once in the room, and having taken in the fighting tank, brilliantly lighted from a conical hood lowered over it by ropes run on pulleys, the attention of the newcomer is drawn to the rows, or shelves, of five gallon tanks that line the right hand wall of the room. These house the fish, the best of Hendricks' line of specially bred fighters.

There must have been thirty tanks, several of them containing two fish, a glass partition inserted to prevent surreptitious encounters. Some of the most beautiful specimens I have ever seen were in those tanks. There were only five of the veil tailed, or long finned variety, in the entire group, but the short finned fish were equal in brilliance of color to their more effeminate looking cousins. Henricks maintains that the long finned fish do not fight as well as the shorter finned males.

Colors had been developed with the idea of bringing out spectacular features as a means of quick identification during the progress of the fights. It is a comfort to be able to say "Ten on Red Ribs" instead of being forced to give a catalogue of the colors of the rainbow in order to call your shots. It is even more comforting, in this case, when the dead fish lifted out of the tank at the end of the fight is found to have fins with jade green ribbing.

When all the tickets have been accounted for, the son, who attends the door, steps into the room and closes that portal behind him. While his father is selecting the fish for the first fight, the boy raises the conical hood containing the lights that flood the fighting tank.

As I was returning to my place at the table, a young female voice rose above the mutter of conversation, "I'll bet five dollars I can pick more winners than losers."

"You're on," accepted an undertaker from a ringside seat across the table. "George, take the money," he called out, reaching for his wallet.

George was still fishing in the wall tanks with a net. "Mark it down, Chet," he instructed his son, who was still busy arranging glass partitions in the fighting tank.

Chet turned to a long sheet tacked to the wall and chalked up the wager. He accepted the money from the young lady and the undertaker and put it in his pocket, then went back to his work at the tank.

It was only a moment before three fish, two males and a fat female, had been intro-

Continued on page 150

# Cosmetically Sealed

### Contradiction for the popular superstition that male catchers must be young and / or beautiful

### by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

"Believe me," wrote Thomas Moore simply, avoiding the vulgarity of "buhleeve you me" and thereby, no doubt, losing a lot of potential punch, "believe me, if all those endearing young charms, which I gaze on so fondly today, were to change by tomorrow and . . ." it is rather a long preamble, but you get the idea, and the rest of it is really worth while, because if all these dreadful things happened, "Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art, let thy loveliness fade as it will, and around the DEAR RUIN each wish of my heart would entwine itself verdantly still."

If I am to trust the radio, Moore's type of devotion is a vanished dream, and the new lover is sterner with his lady, advising her to stay young (not to mention beautiful) if she has any hope of retaining his love. Perhaps I misunderstand. Perhaps it is merely a general admonition, like keep that schoolgirl complexion, and it is not for the sake of any one man's love, but for being loved high, wide and handsome, that women of a certain age are advised to cling to youth. In either case, you see that in a century the theme of love's devotion has changed. Perhaps we are a more realistic age and perhaps the manufacturers of lotions, packs, creams, electric massagers and other aids to beauty have bribed our song writers.

A fairly faithful snapper-up of popular songs, I recall none in praise of downright infidelity nor any hymning the joys of divorce. Somewhere in 1915, P. G. Wodehouse, as librettist, noted that modern marriages were brief as candlelight; the nuptial contracts we know, he complained, were barely signalized by the customary cry of here comes the bride, when the lady was off to Reno. But in those comparatively remote days the same lyric writer assumed there would be something attractive in the girl who wanted to be an old-fashioned wife, sitting with her knitting, as I remember it, in the good old-fashioned way. Irving Berlin, you can count on it, as he is a balladist pure and simple, will be true to you, Always. But the hardboiled songwriters warn us to stay as sweet as we are, not letting anything change us, and although with sadness, threaten us, since they hate to think that we, or you'll grow old—baby! Even in that distant time when my sweetie went away, you may recall, someone else took sweetie's place, but there was a note of vengefulness in that. The current theme is attend to your facials or you'll be, if I may coin a phrase, walked out on.

Not only the songs keep us nervous over the approach of the late twenties. What chance has a girl to catch herself a lover (oh, well, a suitor, then, or a husband) if she doesn't use a patent multiple action double wringer washing machine? Or drinks coffee? Or fails to use the one soap which really is effective about that olfactory disability? In the first case her looks go because she ruins her health; in the latter, because she is nervous or unpopular and she frets and worries and the little wrinkles appear. The only reason for buying, using, wearing, drinking, reading anything, is that it preserves youth or prevents old age from coming along. We have found the fountain of youth.

A long time ago I mentioned an incident in the life of an American woman to an English novelist who was supposed to know everything about women, and he, graciously, said, "You know, that surprises me. I understood that American women cared nothing at all for love." I hadn't, at that time, met the fifty million American women of whom he had such certain knowledge, so I could not reply with authority. Since then it has become abundantly clear that American women care for nothing else. The American man, keen to get money, can only extract it from the purchasing female, by promising her at least the lilies and languors of virtue, if not the roses and raptures of vice.

"Will his friendship of today," asks an ad for something or other, "turn to love next month?" and the picture shows strangers meeting in a summer resort, clasping hands like good comrades. (This is obviously not an ad for gloves or nail polish, because there is no sign of distaste on the part of the young man as he takes the girl's hand.) The next picture—dated a month later—shows the wanton in his arms. (She did, you see, use whatever it was.) A month, and at that the picture is false because most of us get only two weeks for vacation. Fourteen days between how do you do and shall we! We are a race of gross immoralists.

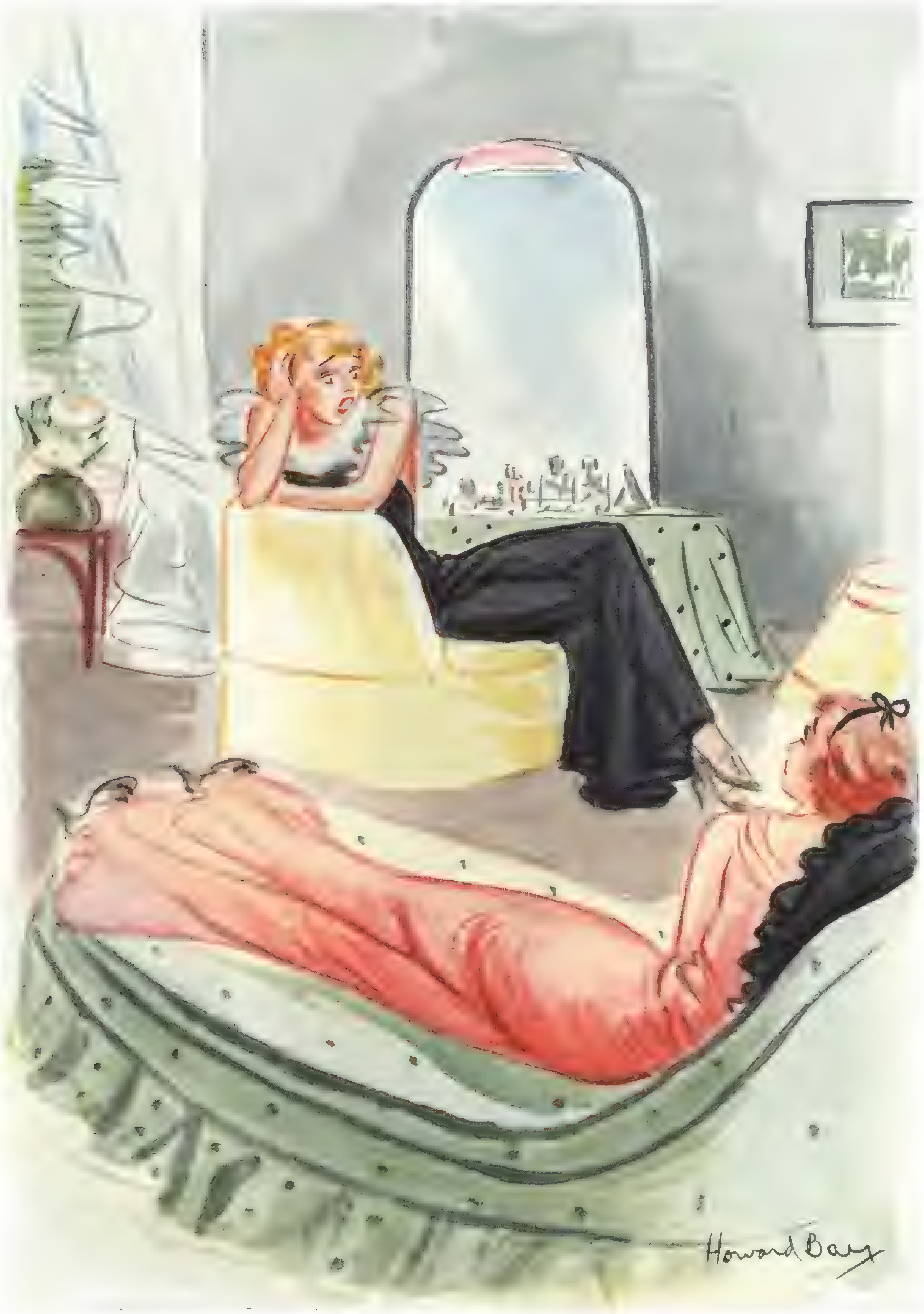
I do not know whether women more than men always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near. It was a man, Andrew Marvell, who first noted the phenomenon and, I gather, had to scare his coy mistress into yielding, by assuring her that if she delayed too long, "worms shall try that long preserved virginity, and your quaint honour turn to dust, and into ashes all my lust; The grave's a fine and private place, but none, I think, do there embrace." Again lacking complete statistical information, I do not know whether American women have become so aware of these disabilities that you have only to reach toward the tree and the fruit falls into your hand. But it is certain they have become conscious of the desirability of looking as if they were still to be plucked. Men may be indifferent to every sign of age (except bald hair and protruding stomachs) but women fight it off on every front. And if they should falter for a moment, a regiment of other women is there to scare them back to their girdles and fingerwaves and creams.

They may make a go of it yet, even if all recorded history is against them. That George Sand and Ninon de Lenclos were either youthful or even moderately pretty is, flatly, not so; that the often married (a few movie and commercial queens apart) are even good looking is doubtful. What distinguishes Peggy Joyce is that she had a lot of husbands and really has looks; what distinguishes the hundreds of women over or by whom the crimes of passion are committed is that they look terrible. A gang of robbers got involved in murder in Massachusetts and the wife or sweetheart of one of the condemned men had her picture in the papers; she was actually pretty! It hadn't happened before in years. The impassioned love letters are written to sour-visaged middle-aged women; the girls who are staying young and beautiful get the air.

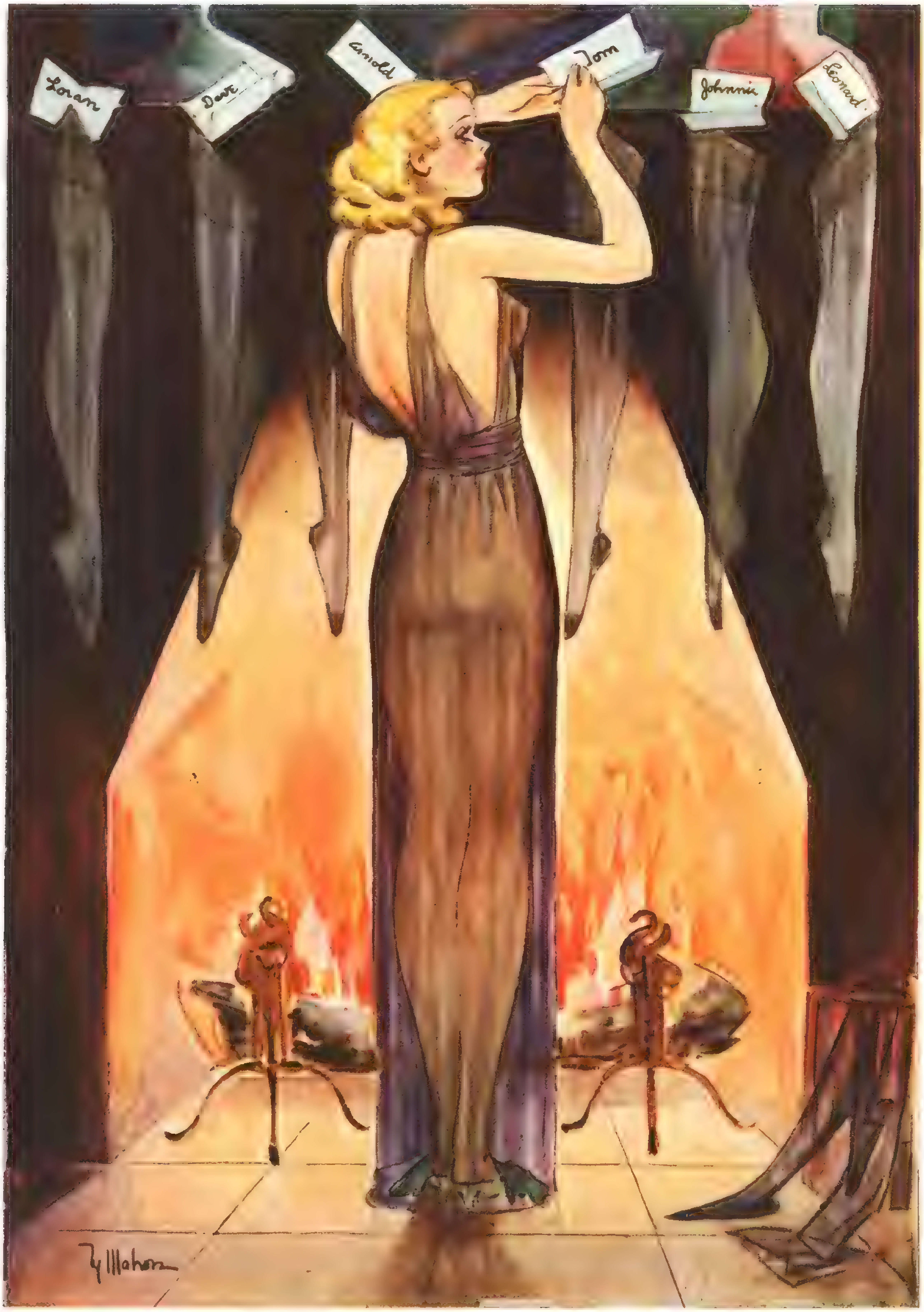
A nice-looking young woman in Hollywood summed up the local situation prettily when she asked, "Did you ever see so many beautiful women and did you ever experience less attraction?" The testimony of a group of men was that it was a relief to get away from the beauties of the studios, and this probably accounts for the prevalence of marriage between movie stars—the outsiders can't take it. (Also note that—without mentioning names—two-thirds of the most popular movie women aren't actual beauties by a long shot.)

The movies are responsible, to a degree, for the accent on youth. The camera, and skillful build-up, added to makeup, can give the illusion of youthfulness and it is to the producer's advantage that his star stay at about the age level of her first great hit. There has always been a rumor, moreover, that the American man's ideal is Clara Bow.

Yet I'm full of doubts about the whole thing and my doubt is reinforced by a little outside data. American women age less rapidly than Slavs or Latins. So why don't the younger married set in Pisa and Vilna spend as much on cosmetics as we do?



*"And now I don't know whether it was me or that new perfume that got him"*


Loran
Dave
Arnold
Tom
Johnnie
Leonard
Ty Mahon

# Our Lady of Mercy

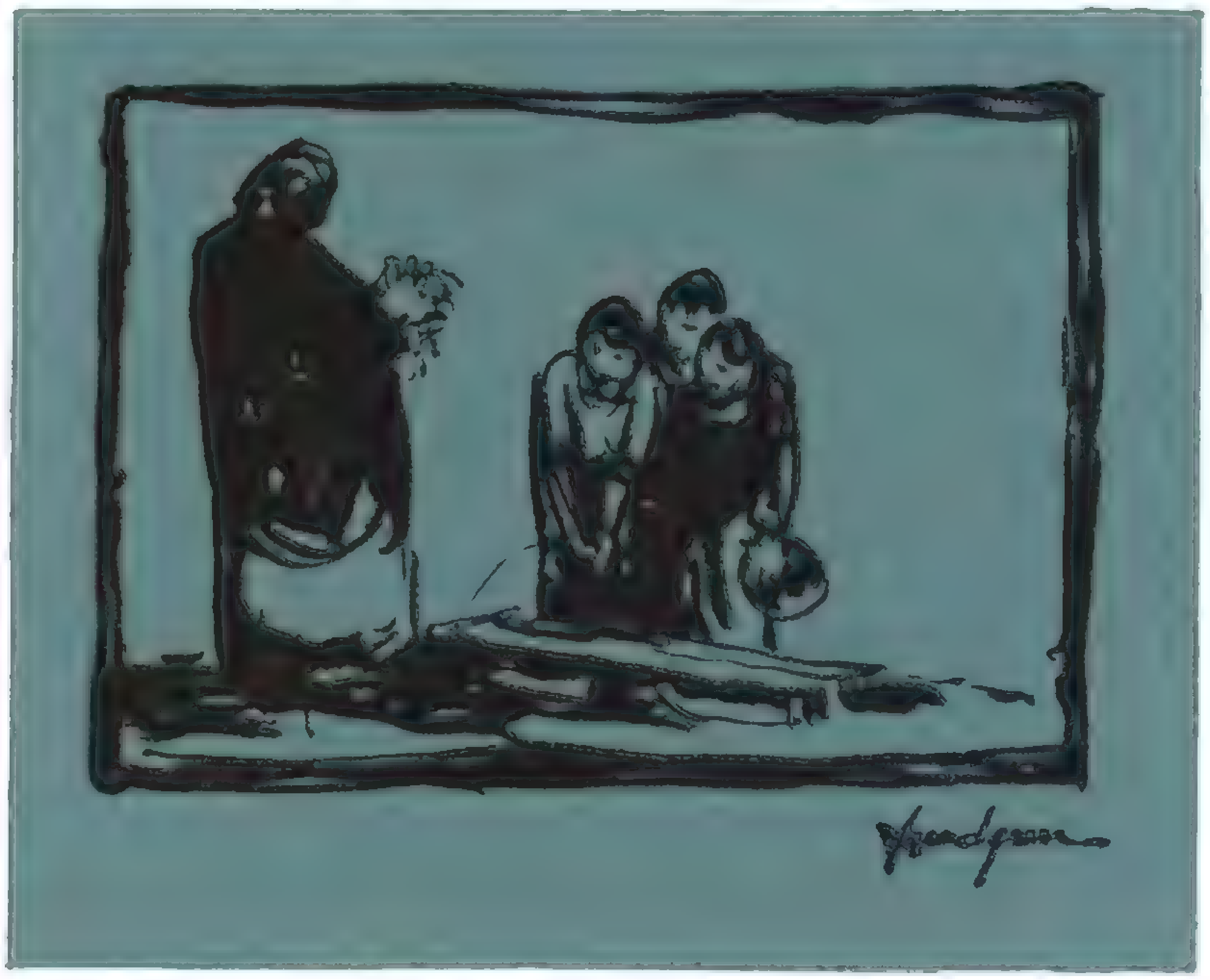
### Of a scrambled society where boys found out how to make a Christmas present kosher

### *by* LOUIS ZARA

▪ FICTION ▪

It certainly looked odd to see the old priest sitting on top of the wagon, clucking to Marcus' big, brown mare. Father Thomas wore his black coat, a huge pair of teamster's mittens and a cap with fur ear-laps. From the loins down he was wrapped in one of Marcus' red and yellow blankets.

The mare, too, had a blanket around her. It was thrown over her back and, as she tromped forward, it flapped about her round belly. The team went ahead slowly so many people waved to Father Thomas and he had to wave and smile back at each one. Indeed, half the neighborhood was out to see him drive off. For he was bound for the railroad freight yards to get the tree that his nephew Joseph who worked somewhere in the Canadian forests, sent him each year for the Christmas holiday. Father Thomas' cheeks were red from the frost.



It was several hours before he was back. His face was like a big, ripe apple and his eyes glowed. And the mare trotted as though she was proud of the load she was dragging. Now the whole neighborhood lined the street to watch Father Thomas on the wagon and we, too, my brothers and I, ran after the team to see the tree.

It was so big the wagon looked overladen with firs but it held just that one.

Down the street the fir tree rode, little spears of frost peeping from the green branches. Before the parochial school playground, the team halted. "Whoa, Teresa!" Father Thomas said softly. Teresa bobbed her head, for she had already stopped. Then all the young priests came out of the refectory to help.

We watched how they danced around in the cold and slapped their hands from the frost and offered young men's advice. Finally the old man got himself out of the blankets about his feet, gave a few orders and the tree was laid in a corner of the playground.

After that Father Thomas drove to the livery stable and we hitched on the backdrop of the wagon and went back with him. When he rode in the teamsters were all sitting around the stove in Nehemiah Marcus' office. We heard them teasing the father about his driving. But Father Thomas listened good-naturedly. The cold on the long ride must have gnawed into his old bones and he took the glass of brandy that Marcus offered him and drank to the men.

Then he shook hands with the stablekeeper—Good fellow, Marcus!—and thanked him for the loan of the horse and wagon. Marcus smiled and brushed that aside—It was nothing, Father!—and then he offered to teach the old man the teamster business. But Father Thomas only put both hands on his stomach and laughed. A bargain, he said, a bargain, if he could make a priest out of Nehemiah. The teamsters laughed and slapped Marcus' back and Marcus laughed, too. Everyone liked Father Thomas.

Until the week before Christmas the tree lay in the playground. Then one day the old father came out with pieces of fresh pine wood and a kit of carpenter's tools and built a wooden base for it. Then the tree, which was about sixteen feet high, was set up and placed in the paved square in front of the church.

It was hung with red and green and blue and gold ornaments with a sparkling white decoration here and there. On many of the branches little colored light bulbs hung. And on top of the tree, just at the very peak, a single silver star shone. But for only a few hours each night was the tree lighted, for the batteries that fed these lights were quite expensive.

Every evening, then, when he turned the lights on, the old priest came out into the square and stood there, watching the tree with his hands behind his back and a pleased smile warming his lips. We also came out to see the Christmas tree.

Now at our house they did not know where we went, because there were many places my father and my mother would rather have seen us go to than the Church of Our Lady of Mercy to look at the Christmas tree. But Father Thomas had always been kind to us and we could not see how there could be any harm in going to see his tree.

The first summer we had lived in the neighborhood the priest had let us go roller-skating on the big stretch of sidewalk around the church and the parochial school buildings—when everyone else was for driving us away. And that was the finest skating sidewalk for blocks around. The paving was smooth, there were no large pebbles in the concrete and for roller-skating it could hardly be beat. There was a half a block of it one way in front of the church and a full block around the corner the other way. Father Thomas had refused to listen to the druggist and to the undertaker on the corner who said we didn't belong there and should get out and stay away.

Also in the early winter had Father Thomas been good to us. One night they ran a pond of water in the parochial playground and in a few days the ice was frozen thick enough for skating. We watched the parochial children skating but stayed outside the gates. However, when Father Thomas saw us, he walked over, puffing as he always did and asked why weren't we skating. All three of us got red and finally my brother Harry said we had no skates. The old priest put his hands behind his back and looked serious.

"Father Dorset!" he called to the young priest who was skating back and forth on the ice to keep order. "Is there no one who would share his skates with these children?"

The young priest said he would ask some of the older boys. So we waited a few minutes, but when we saw Father Dorset returning with two big kids on skates we got scared and beat it. We knew we shouldn't go into that playground. Still we didn't know how to refuse the kind old father.

But the next time we saw Father Thomas he never said a word about our having run away. So we didn't feel at all strange about

*Continued in center of page 168*

# World's Greatest Gamble

### The annual auction of yearling thoroughbreds at Saratoga may pay off at four thousand to one

### by LEWIS Y. HAGY

▪ SPORTS ▪

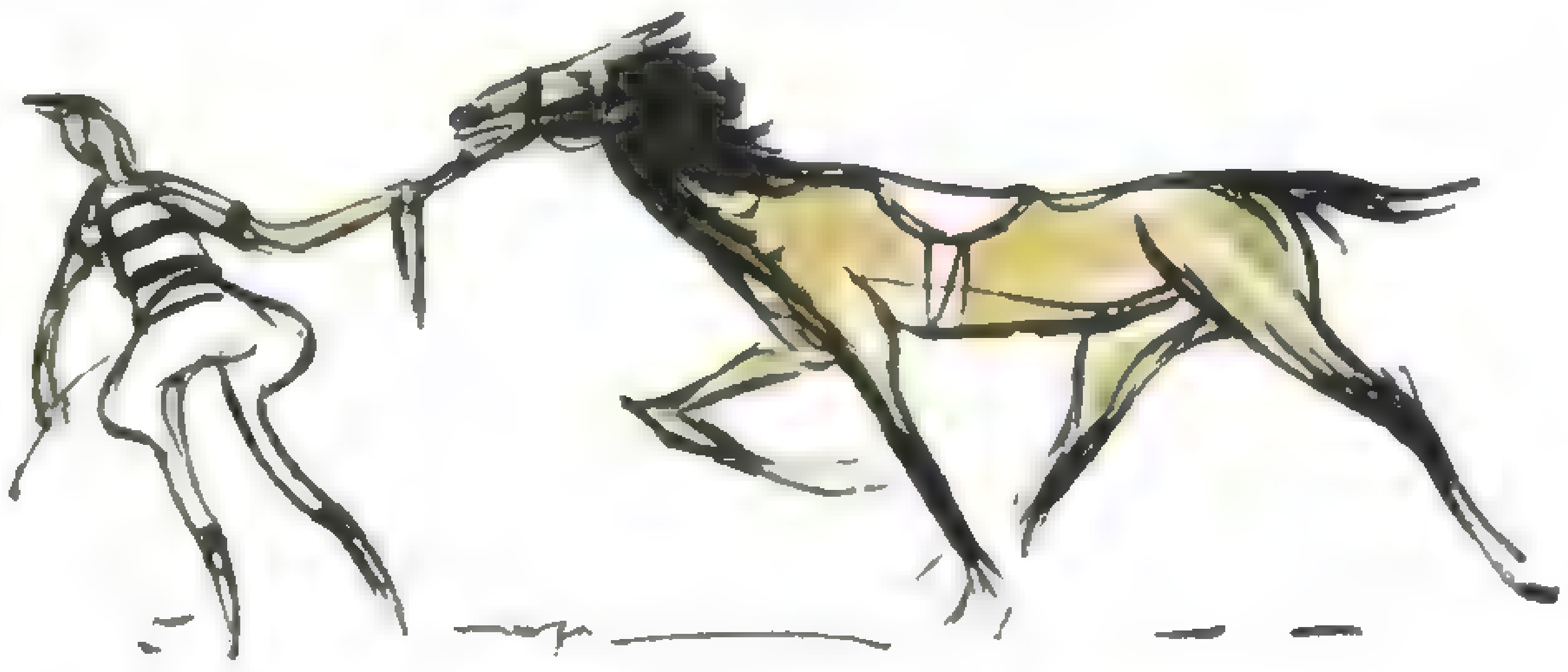
You can win—or lose—a lot of money in the little province of Monaco; the casino at Monte Carlo and high, wide, and handsome gambling have become, through the far-flung press agentry of romantic fiction, more or less synonymous. The lure of the continental locale has caused novelists to overlook the fact that you can get down a bet in Colonel Ed Bradley's place in Florida that would have all the croupiers on the Riviera talking to themselves, but even the gambling in Colonel Bradley's high-toned joint pales into tin-horn insignificance when compared with that indulged in by the dinner-jacketed gentlemen and their Lanvin-costumed ladies who line the thoroughbred sales ring at Saratoga each evening for three weeks in the year.

Think of laying five thousand dollars at four thousand to one! Two millions of dollars won on a nod of the head! Figures that make a big night at Monte Carlo sound like your Saturday night bridge game. Even Colonel Ed Bradley himself, who once in a moment of engaging candor told an august committee of the United States Senate that he would bet on anything at any time, would take a couple of precautionary gulps before he'd lay you that kind of a price that next Christmas will fall on December 25th.

Of course, a return of two millions of dollars on an investment of five thousand isn't a commonplace at Saratoga (nor anywhere else) but returns of fifty, seventy-five, even a hundred thousand to a thousand have bobbed up not once but several times during the course of an annual three-weeks sale. And investments of ten, twenty, fifty thousand that bring no return whatever are occurrences so ordinary as to be only of passing note.

The greatest gamble in the world is the buying—or selling—of yearling thoroughbreds as conducted during those sultry weeks at Saratoga. There the greatest gamblers in the world gather to joust with chance after an afternoon at the race track where a five hundred dollar wager would be, with most of them, an unprecedented plunge.

But at night, in the flood-lighted sales ring, is the ever-present lure that a champion may be snared with a thousand dollar bid; that possibly the colt the uniformed groom leads about for inspection is another Man o' War, another Cavalcade. Nor are the assembled bidders allowed to forget that, for each time Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan, who bought Cavalcade as a yearling at Saratoga for a ridiculously low price, bids successfully on a youngster, the auctioneer cries a hearty "And I hope you have another Cavalcade!"

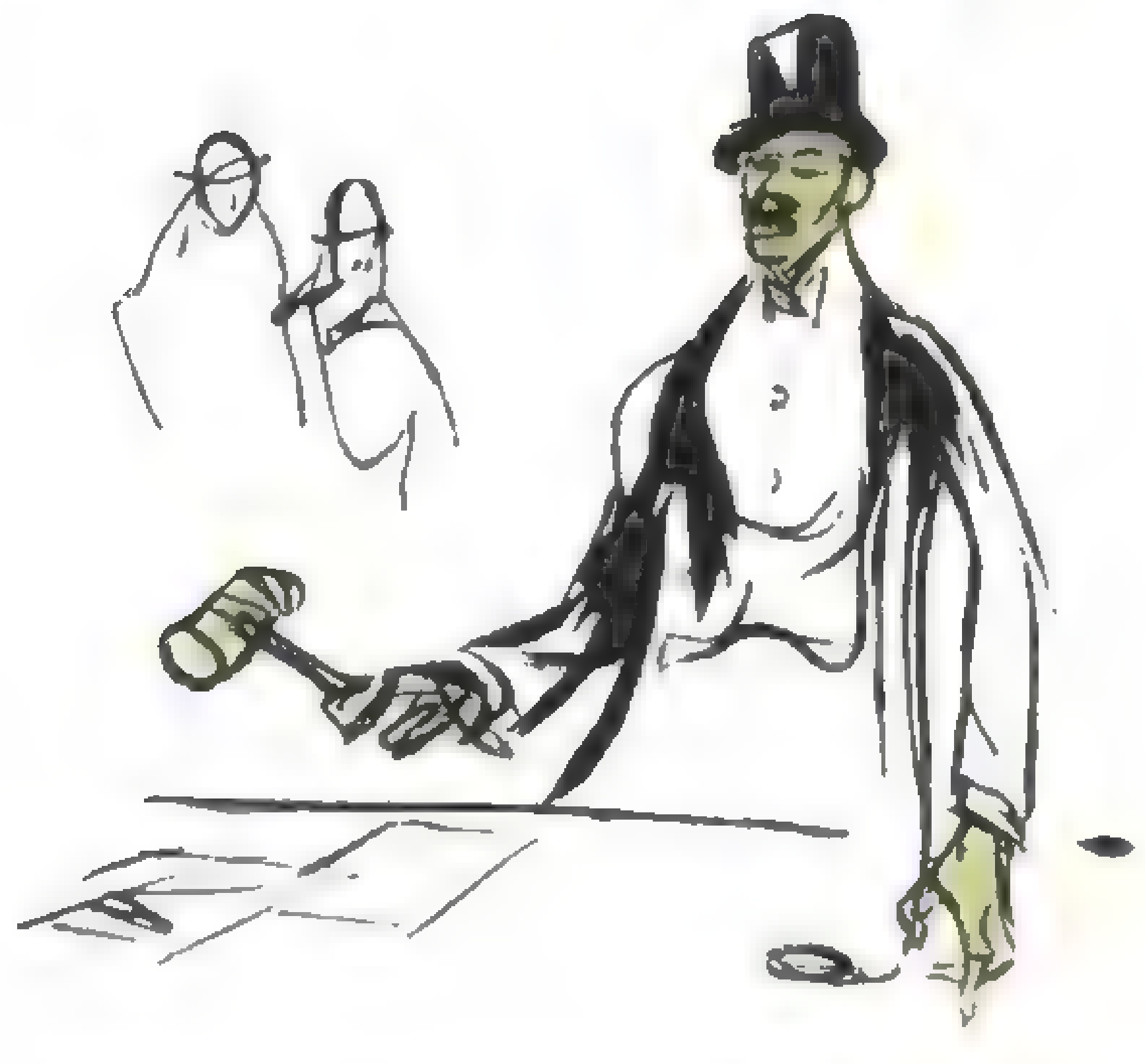


In one cast, at least, two millions for five thousand is a conservative understatement. Some years ago the auctioneer cried: "Forty-nine hundred bid! Forty-nine hundred bid! Do I hear five thousand? Five thousand! Five thousand!"

Samuel D. Riddle, rich Philadelphia sportsman, nodded his handsome gray head. The auctioneer's roving eye caught the brief nod. His hand acknowledged it.

"Five thousand bid! Five thousand bid!" he droned. "Going at five thousand! Sold!"

Riddle had bought Man o' War. His acquisition of the gangling, somewhat under-sized son of Fair Play and Mahuba caused not a ripple among the assembled students of equine blood-lines. None knew then that Man o' War was to win $249,456 in purses; that for the horse, his racing days over, Riddle was to reject an offer of a half million dollars from Tom Waggoner, Texas oil millionaire. Even Riddle did not then dare to hope that the colt he had bought would one day become so sought after as a sire that his stud fee alone would equal the whole sum he had cost. One of the golden colt's offspring alone, Crusader, would follow in his sire's footsteps to win more than $200,000 in purses, and *he* in turn would then reap a harvest of dollars in the stud. That five thousand dollar bid bought for Riddle a horse whose worth could not be computed in dollars and cents, his value illustrated by his owner's reply to Waggoner's offer of $500,000 in cash.



"What *will* you take for him, then?" the oil man persisted when Man o' War's owner refused the half million.

"There is no sum of money that will buy him," Riddle answered. Later he commented: "I know if I'd said a million, Waggoner would have snapped it up."

The late August Belmont, who had sent the colt to the sale for disposal because he considered him undersized, must have watched ruefully his subsequent career, but sportsman that he was he contented himself with the pride he took in having bred the wonder horse.

John D. Hertz, rich Chicagoan, purchased Reigh Count in the 1930 sale at Saratoga, won a fortune with him, and a few years later refused a staggering offer for the horse.

"Any man who would make such an offer for a horse should have his head examined, and so should the man who refused it," he remarked. "But I refused it."

Of course, the $12,500 Hertz paid for Reigh Count or even the $5,000 Riddle spent for Man o' War are sums that few are able to toss about lightly, but the big prizes of the Saratoga grab bag are not confined to those fortunately endowed with elastic check books. At a sale some years ago a scrawny colt was led into the ring. The disdainful auctioneer viewed him with the same lack of regard as the patrons in the reserved seats. His pedigree was read, the auctioneer made a stock plea for a bid, half heartedly, but no bid was forthcoming. As the colt was about to be led away, from the crowd of standees in the rear came the voice of one Lew Bloom, a Broadway actor who during frequent periods "at liberty" pursued the avocation of horseman. "I'll give a buck fifty for him," Bloom shrilled, and the disgruntled auctioneer turned the actor's wise crack into a boomerang with a quick "Sold!" Ruefully Bloom inspected his purchase. "What the hell am I going to do with him?" he asked, then solved the problem by turning the colt over to a trainer friend to develop "on shares"—if there proved to be anything to share. There did, for under the name of Botanic, Bloom's unexpected purchase proved a consistent winner, and enriched his actor-owner and the lucky trainer. Eventually, Botanic passed into the hands of C. V. Cushman, rich sportsman and gentleman rider, and just by way of refuting the proverb that "them that has gets," Botanic never won another race.

If these few instances have given you the idea that you need only shake Junior's bank and hot-foot to Saratoga to obtain a permanent meal ticket, consider that same Cushman, and oil man Waggoner, who offered Riddle a half million for Man o' War. Cushman was one of a dozen wealthy horsemen who gasped their admiration when a handsome colt sired by Broomstick was led into the Saratoga ring one August night. He vied with the rest in boosting the bidding until finally he acquired the good-looking youngster at $75,000—a lot of money even at a Saratoga sale in the golden twenties. The $75,000 bought for young Mr. Cushman nothing more than the questionable distinction of having taken from the Saratoga sales ring its most lamentable lemon, for the colt, New Broom, won but one cheap purse during his entire racing career. Waggoner fared no better when he gave $65,000 for Broadway Limited, for when Broadway Limited dropped dead in 1930—while running last in a cheap race—he had still to enter the winner's circle for the first time. Even more unfortunate was the experience of W. R. Coe, who bought Hustle On for $70,000, for Hustle On not only never won a race, but never even started in one, failing utterly to live up to his prepossessing appearance when efforts were made to train him.

They could not have provided a better example for the point I am trying to make even if they had consulted me before the running of the annual event called the Saratoga Sales Stake at the Spa meeting this year. The Saratoga Sales Stake is a fixture run each year and open only to colts and fillies which were sold as yearlings in the sales a year before. Ten contested in this year's stake, and the winner turned up in a colt called Wha Hae, owned by William Zeigler, Jr. Ziegler bought Wha Hae last year for $600, the lowest price paid for any of the competitors. Far behind Wha Hae, hopelessly beaten, staggered the Greentree Stable's Captain Jinx. Captain Jinx, as you have probably guessed, was the highest priced of the ten. Mrs. Whitney gave five thousand eight hundred of her good fifty-nine cent dollars for him, but in spite of his price, and the expert ministrations of Mrs. Whitney's skillful training corps in the intervening year, Captain Jinx could not get near enough even to sniff the dust thrown back toward him by the lowly colt that brought only a fraction of his price last season.

Back once more to the bright side, there is the case of the reliable old campaigner, Master Charlie, bought at Saratoga for $1,000, and a winner during his turf career of $95,525. James R. Keene sent Novelty to Saratoga, and the colt was knocked down to John E. Madden for $1,700. Madden in turn sold him to the late Sam Hildreth for $6,000, and for Hildreth Novelty won the Futurity, the Hopeful Stakes, and the Saratoga Special in 1910. That year, Novelty's winnings enabled Hildreth to achieve the envied position of leading all other owners in money won, while Keene, who had disposed of Novelty, was second and would, of course, have displaced Hildreth had Novelty been racing in his colors.

Why did Cushman and a dozen others, all more or less experienced horsemen, keen students of blood lines and conformation, make the same mistake in selecting New Broom for greatness? When Waggoner threw away a small fortune to acquire Broadway Limited, he was acting on advice of the famous "Boots" Durnell, former trainer for two European kings and noted in America as a nearly infallible judge of horseflesh. W. R. Coe must have had reason to believe that Hustle On would justify the expenditure of $70,000. Why did so many eager bargain hunters overlook Master Charlie, pass up the great Novelty, letting them fall for a song into the hands of owners whom they subsequently enriched?

There are a multitude of reasons. You find the son of a long line of distinguished ancestors in the breadline while an immigrant boy of obscure parentage grows up to captain an industry. Things turn out that way in the horse world too, sometimes.

Experts who make a careful study of equine lineage often are carried away by their own enthusiasms. They will back a colt of the Domino strain—one which numbers that great stallion among his ancestors—against any other. Often they will overlook the established fact that the Domino strain is only most potent when crossed with certain others. Appearances, always deceptive, are more than usually so in colts. Remember Man o' War, sent to the auction block because he was undersized.

Watch quotations on the stock exchange. A leading rail takes an upward jump. Instantly all other rails rally. The market is bullish on rails. Omaha wins the Kentucky Derby. The moment he crosses the finish line all the other sons and daughters of his sire, Gallant Fox, become more valuable commercially than they were just a moment before. They will be no faster. They will win no more money; achieve no greater fame. Yet their value is enhanced. Their sire has sired a Derby winner. Exactly the same percentage of Gallant Fox's sons and daughters will turn out to be failures as would have been the case had Omaha finished last in the Derby, yet Gallant Fox's get will command higher prices and when one achieves distinction—or fails dismally—he or she will attract more attention.

The triumphs of Gallant Fox—and during the past season those of his son Omaha—served to focus the attention of horsemen on the desirability as racing material of what they call the Ben d'Or line, descendants of the stallion Ben d'Or from which Gallant Fox sprung. Similarly, during the era in which Man o' War was a dominant turf figure, the Melbourne strain, from which he came, was most fashionable and consequently most sought after. The vogue of this thoroughbred blood strain or that one changes as often, although usually more explicably, as the vogue in women's hats or in architecture.

Old horsemen are like old fighters, old baseball players, oldsters from any walk. They refer with feeling to what they like to call the "good old days." Around the ring at Saratoga, bewhiskered veterans will tell you that there used to be real judges of horseflesh "in the good old days." In the case of Saratoga, the good old days were the days before 1910, when the sales were discontinued with the cessation of racing in New York state, and the consequent collapse of the American breeding industry. For the six ensuing years, no sales were held, and then E. J. Tranter, head of the Fasig-Tipton Company, which had originated the yearling mart in 1901, resumed business at the old stand. Gradually Tranter built up the annual fixture until in 1927 the peak prices of all time were achieved, the colts and fillies sold that year bringing an average price of $2,758.78. For the first time since 1921, total sales fell below a million dollars in 1932, when only $542,597 was realized, and the average price declined to a new all-time low level of $569.85. By 1934, the average price had jumped to $824.65, and this year, for the first time since America's racing millionaires learned the science of retrenchment, climbed back to over $1,000.

At first glance, you might gather from those figures that 1932 was the corner that prosperity was just around, but the Saratoga sales are an inaccurate criterion. The widespread increase of racing in Texas, California, New England, and elsewhere has brought about a demand for racing material with which the breeding industry cannot keep pace, and boomed the market for young racers to an activity, if not a price level, beyond even that of the two-chickens-in-every-pot days. The market is firm and brisk, but it is doubtful if ever again prices will be as spectacular as they were before that day in October of 1929 when the stock market did its memorable Jack and Jill. This year's sales, however, furnished an example of the booming demand for blue-blooded equine babies. The consignment of thirty-one from the *Idle Hour Farm* of Colonel Bradley, for instance, brought

*Continued on page 172*

# Nauja the Desired

### She was many times a proof of her people's adage that a woman desires to belong to somebody

### by PETER FREUCHEN

FICTION

Word of Nauja's beauty spread far and wide. Men came from distant villages to have a look, and some there were whom a mere look did not satisfy. What she liked best was to watch her suitors quarrel over her. Quarrels were thrilling . . . they gave her that cold touch of fright down the spine that makes a woman know what it means to be alive.

Her mother, wise old Aneenak, knew that it was good for a girl to collect experiences; a girl liked to have something to tell to older women who looked back but no longer ahead for the thrills of life.

"Aj, ja-jah-jah, aj . . .
Virtue is to be found only in old women
And I am sad, so sad I am so old.
Aj, ja-jah-jah, aj . . ."

Thus sang old Aneenak. Regrets made her a poet.

One night the village was attacked. A man broke into Nauja's house, threw her on his shoulder and carried her out. He ran toward his sledge, while she screamed and spanked the air with arms and legs; for she had to show womanly shyness and embarrassment. At the same time she realized that this man was strong and mighty, to walk right in among the igloos, kick down a wall and drag off the girl whose broad cheeks and flat nose made her most desired. Therefore, she did not bite his ears or stick her fingers in his eyes. She caught a glimpse of the other women huddling aside, overcome with horror but aware of her triumph. She screamed, to attract more attention, but it was not altogether unpleasant to be lying on a warrior's shoulder and to feel his arms against one's body. Nauja offered just enough resistance to make him enjoy crushing it.

She was thrown violently down. Dogs were lashed and shouts rent the air. The sledge jerked and started moving. They were off, a whole party of travellers from the north who had been far down trading with the white men. On their way home they had felt woman hungry, and decided to show the inland dwellers that payment had to be made for the honor of welcoming passing hunters.

Her abductor was big and strong. She counted his dogs. He had many. And beneath her was a big load. Thus she knew he was a man of many possessions. But although she felt pleased, she had to keep on crying; he should not think she recognized that her change was for the better. His name was Awala, and even before they came to his village she knew all about Seewagak, his other wife.

Nauja was not afraid but Seewagak had ways that started in the back of her head and confused a man. When she came out and saw the newcomer on her husband's sledge she greeted her like a sister. One could never know what would be brought home from the trading place. Awala made no remark. He unloaded his sledge and Seewagak helped. Nauja helped, too, to hide her embarrassment; for she could see all the dwellers staring at her, saying things and laughing.

Awala continued to favor Nauja who did none of the housework. He often took her along on journeys of several sleeps. But in the spring came the season for snaring rabbits to be skinned for stockings and then Seewagak went along with him because she was skilled in the work.

And Nauja also found she was unable to please Awala with the moccasins and mittens she made for him. Thus was Seewagak able to regain his favor.

Immediately life changed. Nauja had to serve them. She even had to fetch ice for the next day's water . . . a heavy task which Seewagak used to do. Nauja slept alone for many nights thereafter. She decided to go home, for she was unhappy. Seewagak, who used to be so kind, now scolded her until her ears hurt. One day, however, Awala remembered her again. He was preparing to lead a party in kayaks to a bird isle. Nauja was overjoyed and Seewagak became again nothing but a servant in the house.

A happy journey it was, over smooth, sun-lit water, to the bird isle. There, Nauja collected eggs and prepared yolk for the winter. No one ate the white, and so the young people sat in a row and had contests to see who could spit the whole white furthest. Of the young people it was Inuitek who was the most often with Nauja. The older men would paddle out and spear seals that slept on the ice floes in the sunshine.

But Inuitek stayed with Nauja because he loved to eat eggs, he said, they gave a man strength and smooth talk. Nauja would wrinkle her nose when playing with him. So he told her that her nose was almost invisible when looked at from the side. "No nose, just cheeks to be seen," he cooed, and rubbed his nose against hers. She had never been so flattered. Her heart jumped around inside her ribs. Awala had never told her such things; she herself had never guessed she liked to listen to such words!

It was a summer full of joy. One night she lay awake and listened to the breathing of Inuitek who lay across the tent. His long, black hair covered his face. She thought of the wife he was looking for. A wife would be envied who had such a husband. He had told her that some day he would have a sled of wood, knives, several pots and white men's tools.

And finally he was going to procure a gun that could kill animals at any distance, a gun that would make him feared. Yes, he would some day go to the white man's trading store far down south and procure a gun. And with a gun he could satisfy any desire . . . even a desire for another man's wife.

That was why she could not sleep. She saw Inuitek lift his head. Her husband, the mighty Awala, slept peacefully by her side, one arm across her breast.

Inuitek went out next day and caught a seal. He shared his catch with all, that evening, and the men spoke in praise of his food. But Inuitek soon fell from esteem. He announced in his manliest voice.

"One intends to go after geese in the interior, and needs a woman along who can mend one's boots. Will somebody lend me his wife?"

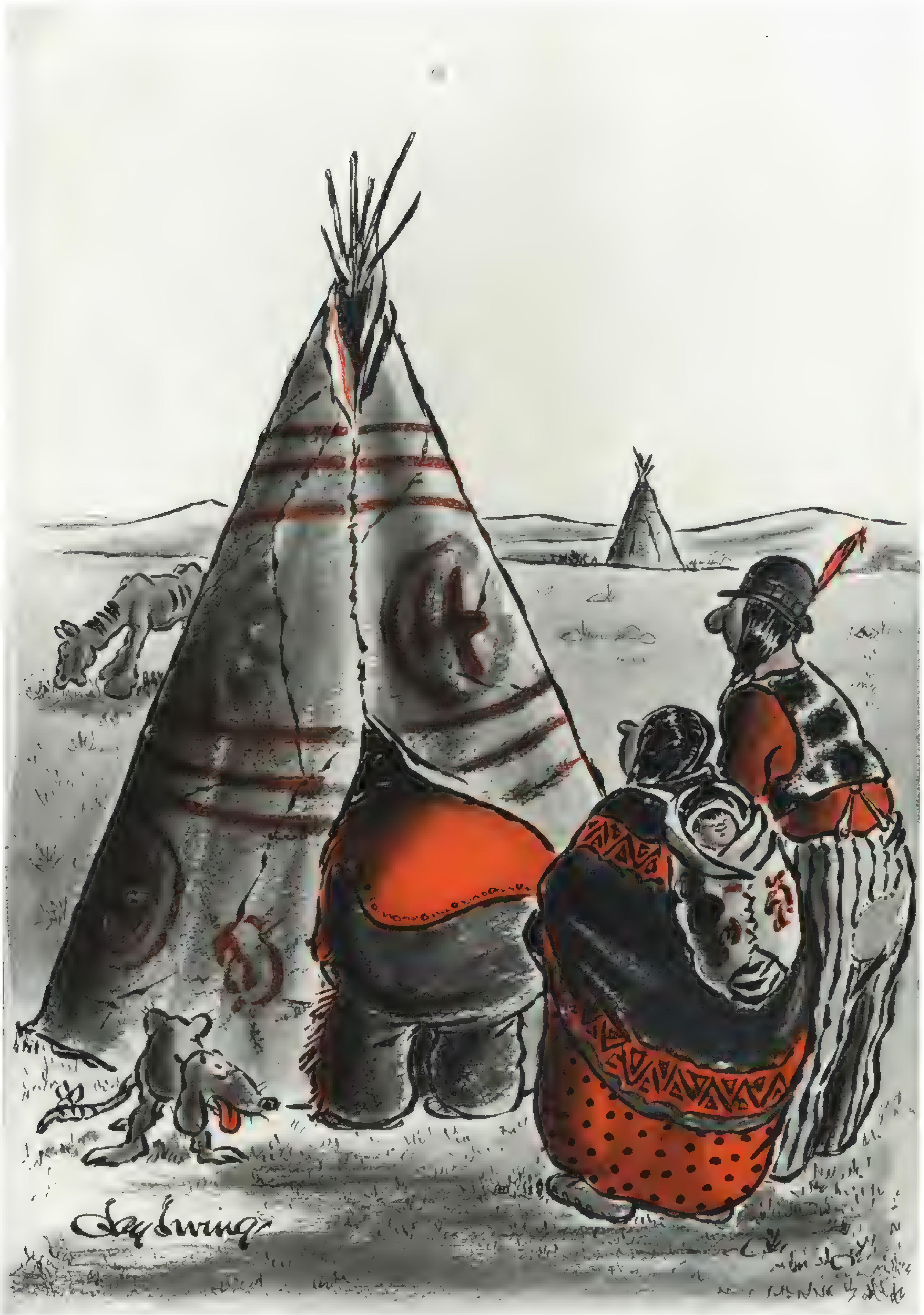
Nauja blushed. Awala grabbed hold of her.

"Oh, a woman wishes to belong to somebody! Well, one may try to make her feel who is master," he exclaimed.

He struck her blow after blow. He kicked her when she fell down, then raised her high and threw her far to one side. There she lay, half unconscious and covered with blood, hating Awala, but aware that he had fought for her, that he had beaten her to silence a boy who had caught a seal and therefore thought himself worthy of having her.

She felt happy. No other woman in the tribe was so desired by other men; some of them were even given away free. Oh, news of this would spread and travel to the south. Her mother would hear of it and be

Continued on page 146



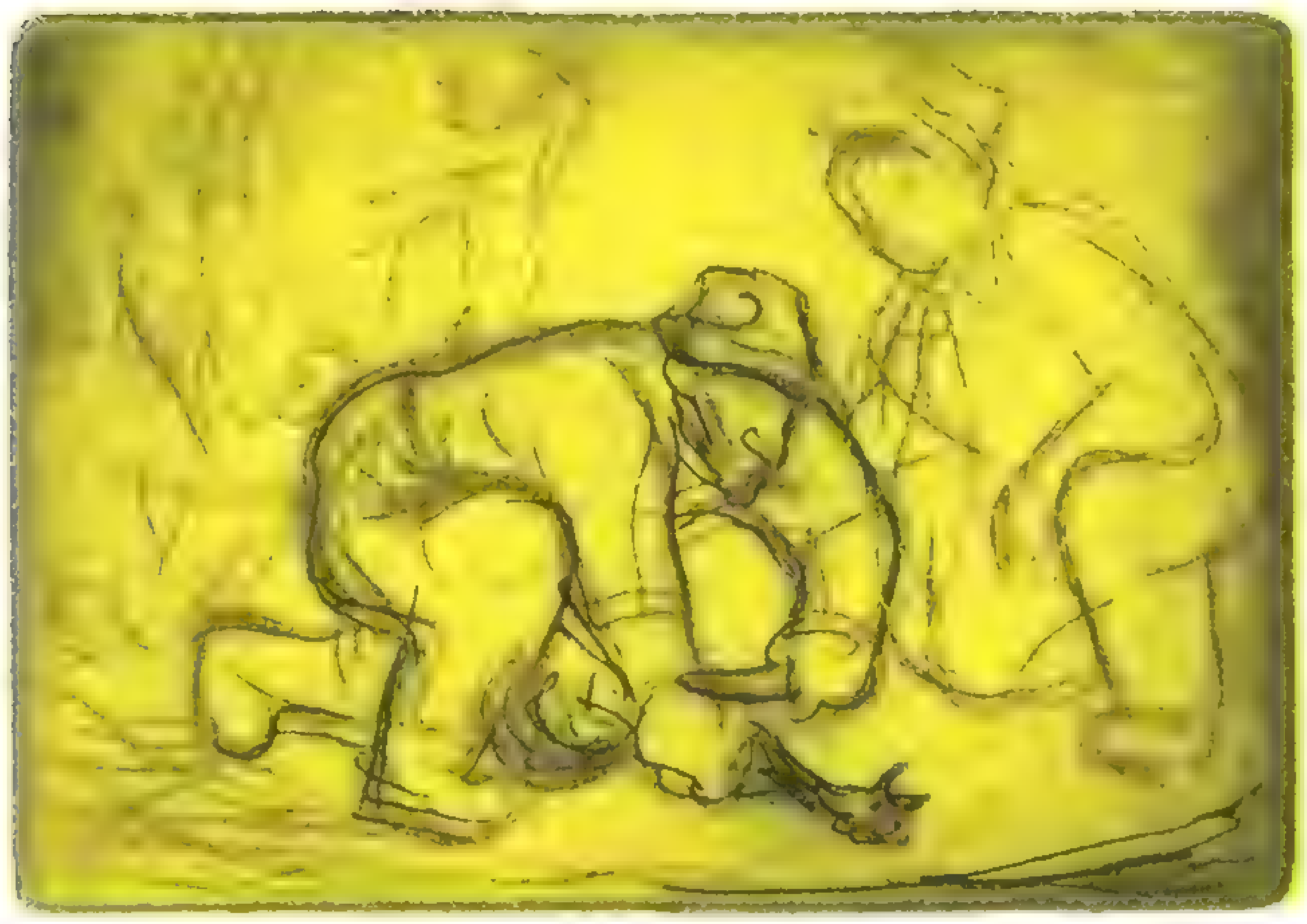
*"Do you mind if I show the apartment?"*

# Cocks Must Fight

### Character study of a Florida cracker who knew only one way to express his deep feeling

### by THEODORE PRATT

• FICTION •



"IT'D pleasure me some to see cockfightin' in this pit." Piper Jentry spat a stream of tobacco juice. The brown spittle, emerging from his loose lips, hit the white Florida sand at his feet with a faint plop. A chameleon, disturbed where it lay hidden under the spray of a palmetto leaf, scuttled to another safety, changing from green to gray as it entered the hot morning sunlight. Cocks, confined in their crates, stretched their necks and crowed lustily, defying the day of death before them.

The men stirred. They murmured and began movements. It was Piper Jentry's privilege to signalize that greetings were over, that there had been enough discussion and examination of birds, enough boasting, and that it was time to begin the main. Piper was recognized as the local expert on cockfighting, as the best handler of birds, as having the most successful cocks. He raised them on his small truck-farm in the muck land back near the edge of town and people said if he knew as much about truck-farming, and put into it the same enthusiasm he had for cockfighting, he would be a rich man.

Now he stood quiescent except for the quick movement of his jaws as he chewed. His little gray eyes darted through the crowd, blazing with scornful interest at the other men bending over their crates, lighting with fierce anticipation when he glanced at his own. His thin, light hair was already tousled, his puffy face was flushed, his arms, inside his white shirt, hung down along the sides of his full body like those of a chimpanzee.

A tall thin cracker approached him holding a red cock in his hands and asked, "You got somethin' to meet this'n?"

Piper glanced negligently at the bird. "He don't look hardly conditioned," he said. "You ever fight him before?"

"Maybe not," the man admitted defensively, "but he kin likely lick ary yourn."

Piper waved this aside. "Let's have somethin' with someways experience first," he put the cracker off. "I'll kill that red later."

The man took his bird back and another stepped forward with a black cock. "You know this one, Piper," he said good-naturedly. "He's won twice, once over you."

Piper recognized the cock. "I forget exactly what he weighs."

"Right about an even four."

"I've got a part Spaniard that'll come two-three ounces of him."

"Which way?"

"Won't be over."

"Let's see him."

Piper went a couple of yards to his light truck where it was parked in the shade of scrub palms, undid some fastenings, and pulled out a mottled cock that looked about with bold inquiry from beady dark eyes.

The man holding the black cock examined the Spaniard, taking care not to touch it. "What're you fixin' to fight him for?"

"I'll fight this Spaniard for twenty-five dollars. He ain't worth noways less'n."

The other man hesitated a moment, thought, and agreed, "I surely take it."

The birds were weighed by the Sheriff, who was fittingly the greatest cockfighting enthusiast in the county and who acted as referee. As soon as it was over, Piper said, "Let's get'm heeled. Somebody make a book." Piper handed the Spaniard to the man acting as his helper, who sat down on the running-board of the truck and held the cock firmly, its legs sticking out so that the stumps of its natural spurs, which had been shaved to bluntness, pointed upward.

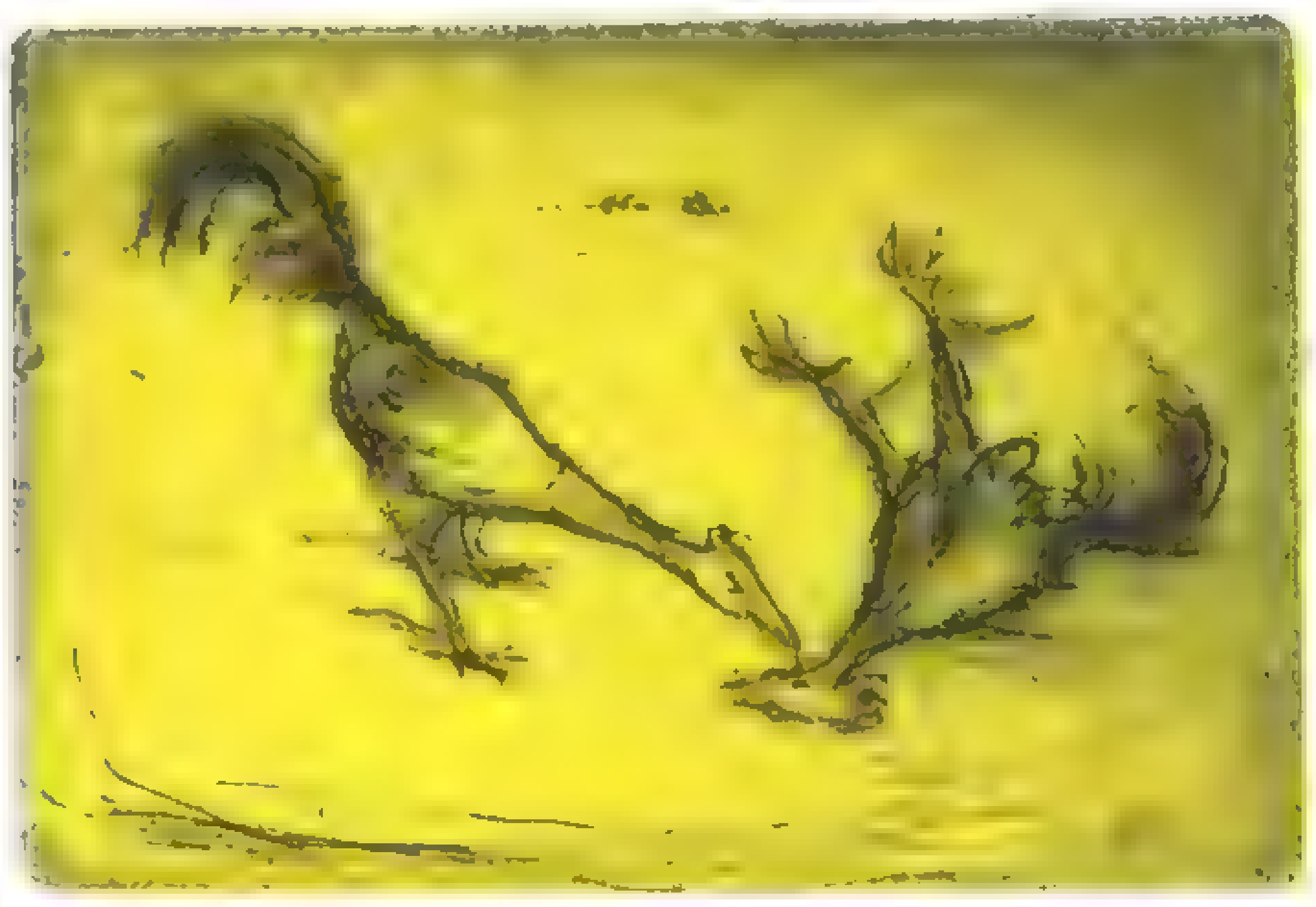
Piper obtained the green metal fishing-tackle box he used to keep his equipment in, and knelt on the ground before his bird.

He felt of its stumps to see if they were clean and smooth, then fitted over one of them a small square of chamois with a hole in it. Judiciously he took out a gleaming steel spur with its wicked three-inch curve to a needle end, and tested its point on his finger. Not satisfied, he sharpened it with a bit of fine sandpaper. He fitted its band over the stump on the bird's leg, getting it tight by taking it off repeatedly and wrapping thin strips of chamois around the stump. When the set of it, straight with the leg and pointing downward, passed his critical judgment, he bound it fast in place with a length of waxed cord. Then he started on the second one.

While he worked, a young man in a stiff straw hat went about making a book on the fight and getting it covered. Piper was first asked how much he wanted of it. "I reckon ten," he said, "no, make it rightly fifteen." He kept on working, concentrating on his job. A group shuttled back and forth between him and where the black cock was being heeled. Piper usually kept up a running banter with the questions asked of him by the bettors. But today he merely answered, "I believe in this cock forty dollars worth." He seemed abstracted, appeared to have something on his mind apart from cock-fighting. Which was strange for Piper.

When his helper stood up for the clipping, Piper worked in silence. He sheared the Spaniard's wings and tail briefly. He frowned, made as if to say something, then didn't. He clipped almost to the skin under the cock's body to lighten it and lessen the chances of it getting spurred there. He didn't hear the Sheriff ask him if he was about ready. He kept on clipping, thinking whatever it was he was thinking and trying to say it. Finally he did say it. Without looking up, Piper announced gruffly, "My wife had another kid last night. Biggety young un, too—weighed ten pounds."

This information considerably enlivened the already spirited proceedings. The men knew Piper's wife from his having brought her to the mains. She didn't come often. She



didn't like cockfights. She was a timid, pretty little thing, much younger than Piper. He had taken her out of an orphanage and married her after his first wife died. They already had one child, a girl of two, and with the news of a second, huge comment broke out at Piper. Remarks were made about the unusual weight of the baby, about Piper's concurrent abilities as a father, and such things as when he was going to fight it. A bottle of whiskey was offered to Piper to drink from, but he refused. He busied himself with letting his bird peck savagely at a piece of sliced apple. There was a pouting, rather antagonistic, serious expression on Piper's face. He opened his mouth to say something more, as if to add to his news, but the Sheriff interrupted by calling, "Let's have a cockfight, Mr. Jentry."

"Havin' it right on, Sheriff."

Piper took the Spaniard from his helper and made his way with the others to the pit. The pit, the center of the place three miles from town where the mains were held every other Sunday, was an octangle fifteen feet across, dug two feet deep in the sand, and supported at the sides by wide, unpainted boards set in at a slant. Above it, covering also the benches for spectators and the beer and sandwich stand, was a rickety awning made of old pieces of canvas and rusty sheets of corrugated tin.

Piper spat out his tobacco, washed his mouth with water from a bottle his helper brought along, and descended into the pit with his bird. The other man was already there, holding his black cock under one arm carefully so as not to hook himself on the spurs. The Sheriff let his paunch down into the pit and with a stick drew three lines in the hard clay floor. One he drew across the center, and one parallel about three feet on either side of this. Then he announced to the crowd:

"I ain't so sorry I won't let y'all know I got ten dollars on the Spaniard and if anybody objects to my jedgin', let them say now or hold their peace. I usually favor the other side to my own." He looked around with heavy solemnity. No one spoke. He turned to the other two men in the pit with him. "Bill your cocks."

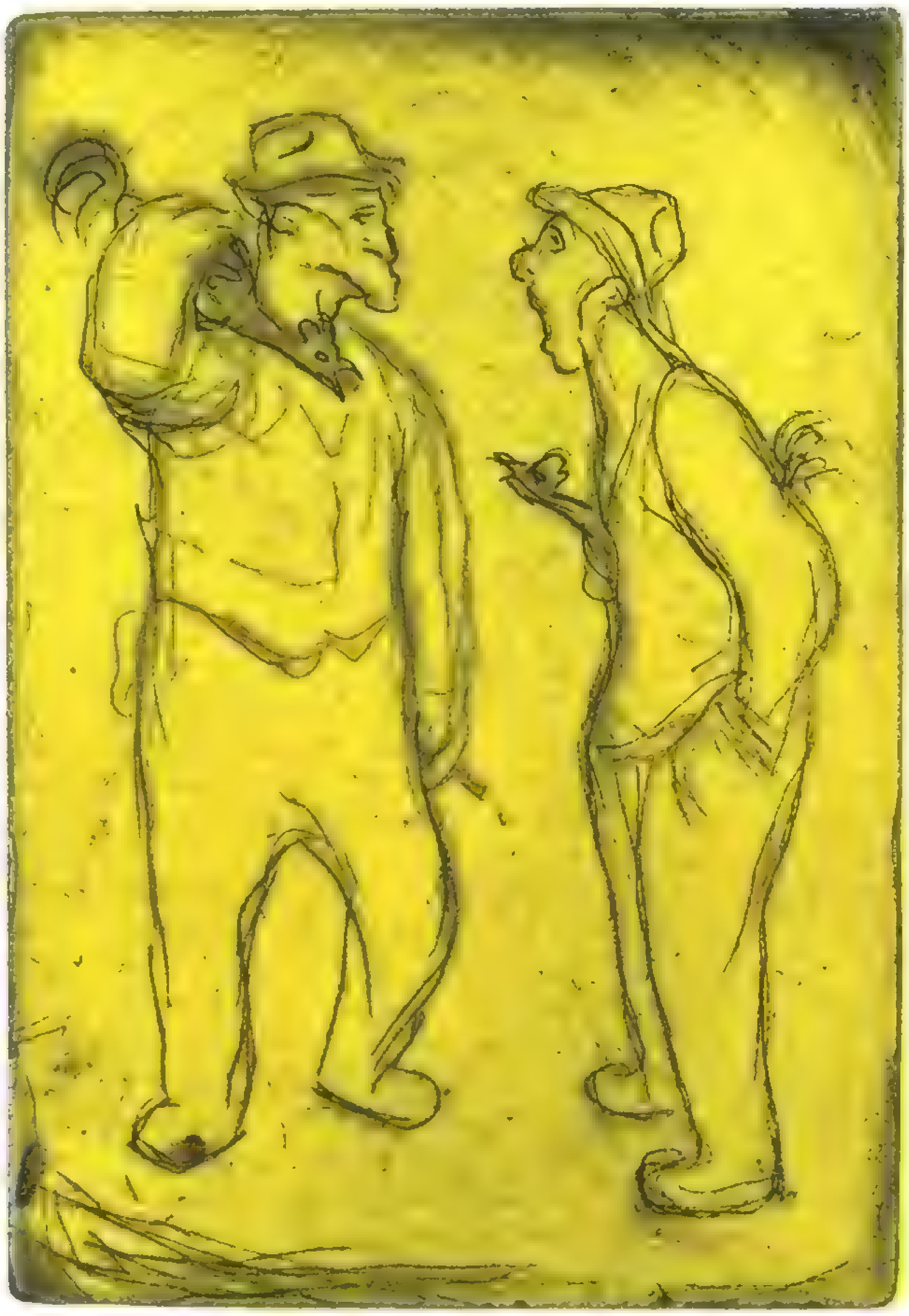
Piper and the other man made shoulder-high lunging motions at each other with their birds. As the cocks came together, one would dart out with his beak and grab the other by the comb, hanging on until pulled away. This was repeated a number of times, each bird getting angrier and angrier, before the men stood back with them.

The Sheriff took out his watch and stared at it. Piper stood tensely a foot back of one of the outside lines, holding his bird high above his head where it could breathe fresh, moving air. "Get ready!" the Sheriff warned. Piper squatted on his heels, letting his bird to the ground and holding it by the tail as it strained and lunged to get at the bird opposite it held in the same way. The Sheriff cried, "Pit'm!"

The two cocks dashed toward each other, met, pecked wildly, flapped their wings, and separated. Instantly they came back together again, jabbing ferociously with their beaks. The black cock got Piper's Spaniard by the comb and held on tenaciously. The Spaniard shook loose, danced back, leaped into the air and slashed at his opponent with flashing spurs. One spur missed, but the other caught in feathers and flesh on the breast. The crowd yelled as both birds went down in a tangle, struggling.

"Handle your cocks!" the Sheriff cried instantly. "Handle them cocks!"

The two men knelt swiftly by the birds. Piper gently withdrew his Spaniard's spur from the other bird. He stepped back with his bird and held it high in the air, waiting for the Sheriff to start them again.



DRYPOINTS BY JOHN GROTH

Four more times the birds met, sank steel and had to be separated. On the last pit the Spaniard got it in the neck and drooped perceptibly. Piper held the side of the cock's open beak to his mouth and spat in it. He smoothed its ruffled feathers and pinched its comb. The cock freshened.

The next time they ran toward each other the Spaniard, full of fury, jumped into the air before they met and sank the end of one of his spurs half an inch in the black cock's brain. It happened so quickly that the crowd didn't know what had occurred and didn't start to yell until the black cock lay dead on the floor of the pit and the Spaniard stood over him, stretching his neck and crowing in triumph.

Piper, grinning, showing his yellow teeth, picked up his winner and caressed it lovingly. Bets were paid off by the bookmaker, joking recriminations heard out and answered, and the crowd dribbled away from the pit back to the cars where the birds were kept.

Other fights were held, and Piper was always in the pit. If he wasn't fighting one of his own birds, he handled those of others. He won more times than he lost, and once when he lost he said philosophically, expressing all his deep passion for the sport, "That's cockfightin'." The preoccupied manner he had early in the morning deserted him entirely, and if he had anything more on his mind in connection with the birth of his new child, he had forgotten about it. No one mentioned the baby again until along toward noon during the rest period when the crowd was bigger and the beer and sandwich stand was doing a rushing business. Then someone asked, "What you callin' your new young un by, Piper?"

Piper, seeming to recollect something, frowned, and replied shortly, "I cain't properly call it nothin'."

"Can't call it nothin'? What's troublin'? Ain't it a sure enough male or female, one?"

"It was a he right enough. But I reckon it weren't hatched right, so it never was alive."

The men stared at Piper. In their glances and in the momentary arresting of their movements, was a commentary on him. But no one expressed it. They fell silent except for awkward expressions of wonder and sympathy here and there. For a moment Piper acted as if he was going to answer them with an outburst, but evidently he changed his mind, for instead he demanded, "How about a cockfight? Let's have a cockfight."

Piper's shirt became splattered with the blood of the cocks and with his own when he was accidentally spurred handling the birds. As if the sight and smell and feel of the blood stirred him, Piper became more and more engrossed in the fighting. A fixed look came into his eyes. The taste of his hobby was so strong, and he drank so much of it, that he appeared to be as drunk with it as some of the men were who worked at bottles they had with them. Piper got so he would do almost anything to get another fight going. The cracker with the red cock had kept pestering him for a fight, and finally Piper told him, "I'll give you a cheap fight for five dollars with a blinker half a pound under that thing you're boastin' on. The red's dead already."

This time the betting went against Piper. The crowd didn't think his blinker could best a heavier two-eyed bird. Over and over the bookmaker announced, "There's ninety dollars on the red. Any of you crackers or gentlemen want to cover it? The blinker's the winner." But no one, not even the Sheriff, who religiously bet on Piper, believed him. Piper glared. Recklessly he said, "I'll take it." This seemed to relieve the exasperation noticeable in his manner since the beginning of the day. Curious stares went to him. It wasn't like Piper to make a foolish bet, and this was a very foolish one, which he deserved to lose.

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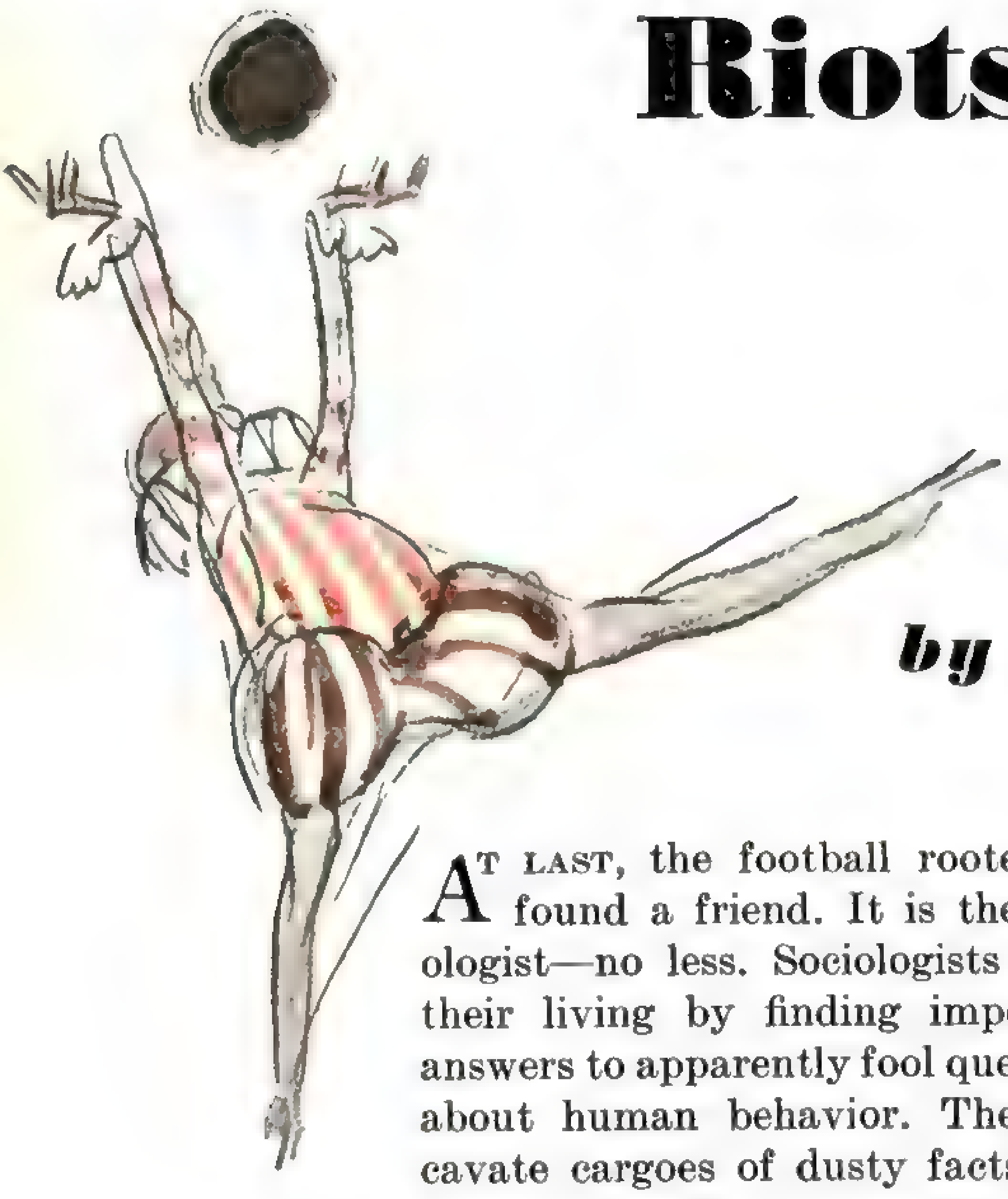
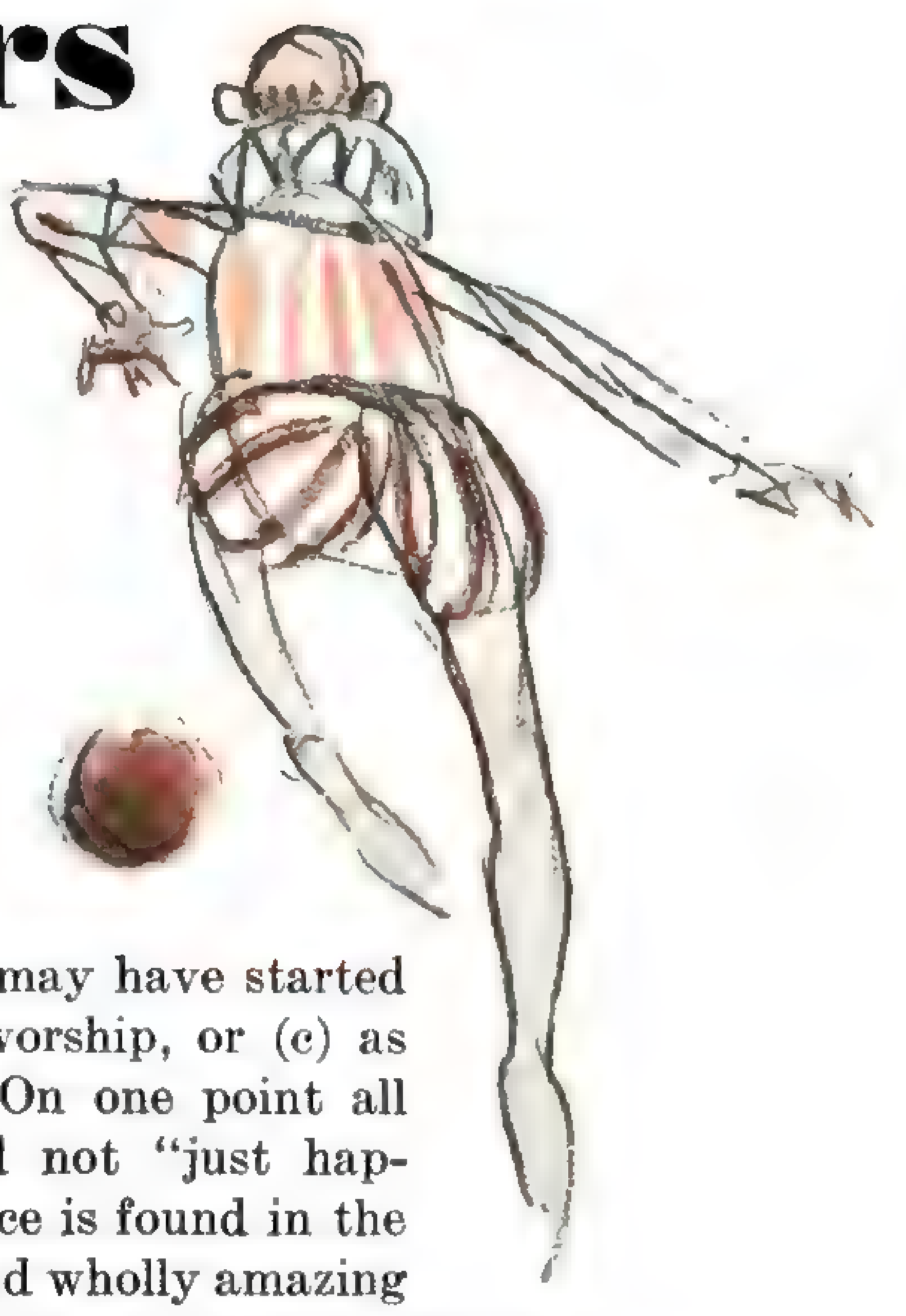


# Riots, Rugby and Rooters



## Psychoanalysis of the football complex proving the pigskin is a Danish skull or Druid pancake

### by EDWARD M. BARROWS

• SPORTS •

At last, the football rooter has found a friend. It is the sociologist—no less. Sociologists make their living by finding important answers to apparently fool questions about human behavior. They excavate cargoes of dusty facts, and among them find nuggets of golden truth that replenish our exhausted beliefs in the sanity of the race, and thereby add to the joy of living. Today, while doctors and players and coaches have been considering new devices of assault and battery on the gridiron, the humanitarian scientists go back of these difficulties to ask why there is football at all.

The public attitude toward football is full of queer mysteries; all the queerer because these mysteries are so close to the noses of most of us that only sociologists, antiquarians, and a few other intellectual snoopers of such ilk recognize them as mysteries at all. What, for one instance, is behind the behavior of the hundreds of thousands of otherwise staid and sane citizens who neglect their own affairs every fall and fight for the privilege of sitting on a hard seat, sometimes in rain or snow, to watch eleven young strangers compel eleven other strangers to let them convey a leather covered bag filled with wind to a predetermined spot fifty or more yards away?

"College spirit" is the obvious answer, but a little reflection makes it just as obvious that this answer is wrong. Over 80,000 people witnessed the Michigan-Ohio State game a few years ago, but the combined student bodies and alumni of the two universities hardly approach that figure. The mammoth stadia and "bowls" that are a feature of so many of our leading football universities could not maintain themselves without the throngs of rooters who know nothing of the spirit of dear old Yarnceton and care less, and whose knowledge of campus life comes from the movies, where the students throw paper wads at the professors.

Love of witnessing dangerous feats, say some. But why, then, this hullabaloo over making the game less dangerous? Interest in the game itself is no answer. The average rooter's knowledge of football is something like that of the co-ed who explained that her brother was on the team, but she was not sure whether he was a touchdown or a punt. The Englishman loves his cricket with the love that passeth understanding; but the world's record crowds are those counted at the English football games.

Again, why is football regarded as a supreme test of school or college patriotism? These are places of education, and a debate would seem a more logical expression of loyalty. But tell that to the rabid rooters! Intellect has nothing to do with it. There can be no doubt that the interest of the rooter who knows little of the fine points of football is just as keen as that of the player who never gets to see a game himself. Together, players and rooters pretty well disrupt the sacred quest for knowledge in every American hall of learning for something like a quarter of the academic year, and nobody of consequence cares—either students, faculty, trustees or the people who pay the bills—except an occasional pedant whose education has gone to his head.

There remains the solid fact that football is the king of sports in all the English-speaking nations, which are the only ones to take the game seriously—and this last qualification brings up a new line of mysteries. Why should this be? Football is one of the most universal and primitive of games. The Chinese record football games two centuries before Christ. Football antedates history in Mediterranean Europe and in England. The first white men in America, in the South Seas and in the Arctic watched it played among the aborigines. But the rest of the world now takes its football calmly enough, while all the English-speaking countries split their larynxes over it every fall.

The common or garden variety of mind may consider these questions as trivial. Sober students of human society do not agree to this at all; and anyway, if they can justify the antics of us grandstand quarterbacks during a close game, by all means let us hear what they have to say. Briefly, they offer three diagnoses of football hysteria, each sufficiently startling to command our whole attention. They claim that it springs from the origin of the game, which may have begun as (a) the symbol of an ancient battle between the English and the Danes or the Romans, or (b) it may have started as a form of sun-worship, or (c) as a form of magic. On one point all agree; football did not "just happen." Their evidence is found in the almost unknown and wholly amazing story of English football, from which our American game derives. To understand it let us give the antiquarian the floor first, then the historian, and finally the football rules maker.

English football is older than the nation itself. Its origin no one knows, but it first appears in the chronicles as a struggle between two groups of men to take and keep possession of a small portable object, sometimes a skull—some say a human skull, and this fact gives the "symbolic game" theorists their innings. The Danes had early developed their unpleasant habit of descending suddenly on the English coasts, raiding the villages and carrying off the cattle and their women. When a leader was killed in the fights that ensued, legends often record the titanic struggles to get possession of his head. The skulls of those raiders have figured in more than one story of this kind.

Now it is an unassailable fact that may of the games of modern English and American children are played in our city streets today approximately as they were played a thousand years ago in English countrysides. Antiquarians have traced many of these games back to their sources. They find them to be re-enactments of dramatic happenings in ancient English villages. Football, say such men, probably developed in this wise: a group of coast villagers may have repelled a landing of the Danes and after a fierce battle, kept the Danish leader's head as a trophy. The event would have been celebrated in future years by a sort of pageant in which the struggle over the leader's head was re-enacted. After a generation or so—the English are very deliberate in these matters—the dramatic element would have been lost sight of and the interest centered on the struggle itself. Then nearby villages would become interested, and would challenge each other.

This development is wholly consistent with the known facts about many English games and pageants. Football in Derbyshire, England, has been traced definitely to its origin in a skirmish between the villages and some invading Roman soldiers. It is certain also that for many centuries English football was played between the men of rival towns or rival parishes, and that they were occasions for the display of a fierce local patriotism that make our intercollegiate rivalries look like children's picnics. The game sometimes lasted a whole day,

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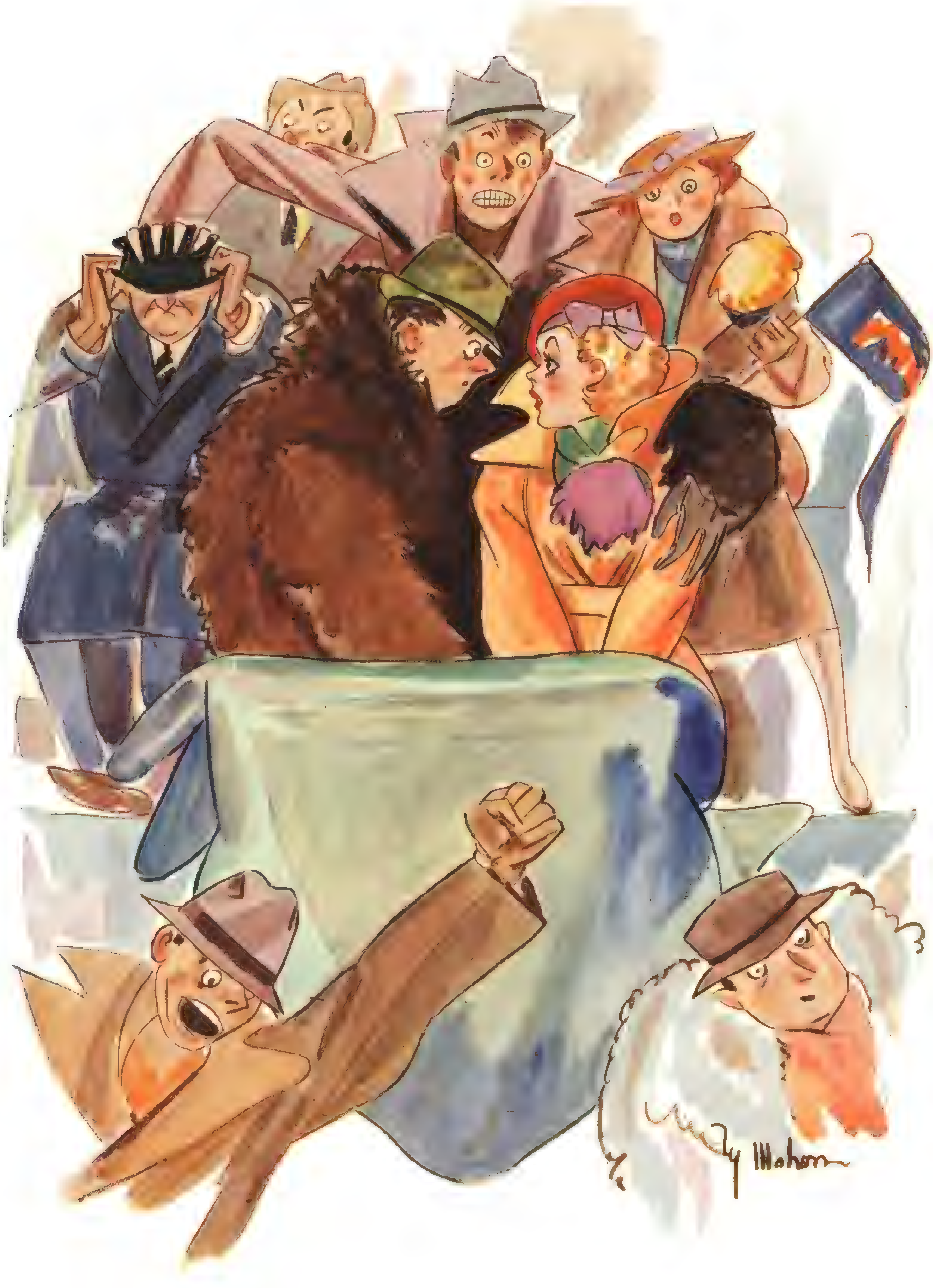
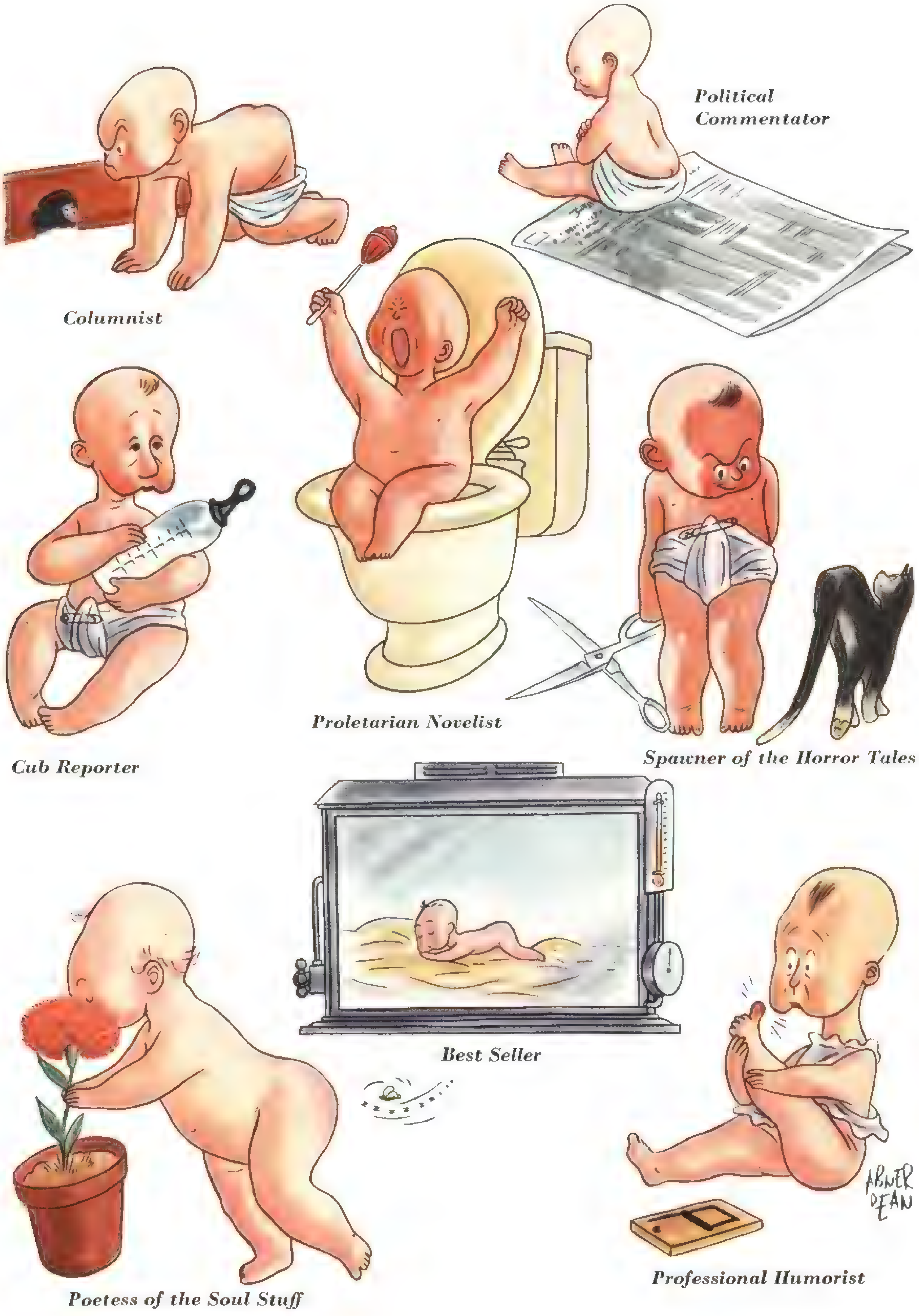


*"What is this?—A game?"*


Political Commentator
Columnist
Cub Reporter
Proletarian Novelist
Spawner of the Horror Tales
Best Seller
Poetess of the Soul Stuff
Professional Humorist
ABNER DEAN

LITERATURE IN THE RAW

# Around the Corner

### A triptych showing people with a genius, a genius with people, and another genius with himself

### by KONRAD BERCOVICI

• ARTICLE •

## I. The Realist

Rudolph Schildkraut was undoubtedly one of the greatest character actors of all times. Short, stout and with a bullet-like head that sat directly between his wide shoulders, no one could have guessed the man's profession upon meeting him the first time. Nature had handicapped him in every physical way; as if she wanted to prevent him from doing what he most wanted to do. His voice was the voice of a bullfrog. His eyes bulged. He had the most awkward walk I have ever seen in a man. And it had been his lot to act only in languages that were alien to him. He was born in Rumania, in the village I was born in, yet he had never had the opportunity to act in his native country. He had to learn the Hungarian language to act on the Budapest stage, then the German language to act under Reinhardt, and to become one of Berlin's idols, and when he first appeared on Broadway his English was limited to the lines of his play. On the stage he spoke perfect English and pronounced it magnificently; off stage he hardly understood what was said to him.

Yet, the man's genius triumphed over all handicaps. But he was no angel. Far from it. When he loved he loved well. When he hated he hated bitterly.

Mr. Rosenbaum had made a million dollars manufacturing gold braids for the army and had married a young Second Avenue actress with much more ambition than talent.

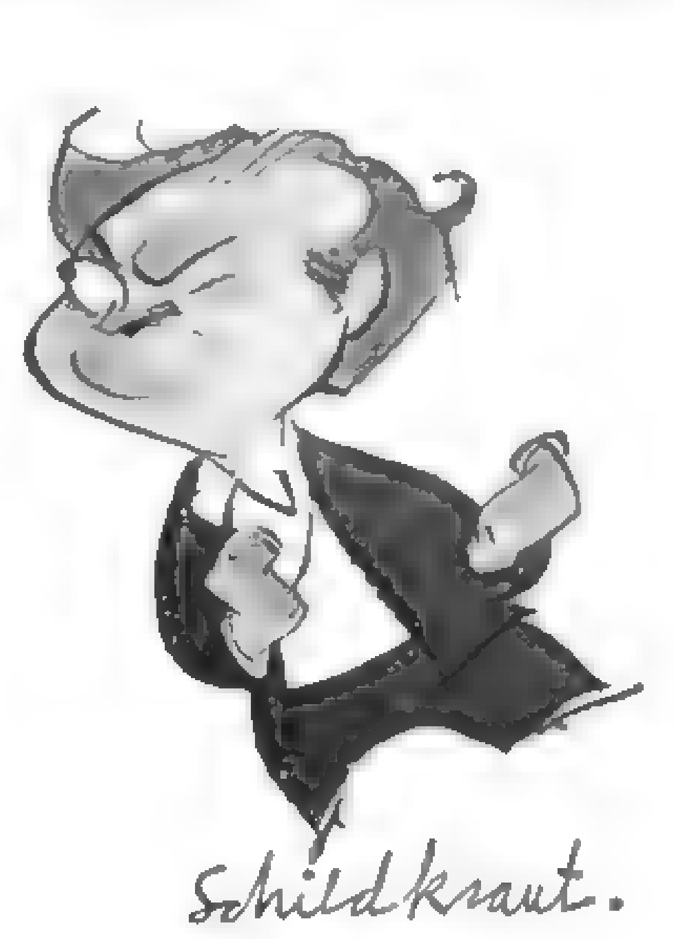
At the wedding of Esther Rosenbaum, attended by the whole theatrical fraternity and sorority, Mr. Rosenbaum delivered a neat speech in which he regretted that love had to rob art. Mr. Kaiser, the representative of the actor's union answered that he hoped that love was not also intending to rob the treasury of the union. Whereupon Mrs. Rosenbaum promised to pay her dues in advance every year and never to forget the profession that had honored her (in all modesty) more than she had deserved, etc.

But she wasn't out of the profession very long. A big-hearted manager became her husband's friend.

Mr. Rosenbaum was shown figures that made profits in gold braids look like chicken feed. There was money in the theatrical business. Real money. Esther Rosenbaum wouldn't have been human, and wouldn't have been an actress at all if she had not lent an ear to the siren song. A theater owned by her husband meant her name in electric lights, and the avenging of all the little humiliations she had suffered playing small parts in minor plays.

The affair moved rapidly. Mr. Rosenbaum bought an old theater on the Bowery and redecorated it. While this was being done the manufacturer's home was besieged from morning to night with playwrights, actors and actresses. People who had never as much as greeted the young actress now bowed profoundly to her. A month before the theatrical season was on its way people on Second Avenue spoke of nothing else but of the great talent of Esther Rosenbaum.

The title of the first play was still a mystery. And then a bombshell was thrown. The Rosenbaums had engaged Rudolph Schildkraut by cable and he was on his way to America, to play opposite Esther in *The God of Vengeance*, Sholom Ash's great play.



Even the best friends of the Rosenbaums considered that an impudence. The rôle of the wayward daughter in Ash's play had always been played by the most famous actresses. That Esther Rosenbaum should even dare to want to play it was the height of impudence, and to play it opposite Schildkraut was more than that—was an artistic crime.

But it was her husband's theater and her husband's money that had engaged the great Rudolph. There was nothing anyone could do about it.

I saw Rudolph back stage as soon as he had arrived. His son, Joseph, was with him. They were both pale and looked like after a long siege of hunger and want. They had been in Germany throughout the war. They were rehearsing the play. Joseph Schildkraut acted as director. Esther was terrible. Father and son were patient and kind and worked hard to make her understand what it was all about. She was the star, and the owner of the theater, and behaved as if she were at least the equal of the great Rudolph. She even suggested changes in Schildkraut's acting and in the play.

We went to a neighboring coffee house, Schildkraut and I, and he wept like a child.

"That I, Rudolph Schildkraut, should be reduced to play opposite such a talentless specimen," he repeated again and again. "She is my boss. She is telling me what to do!"

"It is only a temporary affair," I told him.

"I am tied to a two-year contract, man alive. I had to pay debts in Berlin before leaving for America," he whined.

"Well, there will be some way out of that," I suggested.

His eyes lit up suddenly and he reached across the table for my hand.

"Of course, of course there will be a way out! What a fool I was to worry about that. There *is* a way out!" he cried out and became suddenly very gay. "Let's have another glass of tea. Hey waiter. Two glasses of tea and something to eat. I am hungry. How about you, Konrad? Of course there is a way out. Come tomorrow to the first performance. Promise you will come. You will sit near my wife. And we'll celebrate afterwards."

Actors and actresses trouped in one after the other. Schildkraut was extremely affable to them and called them by their first names.

"Hello, Jake. Hello, Sonia."

When Mrs. Rosenbaum appeared he called her over to our table.

"Sit here, Esther. Bring another chair for Mrs. Rosenbaum, waiter. What will you have, Esther? Eat something. You have to. You work so hard. It's coming along nicely. It will be a great performance. Don't you worry!"

Amazed at his sudden friendliness Mrs. Rosenbaum broke out in a thousand smiles that showed deep dimples in her checks.

"Dimples!" Schildkraut cried out pinching her cheeks. "Dimples! I am crazy about dimples. All great actresses had dimples. Eat. We open tomorrow night. You have to be strong. It's a strenuous part."

I sat beside Mrs. Schildkraut and watched Rudolph's performance though I had seen the play a dozen times. Schildkraut, in the rôle of a middle-aged illiterate truck-driver, was magnificent to behold. He looked a foot taller than he was. He was alternately tender, rough, naïve, crafty, murderous and as gentle as a lamb.

At the end of the second act the applause was tremendous. It was all meant for Rudolph, of course, but Esther took several bows holding hands with him.

Mrs. Schildkraut was all atremble.

"What is the matter? Not feeling well?" I asked.

"No . . ." the actor's wife answered, "not that . . . but something terrible is going to happen. I can see it in Ruddy's eyes."

"What, for instance?"

"I don't know . . . but when that light is in his eyes . . . I know . . . God help us!"

"But what can happen?"

"Anything, when he is in that mood."

"No. No. God help us."

She was like a frightened child and kept on mumbling "God help us" yet she refused to intervene.

During the third act the wayward daughter, after a night spent away from her home, is brought in by friends of the

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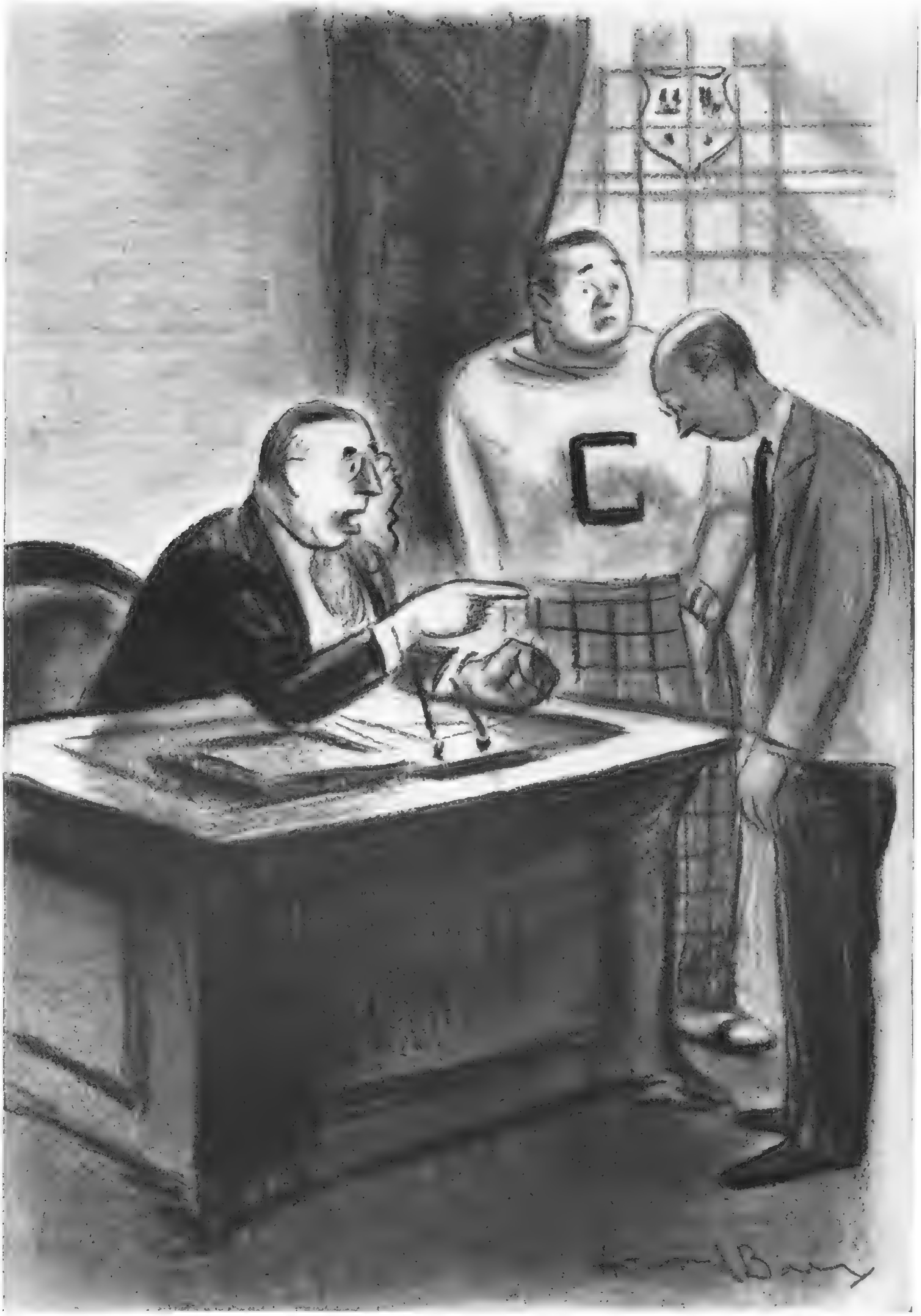


*"Professor Chadwick, I understand you spoke harshly to our triple threat man!"*

# Pronounce Him

### An interne encounters a routine shock that proves him born with the doctor's essential humanity

### by ALAN FRANK GUTTMACHER, M. D.

• SEMI-FICTION •

The gurgle of water poured from a bottle, the rumble of a distant truck, the pop of chewing gum between the tongue and teeth, the scratch of cat's claws against a wire screen—a terrifying cacophony. Good God, would the noise never cease? I must escape it, I must stop it. I awoke from the vivid nightmare trembling with fright, reliving once more the whole ghastly experience. I was so young, so unsophisticated in the practice of my art. . . .

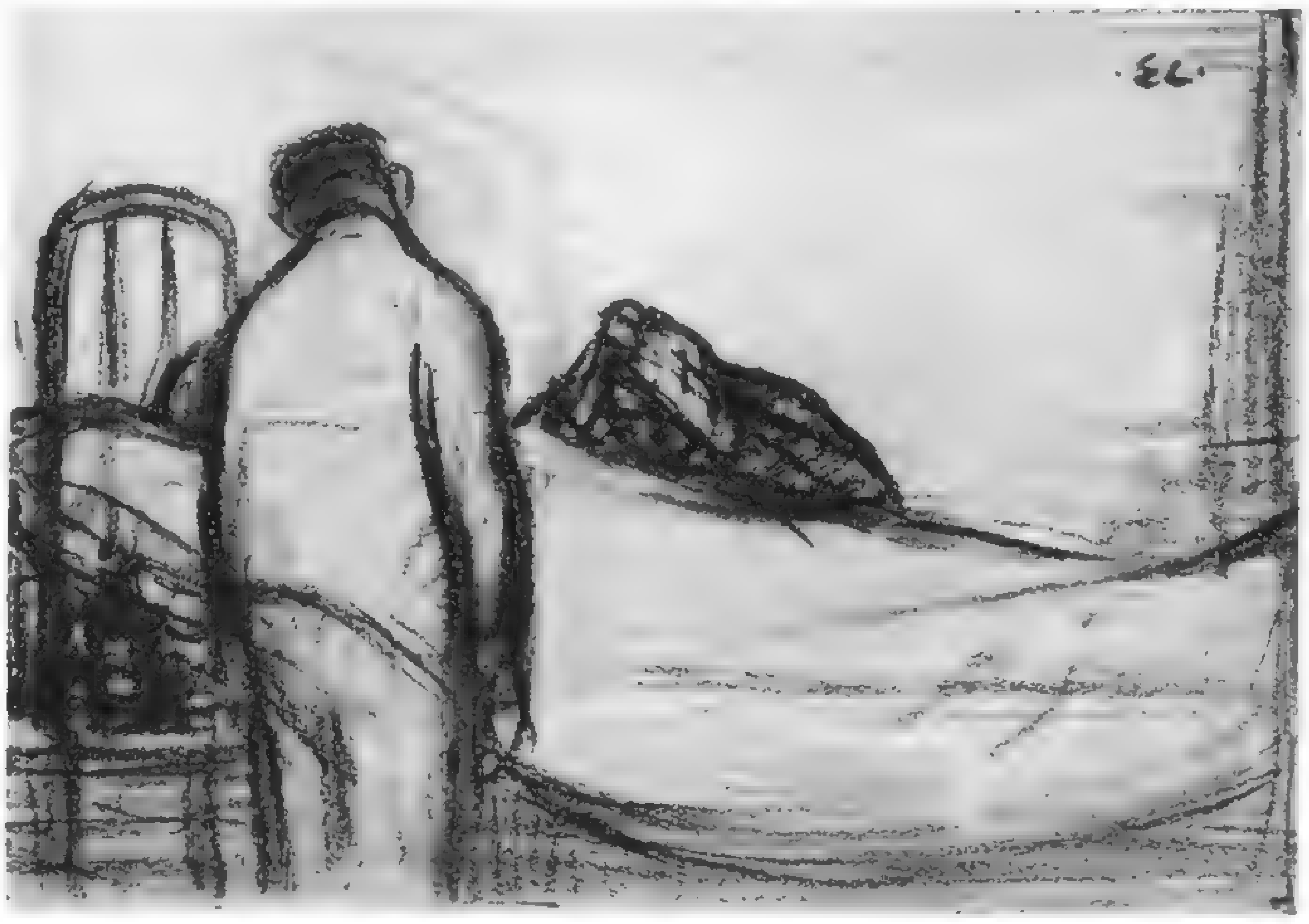
I had been asked to substitute for Frost, one of the internes. This was a singular honor for a man who had just completed his third year of medical school. I had never served as an interne before and I recall the mixed feeling of awe and pride which surged through me as I entered the hospital on that particular morning. I had walked through its corridors hundreds of times before, but now it all seemed quite different. Previously I had been only a spectator of its exciting events and now I was to be an active participant.

I went to Frost's room, a celibate looking chamber, with white unadorned walls and cheerless uncurtained windows. I quickly changed from my street clothes to the stiffly starched duck uniform of an interne which had been laid out for me. Despite its many patches—the substitutes get the internes' cast-offs—I was as proud as when years before I had worn my first tuxedo, I glanced appraisingly at myself in the speckled mirror, I was tall and dark and the white clothes became me. I told the telephone operator that "Doctor" Henderson was taking calls for Dr. Frost. "Doctor Henderson" made a pleasant sound. I had never said it out loud before. I assured myself that it was mainly the lilt of the words which appealed to me, though the borrowed title of doctor was very satisfying.

I hunted up Bob Benson, the Assistant Resident in charge of my ward, who took me on Rounds introducing me to the nurses and explaining the cases. The ward was full, cases of the usual sort; appendices, hernias, ruptured ulcers, thyroids and a few fractures. All were far on the way to recovery except one poor devil whom they had moved into a side room. I later learned that any patient moved from the general ward to a side room rarely leaves the hospital alive, it is the equivalent of serving preliminary notice on the undertaker. Even gregarious man attempts to grant privacy to all on two occasions, during the processes of birth and death.

We entered the room of the dying man. I still remember the clean penetrating odor of the sick chamber and even yet when I smell the chlorine odor of Dakin's antiseptic solution my mind flashes back to that first morning as interne. The face of the sick man was flushed and pinched by fever and his sunken eyes had a curious luminous quality. His hollow cheeks were dirty with beard. He was breathing rapidly and with each shallow respiration he involuntarily dilated and contracted his nostrils. His wasted fingers strayed over the sheets as though he were trying to feel the presence of life. As Bob and I stood by the bed he puckered his brow and stared fixedly at us trying to recall who we were. Benson automatically felt the sick man's pulse and motioned me to feel it in the other wrist. The pulse was rapid and full, fairly slapping the ends of my fingers. It was the fastest pulse I had ever felt and already was slightly irregular, lacking an occasional beat as though the heart were beginning to mutiny against the quick pace set for it.

There was a complicated series of drainage tubes which ran in and out of the surgical wound in his left leg. Benson spoke reassuringly to the dying man, but the only response was his wild, uncomprehending stare.



After we left the room Bob told me the history. This man of thirty-six would leave behind him a wife and seven children in the mountains of Tennessee. He and his family were destitute but the little rural community had collected enough money at their church services to send him north with a brother. Neither had funds to return, but at least they had gotten this far. It was a harrowing thought—now one would return in a pine box. To add to the pathos, death for him seemed so unnecessary, a mere accident of surgery, for the operation was a relatively simple one and ordinarily devoid of danger. The man had suffered from a tumor of the tibia. Benson told me that even after the operator had cut down and exposed the growth he was still uncertain as to whether it was benignant or malignant: —the former would require only the local removal of the tumor, while the latter would necessitate the high amputation of the leg. Because of the immense importance of a correct diagnosis a piece of the tumor was sent to the laboratory for emergency study. The surgeon and his team kept themselves scrupulously sterile during the fifteen minutes required for the examination of the tissue and the open wound was covered with a sterile towel. The report came back benign and the operator simply curretted away the tumor and closed the wound. Despite all precautions the wound became profoundly infected and now nine days later the man was dying from a general bacterial infection which had invaded his blood stream.

For the neophyte interne simple hospital routine takes on huge proportions. Every blood count assumes the gravity of a major operation and a routine urine analysis is as important as a high priced medical consultation. Therefore, my first day's duties lasted late into the evening. Of course, after months of practice, histories, physical examinations, laboratory procedures, the dressing of wounds, work in the operating room or the accident ward became almost automatic and can be dispatched in quick order.

During this long day I had often gone in and out of the dying man's room. I had seen his brother standing at the foot of the bed, eloquently wringing his worn cap in hands gnarled by the spade and the hoe. Once he stopped me in the hall, "Say, doc, has Edward a chance? You're a new doc on his case, maybe you can give him some new medicine." Tears were dripping down his cheeks. I put my arm about his shoulders and spoke the time-worn platitude. "While there is life, there is hope—we'll try." The dying Edward, the brother, their destitute mountain family were constantly in my thoughts. I had frequently seen the finished product of death on the dissecting table and on the autopsy slab, but I had never seen the process of death—death in the making. I was frightened and therefore made myself go into the dying

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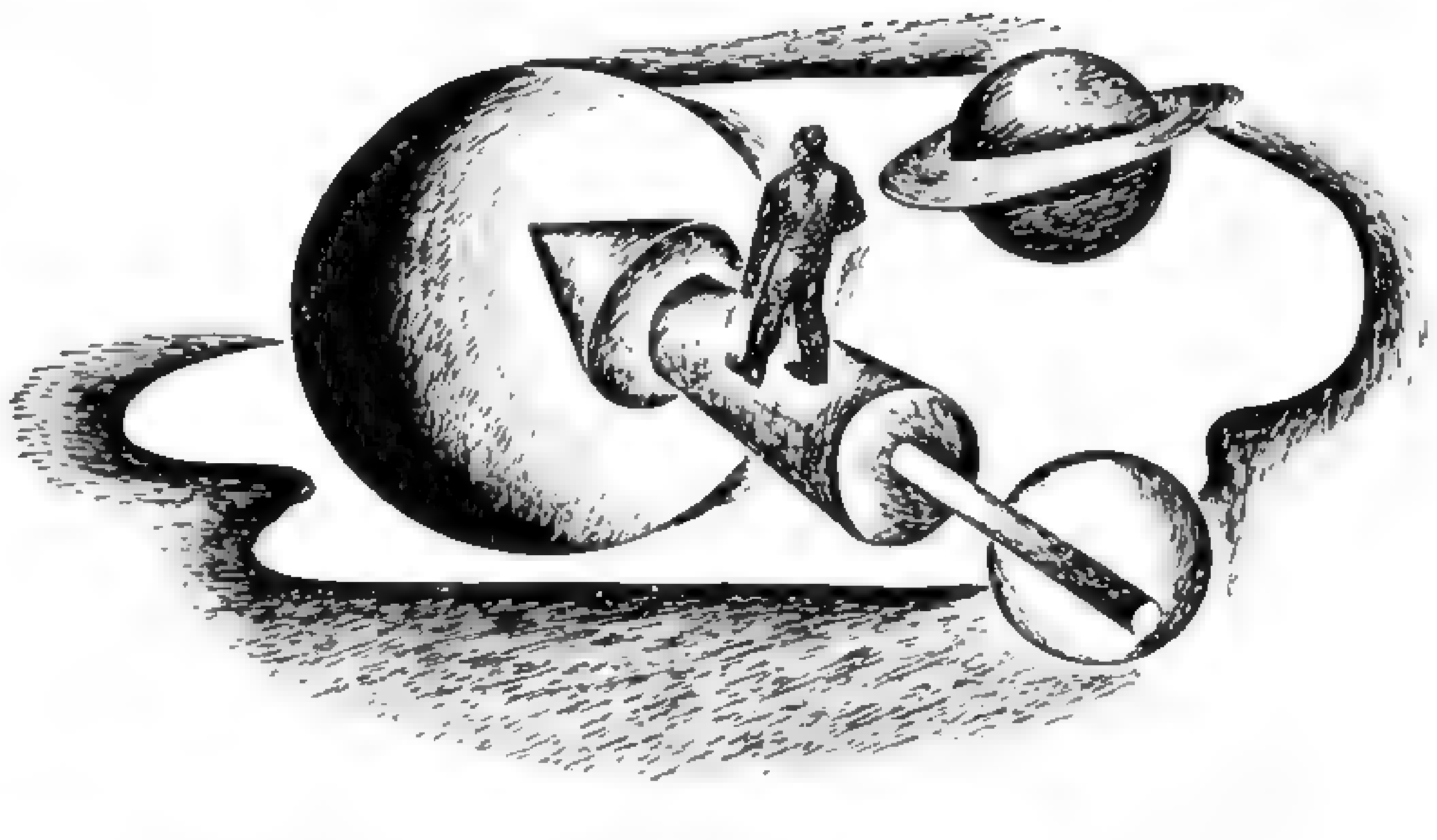
# Fun in the Third Dimension

## Progress in rockets to pierce beyond the stratosphere, told jointly with Peter van Dresser

### by WILLY LEY

• ARTICLE •

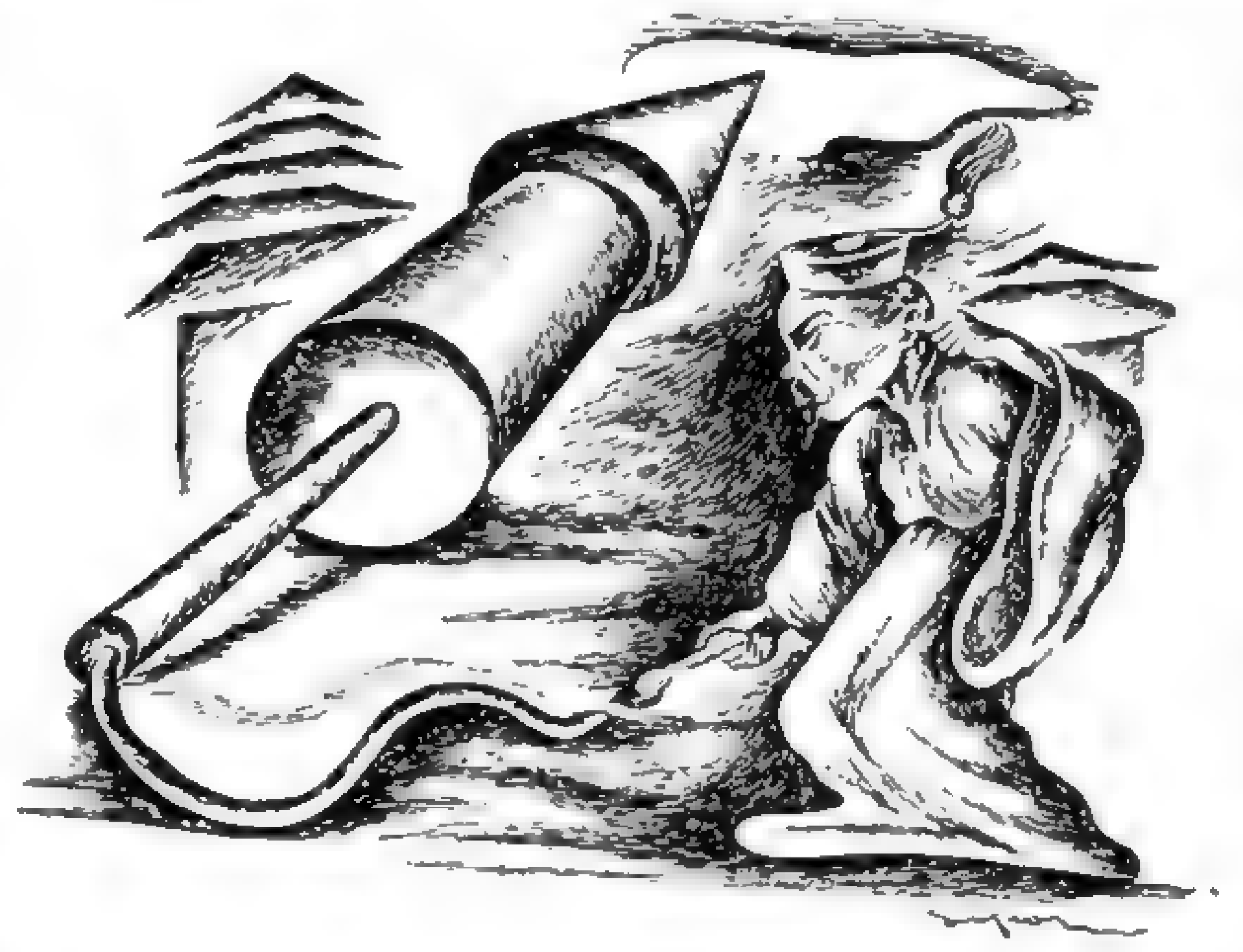


The learned and distinguished Mandarin Van-Hoo, natural philosopher and amateur inventor, examined critically his "strange contraption" (as a similar machine was to be termed five centuries later) and decided that it was ready for use. He took his seat in the saddle, threw a final look at the lashings of the two enormous kites attached to the structure and with dignity gave the prearranged signal. Immediately forty-seven coolies rushed forward with forty-seven torches which they applied to the fuses of forty-seven large skyrockets. There was a roar and a billow of smoke, and the Mandarin, the forty-seven coolies, and the first flying machine disappeared from history.

The eminent Mandarin's attempt to negotiate the air was foredoomed to failure, because, ignorant of certain natural laws with which we have since become familiar, he planned his machine to operate on two conflicting principles. That the attempt was also catastrophic was simply his misfortune.

Mathematical philosophers usually concede that man is a three-dimensional being. He knows length, breadth, and height. He knows that a moving point generates a line; a moving line, a plane; a moving plane, a cube. Therefore he conjectures that moving a cube in the right (but unknown) direction might generate a four-dimensional object, impossible to visualize. To aid in this interesting speculative study philosophers create imaginary two-dimensional beings—"flatlanders"—and try to visualize how the third dimension would appear to them.

As a matter of fact it is really unnecessary to imagine flatlanders. They do exist and they call themselves men. In the larger view, in spite of our three-dimensional bodies we possess only a very limited sense of the third dimension, much less the fourth. In truth we resemble the lobster living in the mud at the sea bottom. We move to the right and to the left and we are very proud of it. We can dig a bit in the mud, and due to the efforts of Van-Hoo and his successors, we swim a short distance in the water, that is to say in the air. But we certainly have no adequate command of the third dimension. The record for the stratosphere balloon is that of the Russians; they reached 22 kilometres and died. The record for deep sea diving is that of William Beebe; he reached a depth of about one half of a kilometre, and still lives to go deeper. But the diameter of the earth is more than twelve thousand five hundred kilometres, and the comparative thickness of the atmosphere with its 400 kilometres is less than the thickness of an egg shell. We are living just under the shell of the earth egg and we have managed to penetrate the shell for one thirtieth of its thickness; we have simply no right to say that we are three-dimensional—though we are, physically. It may be that just this discrepancy between our perceptive equipment and our capacity has been the cause of our perpetual desire to conquer the air, though no particular reason was in sight when we started it.



We have conquered the air now—or rather, the troposphere, the "layer where the weather is brewed," as the Germans say. It is the only layer of the atmosphere with which we are a little bit acquainted; beyond the troposphere the stratosphere follows and beyond the stratosphere the ionosphere. When the ionosphere fades out the airless void of space begins; the limits of this outermost layer are usually given as from 300 to 500 kilometres over the surface of the earth, in other words, our air ocean is about that deep. With the aid of machines we can climb up the first and thickest layer, the troposphere. Its depth ranges from ten to twelve kilometres. Afterwards our machinery will no longer work, when our motors reach the stratosphere they do what men do, they begin to suffocate. Likewise our propellers refuse to work, they find no "grip" any more. Airscrews are as helpless in this thinned atmosphere as the flippers of a fish in air.

Paradoxically Van-Hoo with his perhaps most spectacular and complete of all failures to fly, pointed out the only means of really attacking the third dimension. That means is the rocket. To stick to balloons (helpful as they may be for a short time), would be to remain forever within boundaries already nearly reached. The first aviators in like fashion stuck to the sail because it was a known means of propulsion to them—and their efforts proved fruitless. Aviation required a new invention, the propeller. Balloons and propellers are for the conquering of the stratosphere what sails and oars were for the first aviators; good in a denser medium, worthless in the thinner one. But an invention does not necessarily mean a *new* thing; the propeller was already known when it was successfully applied to aircraft and so is the rocket today. The invention will be again the "how to apply" and not the "what to apply." Thanks to an extensive theoretical research, carried on by scientists in many nations, we know more today about the rocket than aviators knew about the propeller.

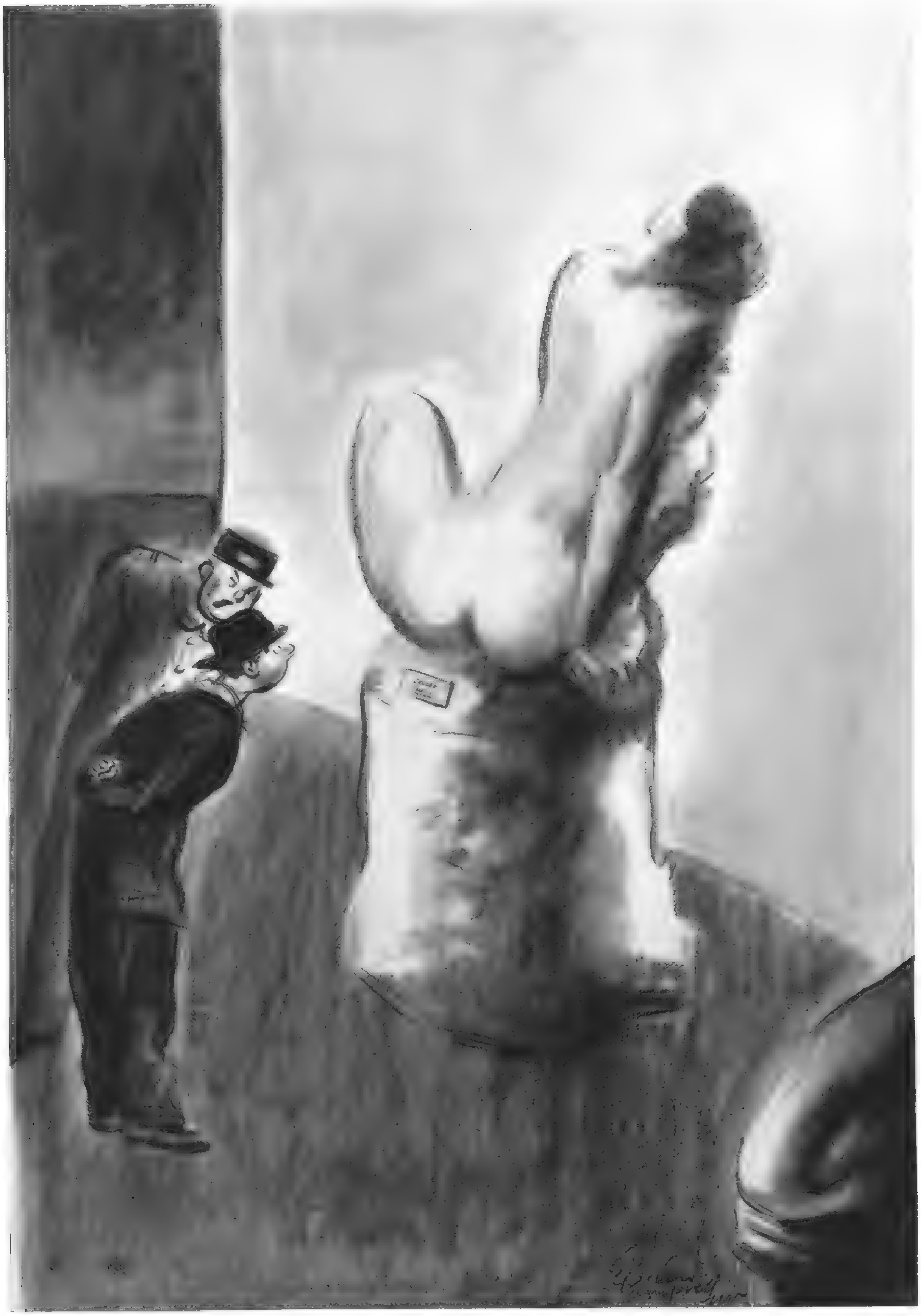
"Rocketry," as the new science has been termed, of course has a long background of empirical practice. Rockets have not only long been used for fireworks, but all coast guard stations over the world have quite powerful ones designed to carry lines over stranded ships. Rockets have sometimes been used to throw the first line of a bridge construction over rivers and in Switzerland to carry telephone wires to observatory posts. Then there was during the 19th century a period when formidable war rockets were used by European armies. In the battle of New Orleans these weapons were used by the British against "Old Hickory's" troops. In modern times Friedrich Schmiedl in Austria uses large powder rockets to shoot mail over a mountain separating two small Austrian towns.

The first mail rocket line in the world is, of course, only experimental and has the practical value of an experiment. The rockets shoot from their launching rack at an elevation of about forty-five degrees into the air and cover the distance of a little over three kilometres in a surprisingly short time without being hampered by weather conditions. Schmiedl even performed mail rocket flights during a thunder storm and at night —"neither heat nor rain nor gloom of night . . ."

All these rockets have burned powder, but the new scientific ones depend on the use of liquid fuels—which change the rocket from a simple powder filled tube to a real piece of machinery able to annihilate space on an unprecedented scale.

In truth, such a scientifically designed liquid fuel rocket becomes an embodiment of the faculties of motion in its quintessential form, an instrument for transmuting thermal energy of fuel into kinetic energy of motion in the most direct and positive way. Its propulsion system, sometimes called the "reaction-motor," is the least complex mechanical device imaginable. Indeed the adjective mechanical, with its context of cogs, levers and pistons, is almost a reproach. This ancient and yet ultramodern prime mover contains *not a single moving part:* its animating principle rests with magnificent simplicity

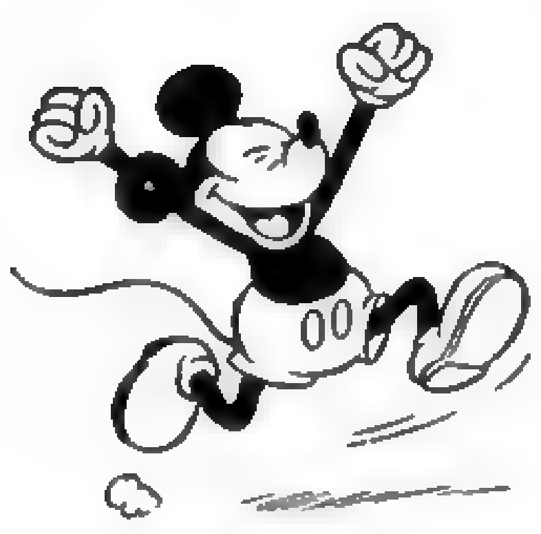
*Continued on page 183*



*"Take off yer hat!"*

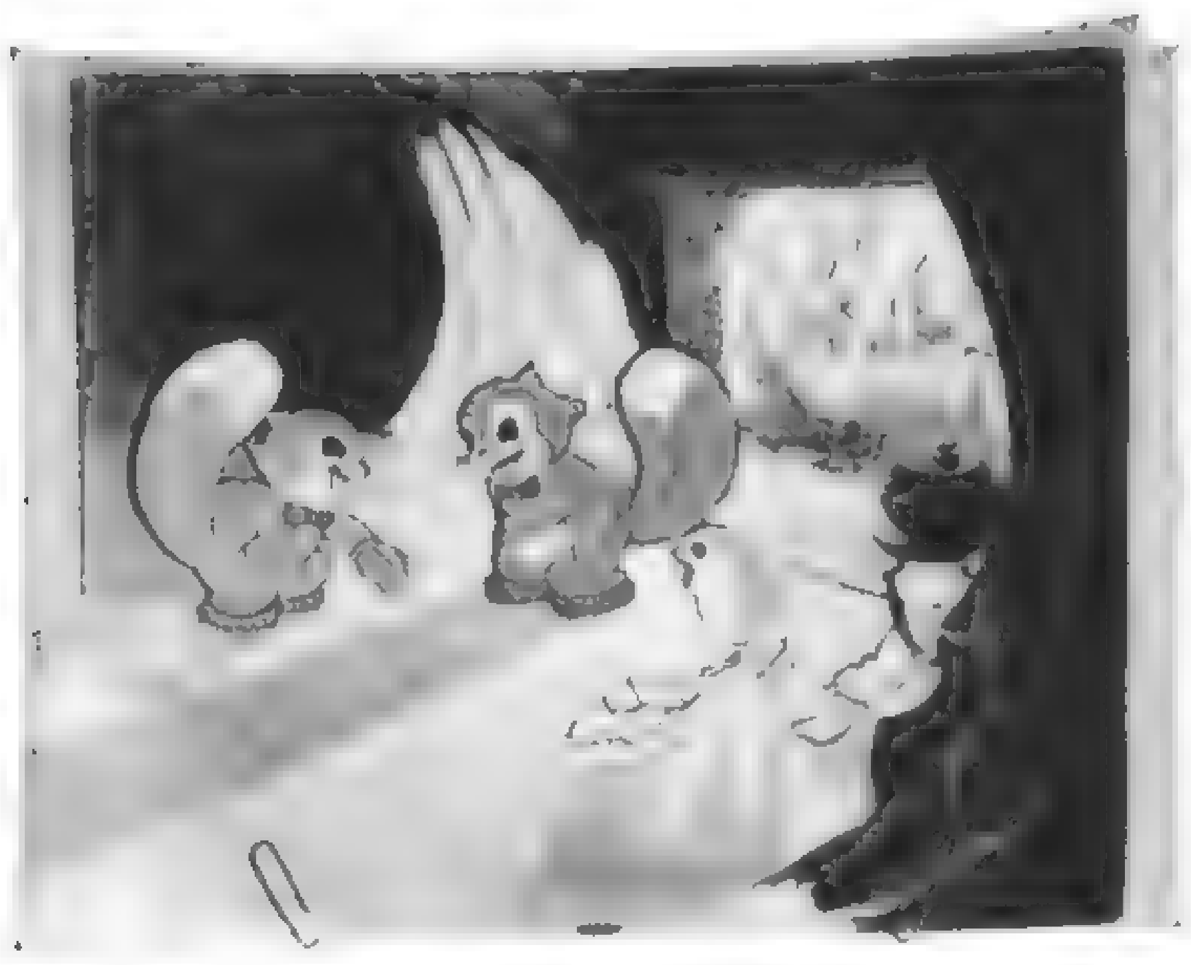
# Whimsy by the Mile

## Revealing the anatomy of the animated cartoon as it evolves from timing chart to celluloid

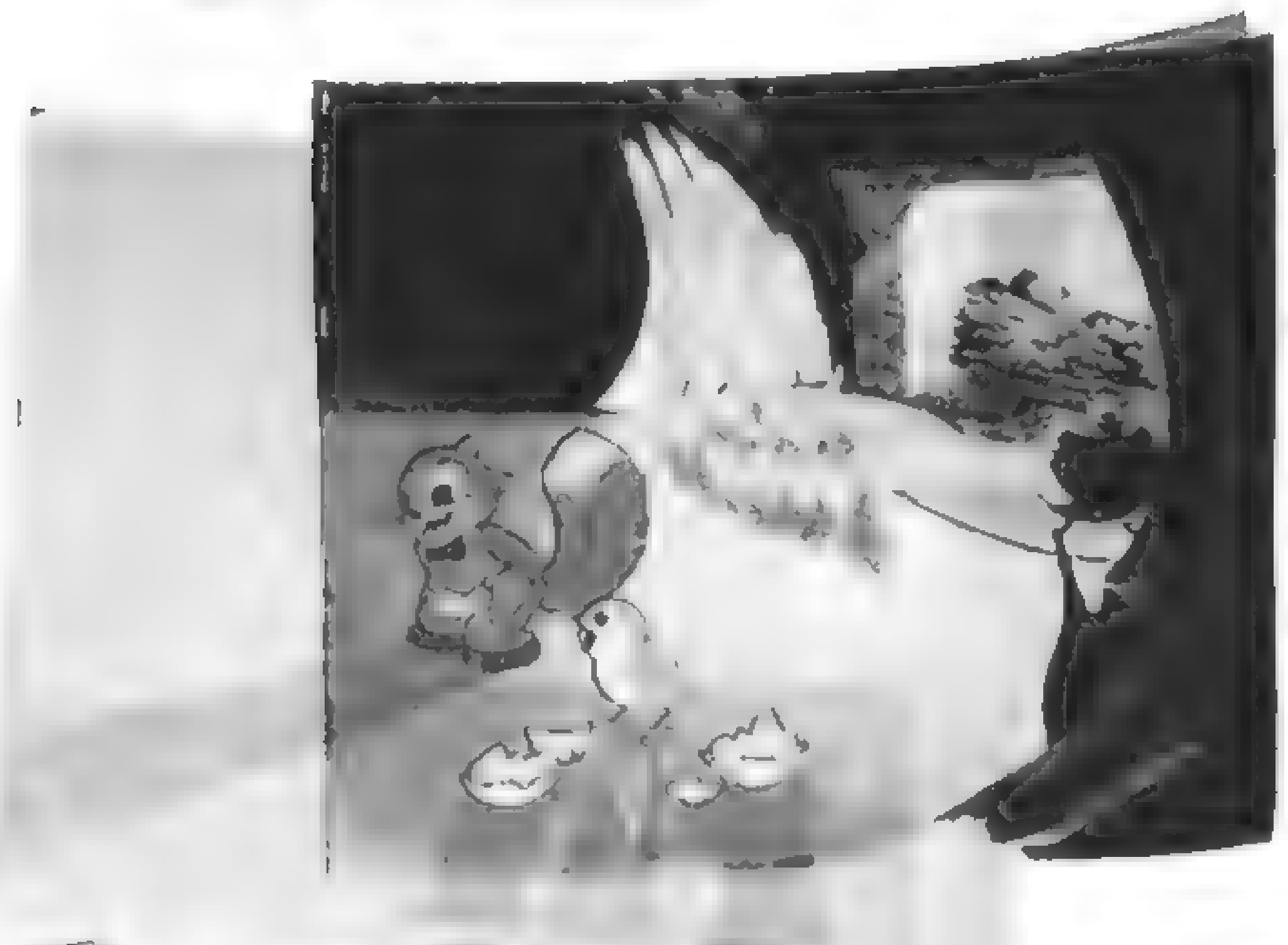


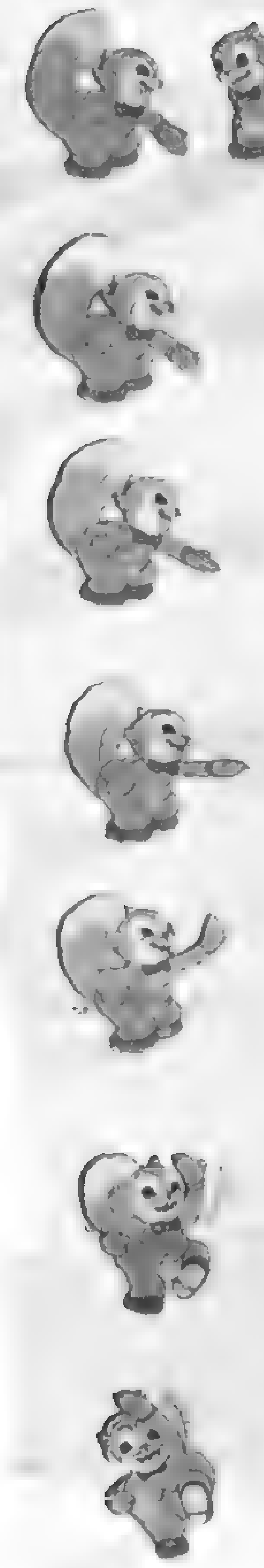
### by NICK GRINDE

▪ ARTICLE ▪



Action on celluloid





Time was, and time wasn't so long ago either, when if a pen-and-ink screen hero wanted to get to the top of a fence, he grabbed a strawberry crate from nowhere, broke it into wings, fashioned a propeller from his shoe soles, took off his tail for a crank, and aeroplaned to his destination.

Today this is frowned upon in the better circles of fence climbers. "Cute" is the keynote. The same character will now climb up by a series of clever arrangements of boxes and barrels, all legitimately there, and at no time violating perceptibly the laws of gravity, logic, or good sense. Energy is expended to a degree to compensate for reward. The grotesque is taboo.

The result is that the cartoons are getting a good sized foot-hold through their emotional appeal. The *Three Little Pigs* of course made animated history and converted many an innocent bystander into a loyal disciple. It had a meaty subject wherein, quite logically, good triumphed over evil, thrift was rewarded, and as a side line, a lovable character was taught a good lesson.

The immediate taking of this classic to the collective bosom of the world did more than anything else to develop the story-consciousness of the creators of this form of entertainment. The tendency was there and was taking shape, slowly and surely, but the *Three Pigs* gave the boys a ready and usable dramatic yard-stick.

A gag could no longer stand on its own legs if it were only a gag. It now had to be used as a delivery of an idea which was pertinent to an emotional story development.

For a long time the cartoon was just a series of gags haphazardly thrown together with hardly any more construction or continuity than could be expressed in the words, "A mother went out for a while and the kids got into all kinds of mischief and then the mother came home." Not much to make you watch the marquee for the next release, was it?

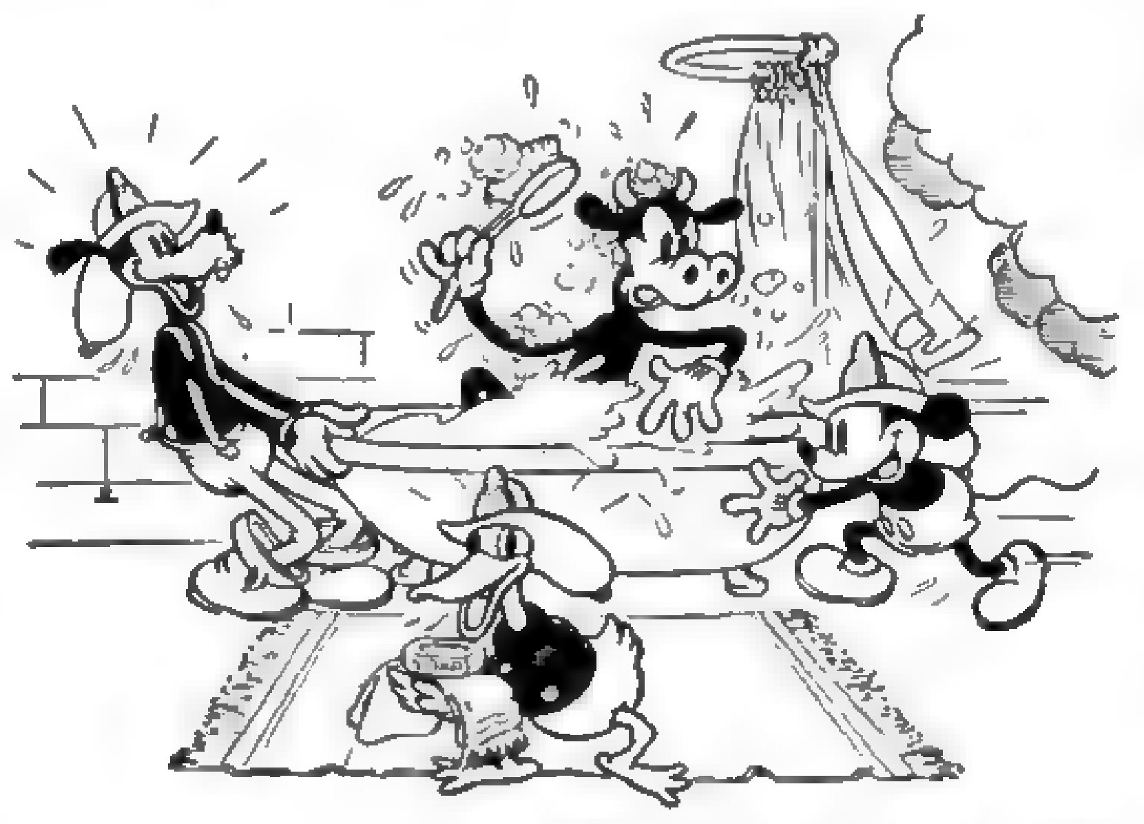
But you and I laughed at them, there's no doubt about that. And that laughter has fooled many a producer. There are certain things that people laugh at, and then leave the theater feeling that they and the picture they laughed at were both a little silly.

While it's not so easy, it's just as possible to provoke laughter that will bring lasting praise, and that, my friends, is what brings next year's contracts. You've seen plays that had you holding your sides from beginning to end, and when you reached the sidewalk you couldn't possibly remember what you'd been laughing at. And you've seen them with an atmosphere all their own and a theme that made you rush over and tell Uncle Alf, for goodness sake to take Ida and the kids to see it.

Well the cartoonists know this now and are straightening out their mechanical charlie horses and muscle-bound plots and going to it. You are seeing stories like the unhappy skunk who is not like other little boys, and the mouse who wanted to fly, and who when his wish was granted was neither a mouse nor a bat. "Nothing but a nothin' " to quote the film. The *Tortoise and the Hare* was based on the ever fresh theme of human frailties, and the *Lost Chick* and the *Vienna Woods* were pastoral musicals with a strong suspense.

Of course there is the danger of getting their new theories down too pat. You know how many program pictures you have seen where you were way ahead of the plot and were calling the turn on just what was going to happen. I know because I was sitting right behind you.

The prizes in the cartoon race will be to those producers who realize that they have to respect dramatic construction, but who know their drama, and sell it in a fresh way. You know—sort of like Chaplin does.



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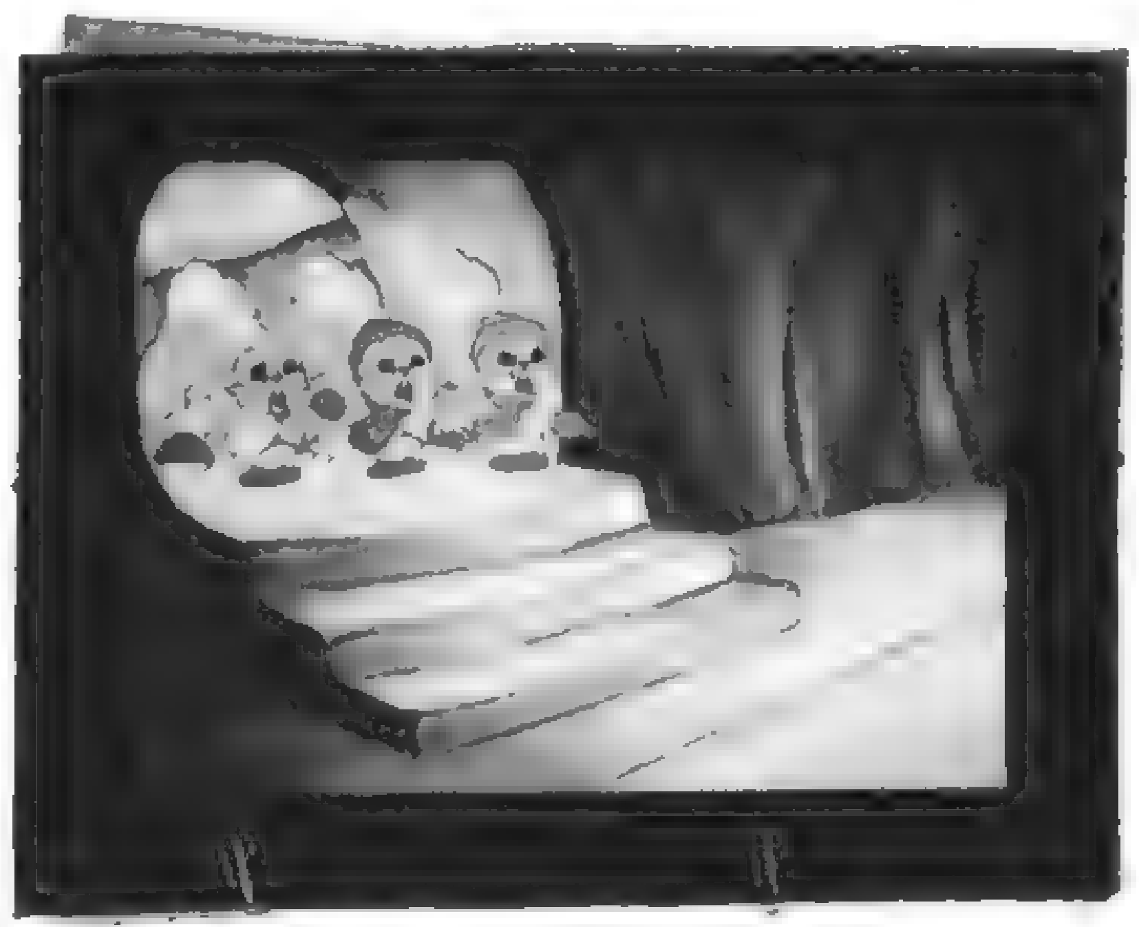
One of the basic rules of all art is the concealment of effort. In the case of animated cartoon the results and the effort are so far separated that credit is doubly due. Rhythmic movement is incubated from one of the most static of all sources—separate drawings on separate sheets of celluloid. Nothing in the animator's workshop suggests movement. Nothing ever moves until the finished product is viewed, and then as though to make amends for the dormant sluggish days of conception, it bursts into whimsical action with an ecstasy that provokes—if all has gone well—a most satisfying tickling of the risibilities.

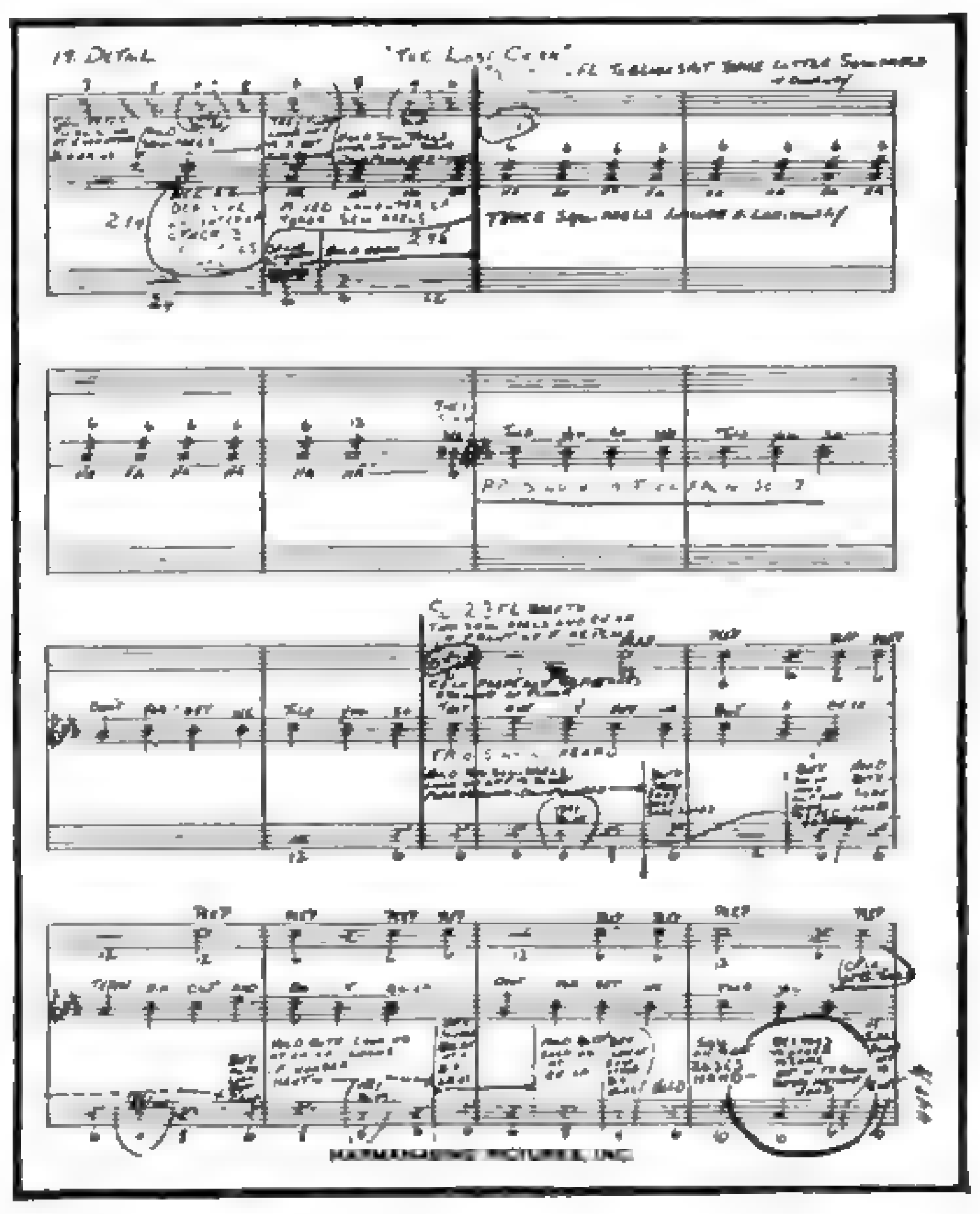
No director arrives in the morning and says to his players, as in a regular studio, let's try it. Those players will of a necessity, even on a bad day, give enough of something, so that between them a scene can be fermented. But things can not so be worked out on the set of these two dimensional marionettes, for their set is a sheet of blank paper. There are just a lot of slightly unbalanced drawings, with an unfinished flavor to them, lying where they were left the night before.

Of course to compensate for this flagrant lack of coöperation they do have some very enviable traits. They never get into scandals or divorce courts, they never complain of headaches, they've never been known to ask for a raise in salary even in the face of an inflating popularity, and they never get tired. As employees they are as satisfactory as was their grandfather, the ventriloquist's dummy.

In order that they function properly everything must be planned minutely, and every phase of their creation must be mechanically perfect. It takes twenty men about four weeks of drawing to produce one of the one-reel subjects which you are used to seeing. One reel is a thousand feet or less in length; it is apt to be about eight hundred feet. A very good man can produce enough drawings for about thirty-five feet of film in a week. Each foot of film, in case you have a taste for statistics, contains sixteen separate pictures, called frames, and is shown to you at the rate of twenty-four of these frames, or a foot and a half a second, or ninety feet a minute. And the amount of film you can see for thirty cents on a double bill, what with newsreels, trailers, and shorts, is nobody's business.



*Action with music*



There are about twelve thousand drawings for each picture. . . . There used to be one-half or less than that number, due to repeats. When a few bars of music are repeated here and there in a picture, as in the *Three Little Pigs*, the same drawings can be used over again, if the reaction or the dance, or what ever it is, is the same. However life always gets tougher as you go on, and so now, due to refinements, and new ambitions, you can just about put the repeats in your pipe.

Another thing that keeps the india ink bottles open is that it isn't just one drawing for each frame that's necessary. They found that the celluloid was so nice and transparent that they could pile up two, three, and even five drawings one on top of the other and get just dandy effects. First would be the setting, then the main character moving across it, then say some smoke from a chimney, or a stray cloud, and then a foreground piece like a tree behind which the character could run, and possibly, for good measure, another character who runs this side of the tree, just to make the final result all the more amazing.

Before the drawing starts there has to be a conference. Nothing in Hollywood is legal without one. If a star asks her maid if it's raining, she's in conference. Anyway about six of the boys get together and talk it over for a few weeks. One of these pictures is apt to be at least six or eight weeks in the conceiving, gagging, casting, choosing of locations, and the working out of the timing charts.

A couple of the lads are artists, and while making suggestions they are also dashing off preliminary sketches. That's where the casting comes in. Will the villain have long teeth and cross eyes or will he merely froth at the mouth and slash his tail. Having the sketches to demonstrate is probably what keeps these meetings from going on forever. Talking with your hands is no conference novelty in Hollywood, but wielding a pencil while doing it is what makes it news.

Then there is always one artist who just doesn't care about drawing figures, so they call him the location man. He makes sketches of the backgrounds, and it is here that the charm of the little world of these flat puppets is born. The flower-covered cottage of the leading lady and the spider-webbed cave of the heavy are of his brewing. And so is the tree in which the birds have their conventions, and the lily pond where the frogs do their dancing in the moonlight.

When all the details of the story have been agreed upon the scenario is written, and in all the annals of writing known to man, including the early Egyptian, here is the craziest looking document extant. It seems, to the uninitiated, to be a mad musician's idea of double entry bookkeeping.

They don't call it a scenario, but a timing chart. Starting with the known fact of sixteen pictures per foot and the time needed to play a given musical score at the desired tempo the two are synchronized on paper, and so precisely is this science worked out that an error is inconceivable. The artists and the musicians work independently of each other from a scheme which says that the hero lands on his neck at the end of the sixteenth frame, and that a base drummer in another part of the town who probably will never see the picture hits his means of income a mighty swat at exactly the same beat. That's boring through the mountain from opposite sides and meeting in the middle.

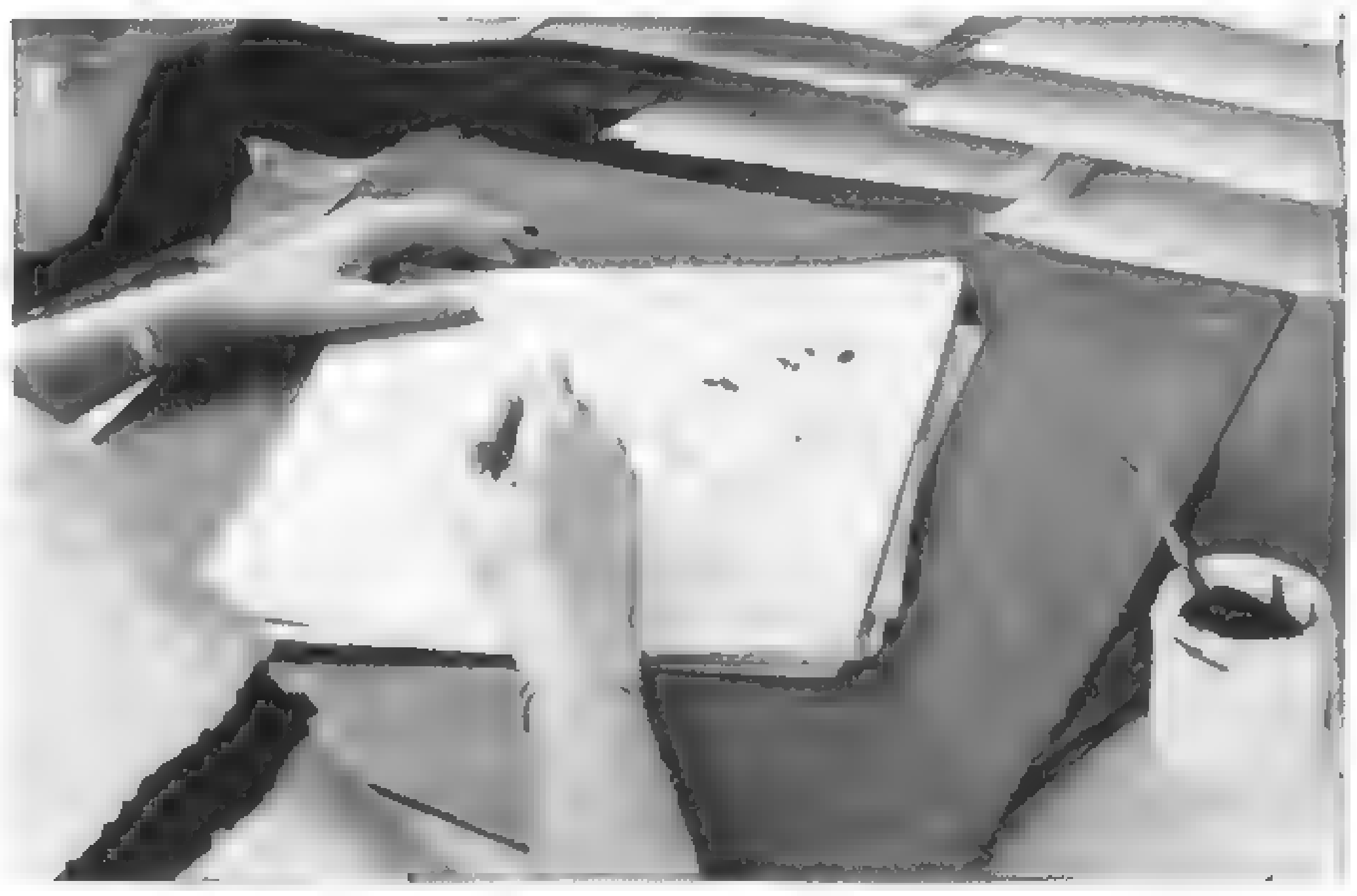
Even dialogue is put into the mouths of these rascals by characters who stand before a microphone with their lines in their hands, and ear phones giving them the timing by rhythmic beats. They can be much more accurate this way than by trying to watch the picture and follow the lively movements on the screen because it seems that a brain impulse takes a

*Continued on page 210*

*1. Preparing the gag situations*

*2. Animator developing characters*

*3. Tracing drawings on celluloid*



*4. Inking in blacks*

*5. Adding the color*

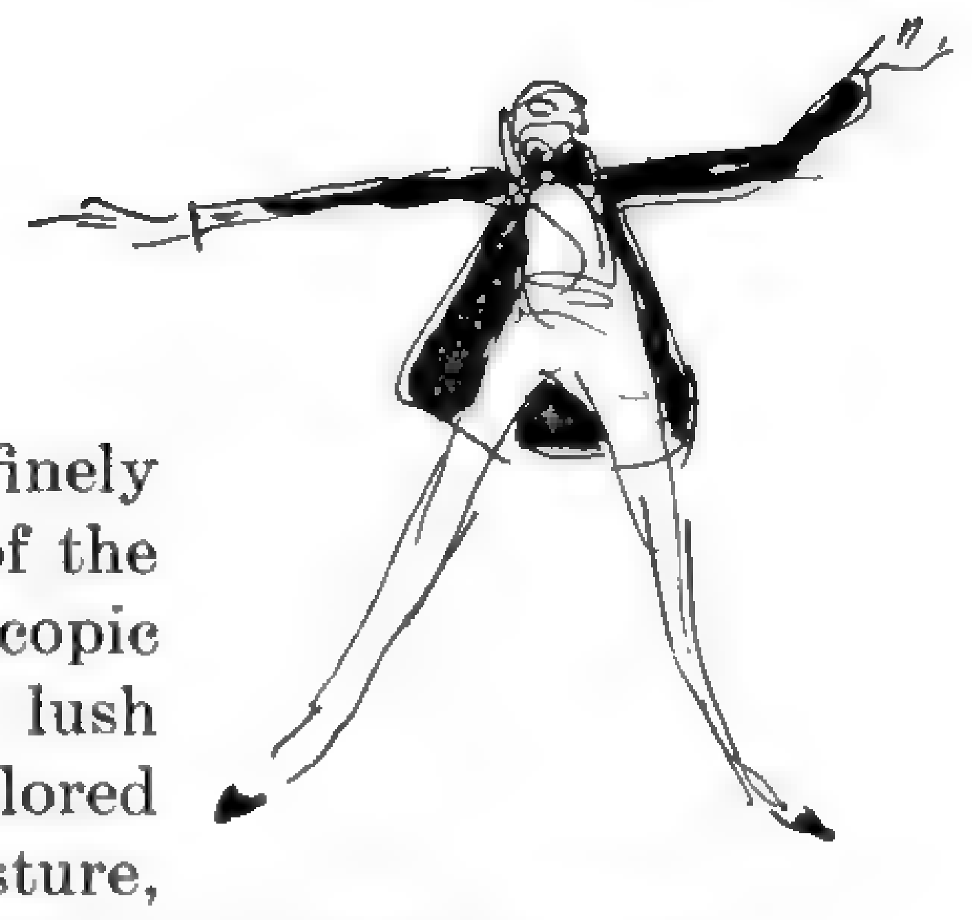
*6. Photographing in technicolor*

# Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

## The Guild's production of Gershwin's folk opera proves to be a harmony of harmonics

### by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •



### Glimpse List

*MUSTS!*

ANYTHING GOES. If you don't know by this time why this is required theatering, you—oh, all right: Cole Porter tunes, Gaxton and Moore comedy, gaiety, what not?

AT HOME ABROAD. Bea Lillie superb, Eleanor Powell, the feminine Fred Astaire in swell tap-dancing, Ethel Waters and a number of minor assets.

BLIND ALLEY. Every crime in the catalogue, displayed through a psychoanalytical destruction of a gun-boy. Fascinating jitters.

JUBILEE. Notice later, but advance reports advise Cole Porter music, Moss Hart book, Mary Boland clowning first-rate.

MONTE CARLO BALLET RUSSE. Even better than last year.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Gladys George in a hot farce about a movie-queen in the flesh.

PORGY AND BESS. The most satisfactory theatrical event of several seasons. George Gershwin's musical setting of DuBose Heyward's modern classic, with a grand colored singing cast.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. This tragic masterpiece about vicious children and innocent Lesbians is still the best dramatic offering in town.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Lunt and Fontanne in a bright circusing of Shakespeare's romp.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE. Funny doings with the ponies and Mother's Day sentiments.

TOBACCO ROAD. Southern white vermin in laughter and sorrow—umpth year.

WINTERSET. Burgess Meredith in a personal triumph, a romantic tragedy in Maxwell Anderson's somewhat uneven verse.

*RUNNERS-UP*

MOST OF THE GAME. Van Druten's pleasant comedy, a bit thin, but excellent conversation.

REMEMBER THE DAY. A light-weight assemblage of moon-calferies concerning a lad in love with his school-teacher.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE. Sometimes amusing Soviet farce, about love among the Comrades.

*NAY!*

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER. Utterly ineffectual comedy-mystery.

A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE. Mary Phillips the only asset of some trite junk about a naughty theatrical man—Roland Young "miscast" (to be charitable) again.

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK. Super-bore.

IF THIS BE TREASON. Amateur night in the Presidency.

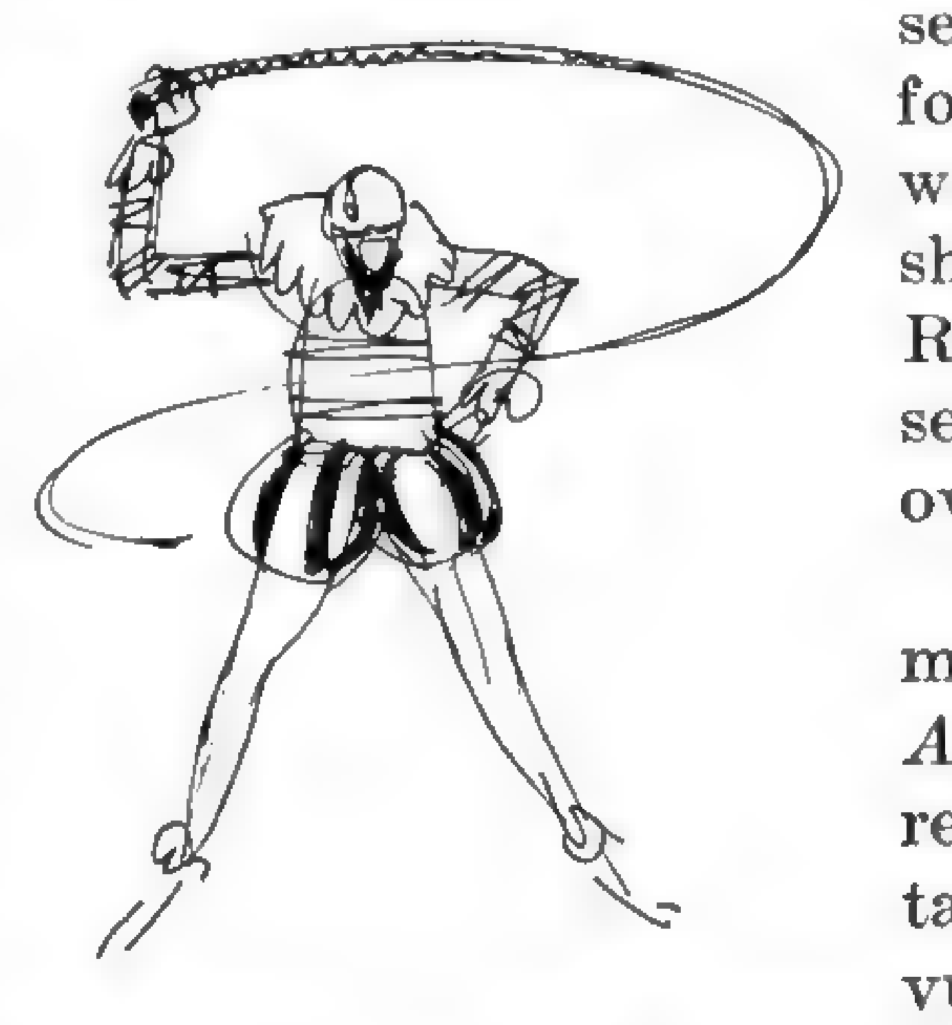
MOON OVER MULBERRY STREET. Total eclipse.

OTHELLO AND MACBETH. Dull thuds.

ONCE every few years an event comes along which makes one exceedingly happy that there is a theatre and that one is connected with it. Most of the time one is, at best, merely pleased. But then, just when it all begins to seem routine and usual and a mild substitute for sitting home and reading a bad book, an exciting, lifting production warms and exhilarates from stem to stern—and one goes off the deep end with hallelujahs.

Such a delightful disturbance is *Porgy and Bess*, the folk-opera Gershwined from the dramatic success of some seasons back. This treasure so entranced even the herd of phonies, showoffs, poseurs, jewelry-salesmen, maintained ladies and upholstered-haberdashed frumps who make up the majority of our regular première audience that they sat back quietly in their furs and tails, listened with respect and without bronchial eruptions, cheered at the finish, and departed with hardly any malicious backbiting. The only rude crack I heard was made by one of the composer's best friends, who remarked, "This is a fine step in the wrong direction."

Being one of those wistful creatures who enjoy what they consider good music—whether "popular" or "classical"—but having no more than a fair smattering of technical knowledge, I am relying upon the words of musical experts to report that from even their punditical angle the score, while it shows somewhat more than a bowing acquaintance with such earlier best-selling composers as Puccini, Wagner, Stravinsky and Brahms, is pretty satisfactory. A few carps were uttered to the effect that the choral and background sections are more technically meritorious than what they were snippy enough to call the "song-hits." But even these lofty-pates had to admit that those arias were, in their own genre, definitely catchy. From my own humbler but perhaps more practical point of view, I can assure you that the air via wireless, phonograph and dance-band, is going to be filled with nigh on to a dozen of the more strictly melodic passages, vocal or instrumental or both. No musical setting for *Porgy*, I am confident, could have approached Gershwin's in aptness. Who cares whether or not it is "great" music? I would like to stand on the statement that this modernistic semitizing of the negroid musical idiom is even more distinct and distinguished than the *Rhapsody in Blue* was in its own class and day.



And the score enhances a folk-drama which was already finely effective. The swing of the rhythms, the kaleidoscopic instrumentation, the lush voices of the all-colored cast, the sweep of gesture, individual or organized, for which dancing is as natural as subtler motions, all blend with and heighten the low-down pageant of sultry passion, patient suffering, gaudy laughter and ludicrous pathos.

I've used the word "organized," and therein lies one of the prime reasons for this exploit's success. The casting, the music, the direction by shadow-expert Mamoulian, the settings by Soudeikine, the exceptional conducting of Alexander Smallens—everything works in harmony such as you'll rarely encounter in this vale of carelessness and limited cerebration. Here is theatrical intelligence in every department, achieving splendid homogeneity.

Of the individuals who stand out in front of the exceptional ensemble, my favorite performer of the season is the struttin', no-good, gay, irrepressible, ornery vendor of "happy-dust," the bad, bad "Sportin' Life." The part, of course, is all gravy, but I doubt if any villain has ever "trucked" and tapped his way so completely into an audience's heart as has John W. Bubbles, late of Buck and Bubbles. The "Crown" of Warren Coleman is an arresting figure of sensuous menace. The "Porgy" of Todd Duncan, while a little too cute at times and always a wee bit reminiscent of Br'er Possum, is sympathetic and vocally satisfying. While Anne Wiggins Brown's "Bess" is better in its singing than in its miming. Bits and touches too numerous to allow mention are forever popping up elsewhere to surprise and gladden. As for several more pages of praise for assets such as Ira Gershwin's lyrics, there are other shows requiring discussion. Run to *Porgy and Bess* yourself, and see why I've gone overboard.

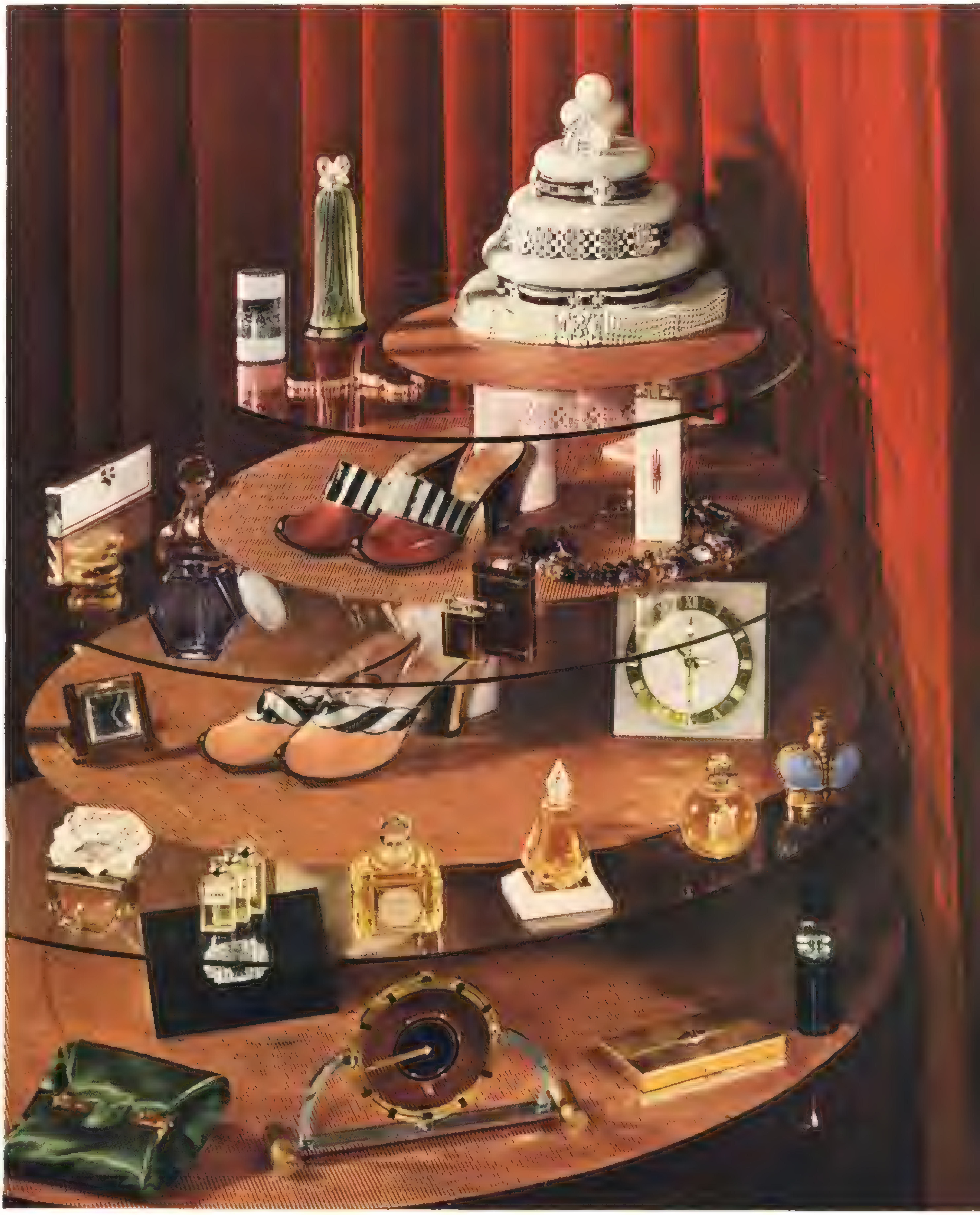
I can't quite maintain this mood of hullabaloo regarding *At Home Abroad*, but I can recommend it highly as entertainment. Credit for this revue's box-office smash rests in great measure upon the pleasing shoulders of Canada's great Lady-clown, the one and only Beatrice Lillie, Minnie Mouse of Music-comedy. Her material throughout is similar to itself, but it be-gloves her genius perfectly, and if you don't giggle yourself into pains at it, you're different from my fellow-customers, and should by all means see the Life Extension Institute about that liver. The

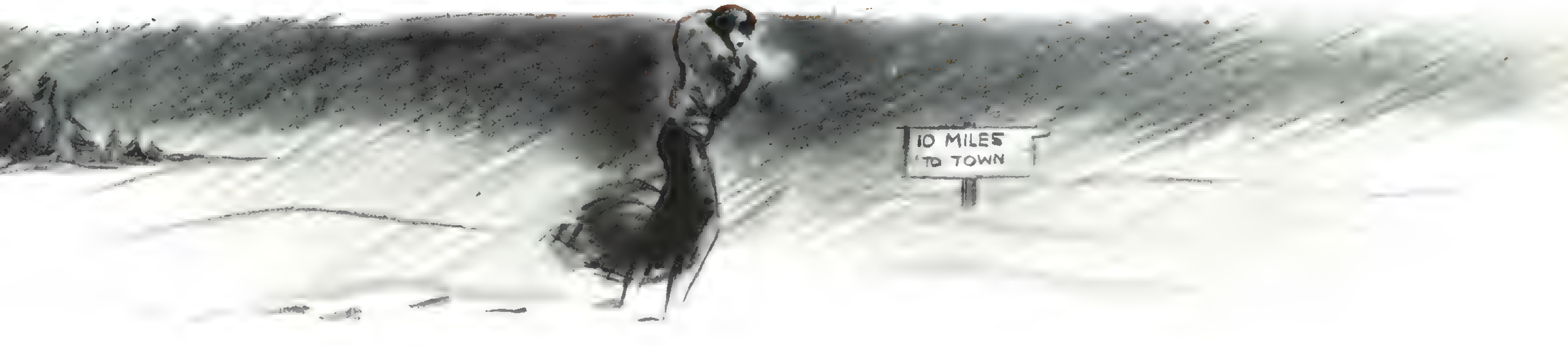
*Continued in center of page 184*

# For a man to present to a woman

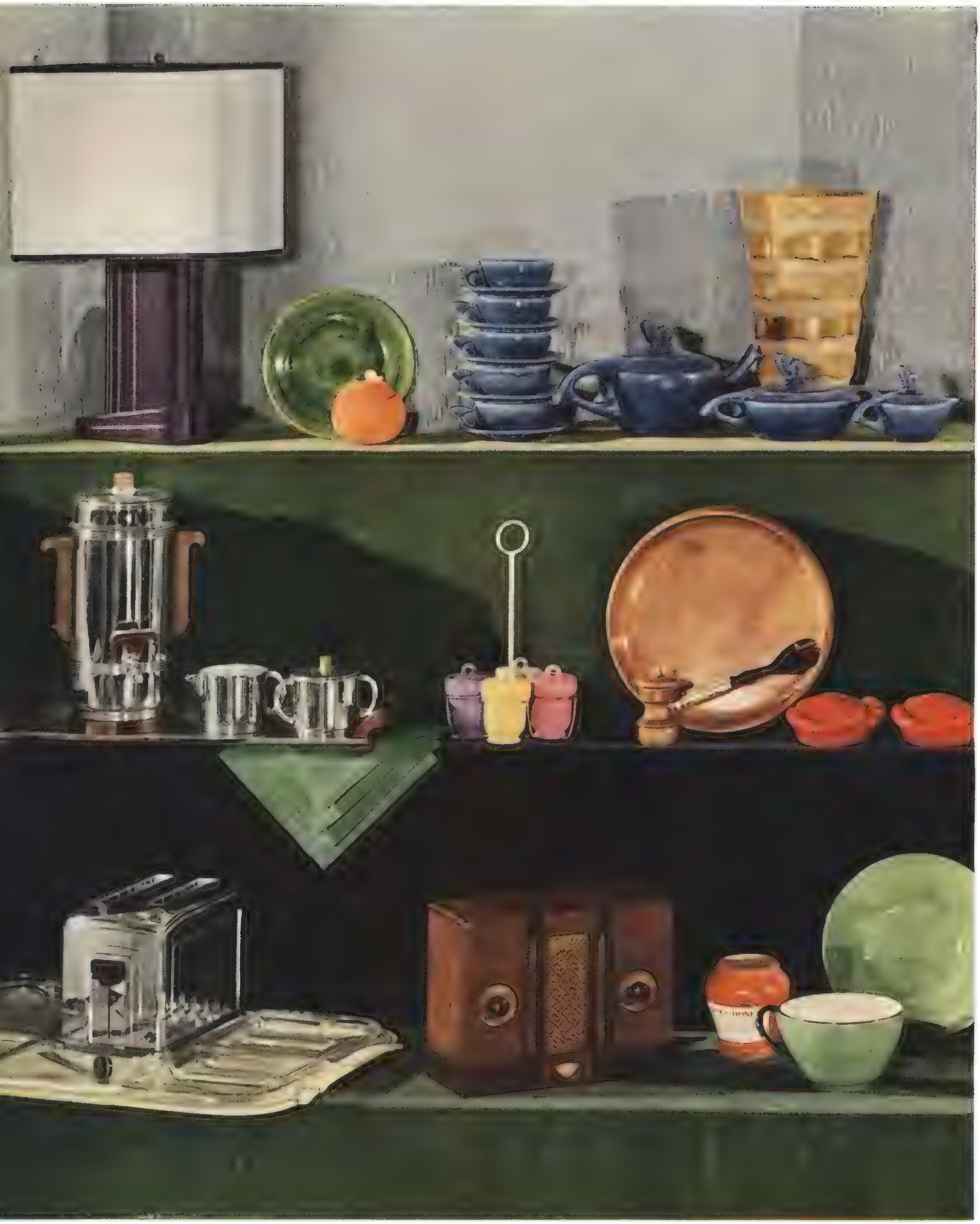
Follow the little chart above as a guide to the intricacies of the layout of gifts shown in the color plate. The numbers correspond to the positions occupied by the various articles illustrated on each of these eight pages which are devoted to gift suggestions. 1. Rhinestone clip . . 2. Costume bracelet . . 3. Rhinestone costume bracelet . . 4. Costume bracelet . . 5. Pearl choker . . 6. Perfume . . 7. Gold and real jewel vanity cigarette case . . 8. Table lighter with coral decoration . . 9. Glass costume necklace . . 10. Red Moorish mules . . 11. Tortoise cigarette case with watch . . 12. Cigarette lighter to match . . 13. Blue perfume atomizer . . 14. Enamel and jewel cigarette box . . 15. White and onyx clock . . 16, 17, 18, 19. Perfume . . 20 Perfume (Set of three bottles) . . 21. Perfume . . 22. Enamelled travelling clock . . 23. Pink Moorish mules . . 24, 25, 26. Perfume . . 27. Atomizer . . 28. Jeweled-top cigarette box . . 29. Modern boudoir clock . . 30. Green satin evening bag . . 31. Jeweled-top evening vanity . . 32. Ladies' gold miniature bracelet watch.

*(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)*

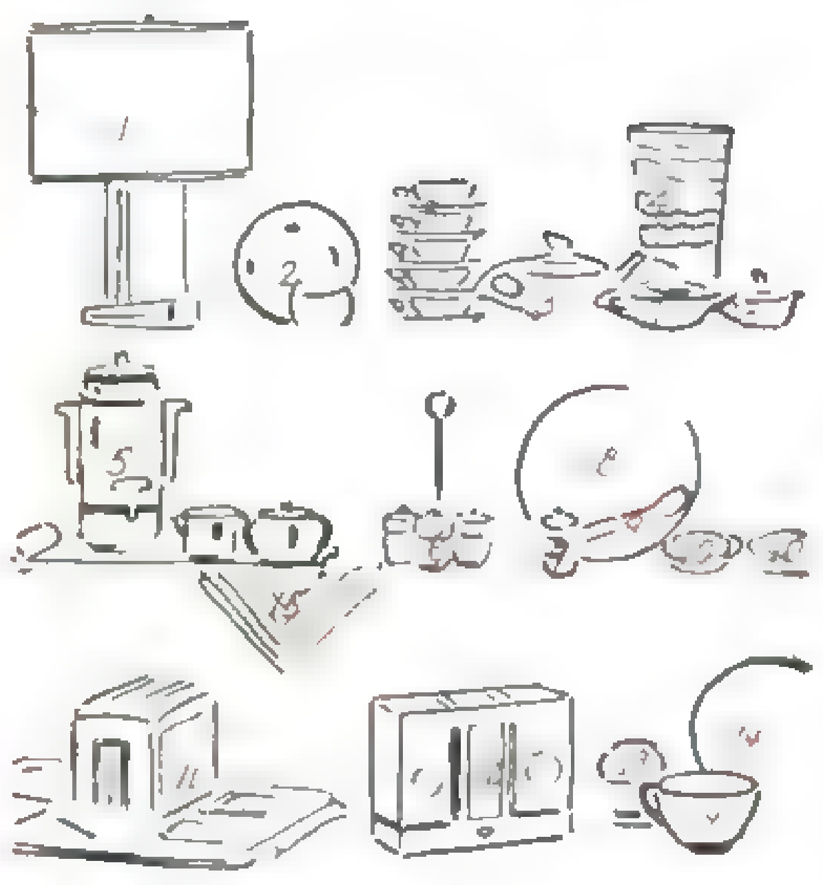




*"I'd never have thought that of Santa Claus"*



# If you're sure that they are happily-weds



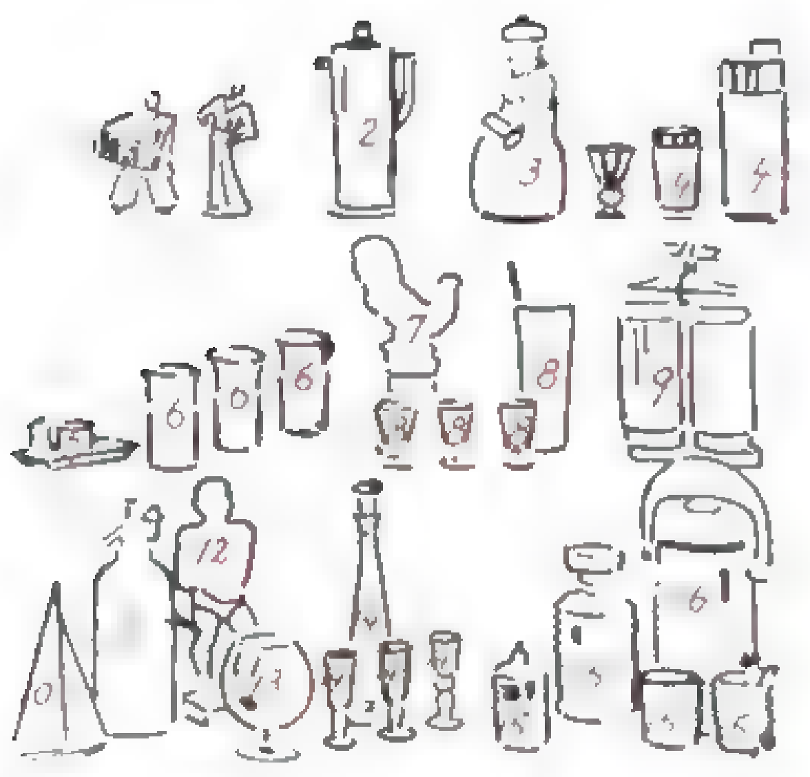
Perhaps we should have said that this is a page of gifts for newlyweds only, but we don't want to be too cynical. Still, with the women's fashion magazines making a point of the fact that three-initial monograms are now available in separate units, so that the one offending initial may be slid out, proving that some women expect to keep a dress or a purse longer than a husband—well, don't give these household gifts unless you're reasonably sure that they won't have to be forwarded to a Reno residence, for which they're a shade over-domestic.

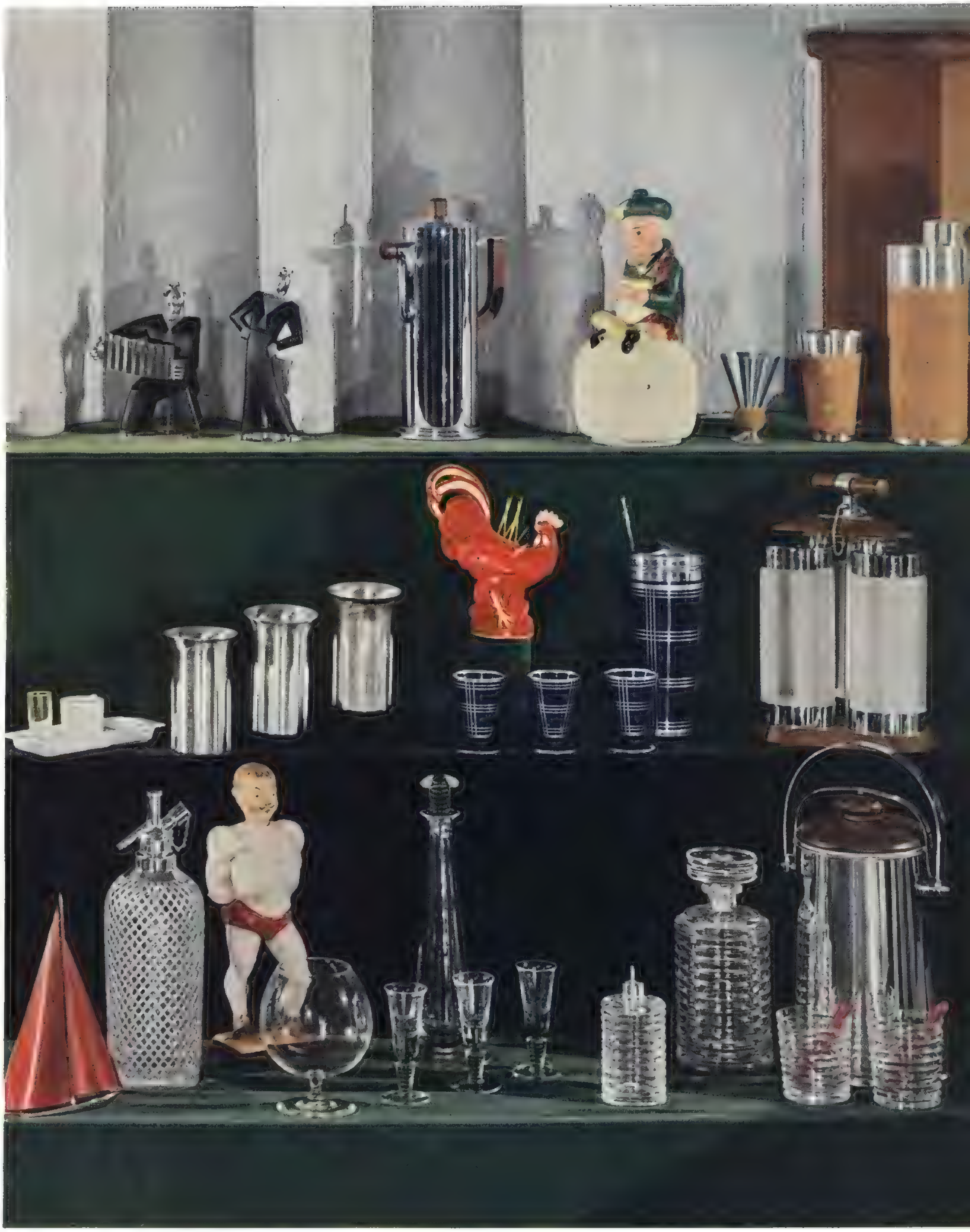
1. Blue leather lamp and shade . . 2. Orange bowl and green dish for fruit cocktail . . 3. Blue tea service—La Chenal . . 4. Modern vase . . 5. Electric percolator, creamer and sugarer, and tray . . 6. Individual egg boiling crocks . . 7. English pepper grinder . . 8. Wooden salad bowl . . 9. Silver salad fork & spoon . . 10. Newburg ramekins . . 11. Toastmaster and Service . . 12. R. C. A. Victor radio . . 13. Jamaica honey . . 14. Giant size Spode tea cup and saucer . . 15. Green napkins.

*(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)*

God Bless Our Home

# For serious students of the pleasant





If your gift list is embarrassingly shy of those model marrieds who inspire the gifts devoted to emphasis on the sweetness of home, like those featured on the preceding page, it's probably more than balanced by the presence of the known connoisseurs of conviviality. Well, this is where you check off a few of their names.

1. Two modern wood and chrome sailor figures . . 2. Modern cocktail shaker . . 3. Musical Scotchman bottle . . 4. Cocktail tray, shaker, whiskey glass and cocktail glass—cork and aluminum . . 5. Coffee and liqueur service (from set of service for eight with tray) . . 6. Beer or Julep glasses . . 7. Cocktail canapé rooster . . 8. Cocktail glasses and martini mixer of blue glass . . 9. Three bottle frosted glass tantalus . . 10. Table decoration—sail boat . . 11. Sparklet syphon . . 12. Acrobat figure that whistles "Man on Flying Trapeze" . . 13. Brandy glass . . 14. Liqueur bottle and glasses . . 15. Whiskey bottle, bitters bottle, and two old fashioned glasses with red mashers . . 16. Vacuum ice container.

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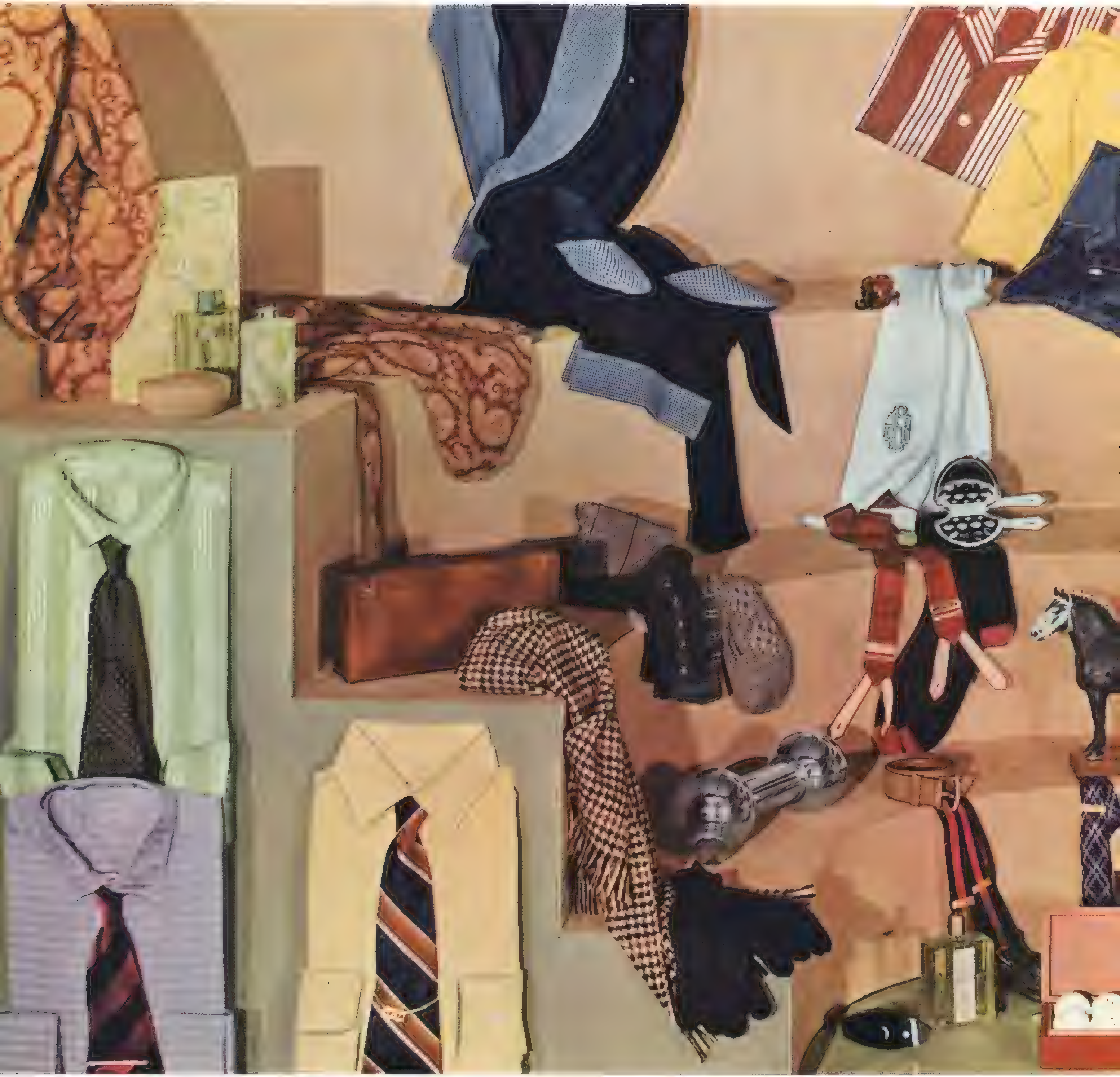
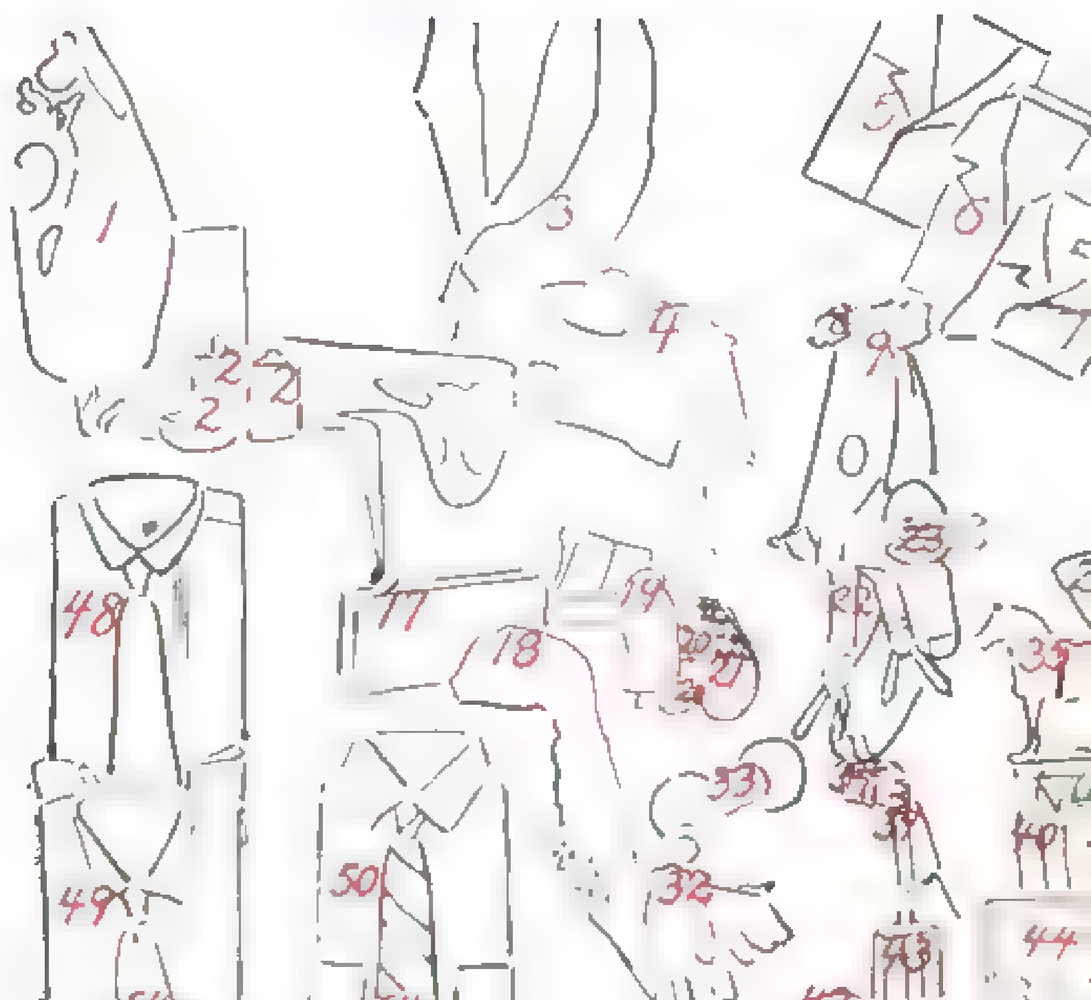


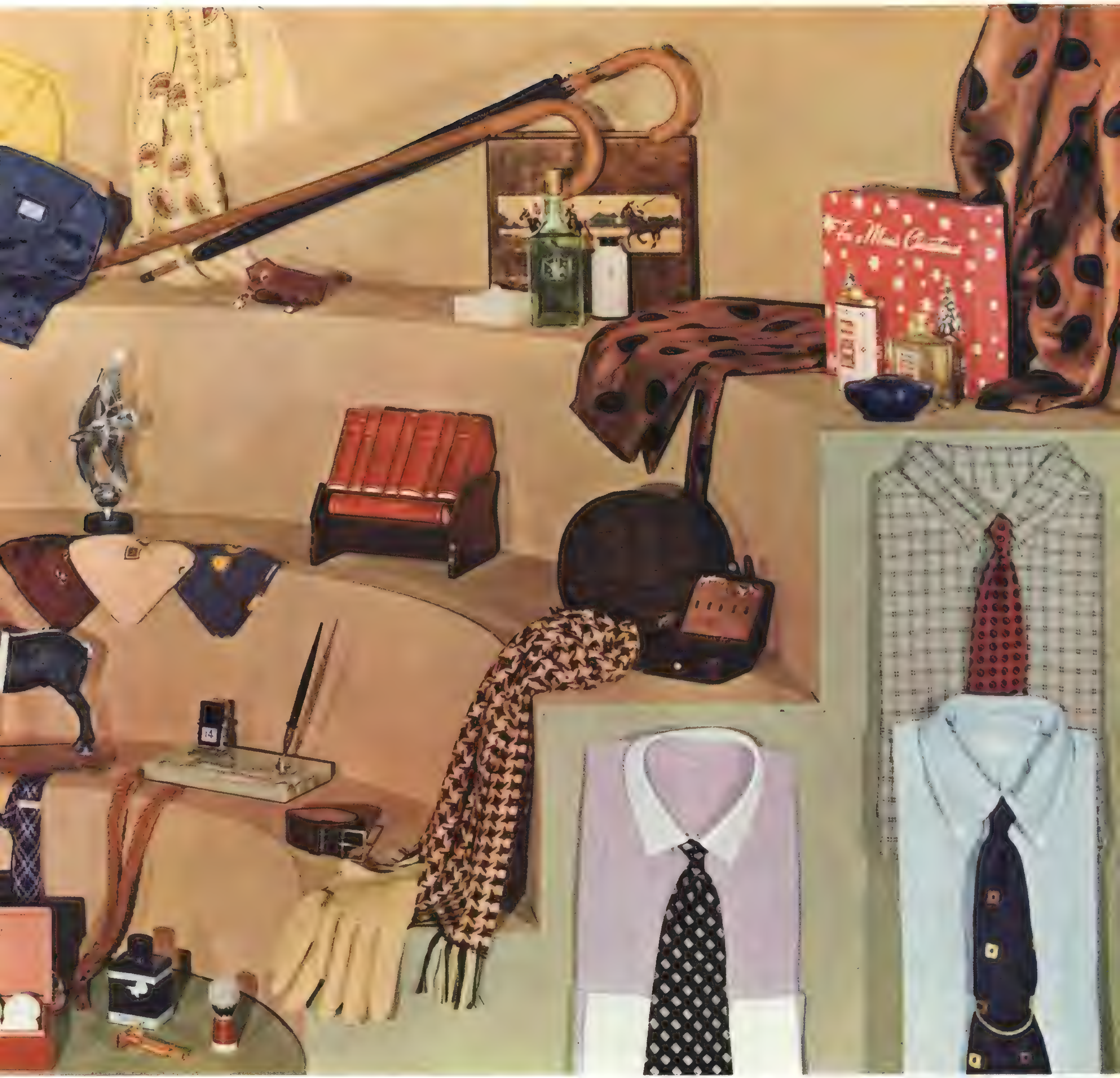
DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

## A spread of useful

1. Paisley challis robe . . 2. Toiletries . . 3. Flannel lounge suit . . 4. Checker board interlaced leather slippers . . 5. Striped broadcloth pajamas . . 6. Yellow silk pajamas . . 7. Silk brocade pajamas . . 8. Red anemone made of feather . . 9. Silk evening scarf . . 10. Foulard tubular muffler . . 11. Garters . . 12. Silk racing umbrella with leather handle, gold pencil and band . . 13. Malacca cane with pigskin handle . . 14. Toiletries . . 15. Toiletries . . 16. Silk foulard robe . . 17. Solid leather toilet kit . . 18. District check wool muffler . . 19. Clocked wool 6 x 3 hose . . 20. Striped wool hose . . 20-A. Striped 6 x 3 lisle hose . . 21. Wool golf hose in new authentic pattern . . 22. Imported French suspenders . . 23. Evening jewelry, crystal weave pattern . . 23-A. Silk and wool evening hose with red toe and heel . . 24. Ornamental radiator cap . . 25. Crepe handkerchief . . 26. Crepe handkerchiefs . . 27. Desk reference library . . 28. Crocodile collar box and jewelry box . .



29. Hound's tooth wool muffler . . 30. Gold animal



GIFT PAGES DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

## gifts for any man

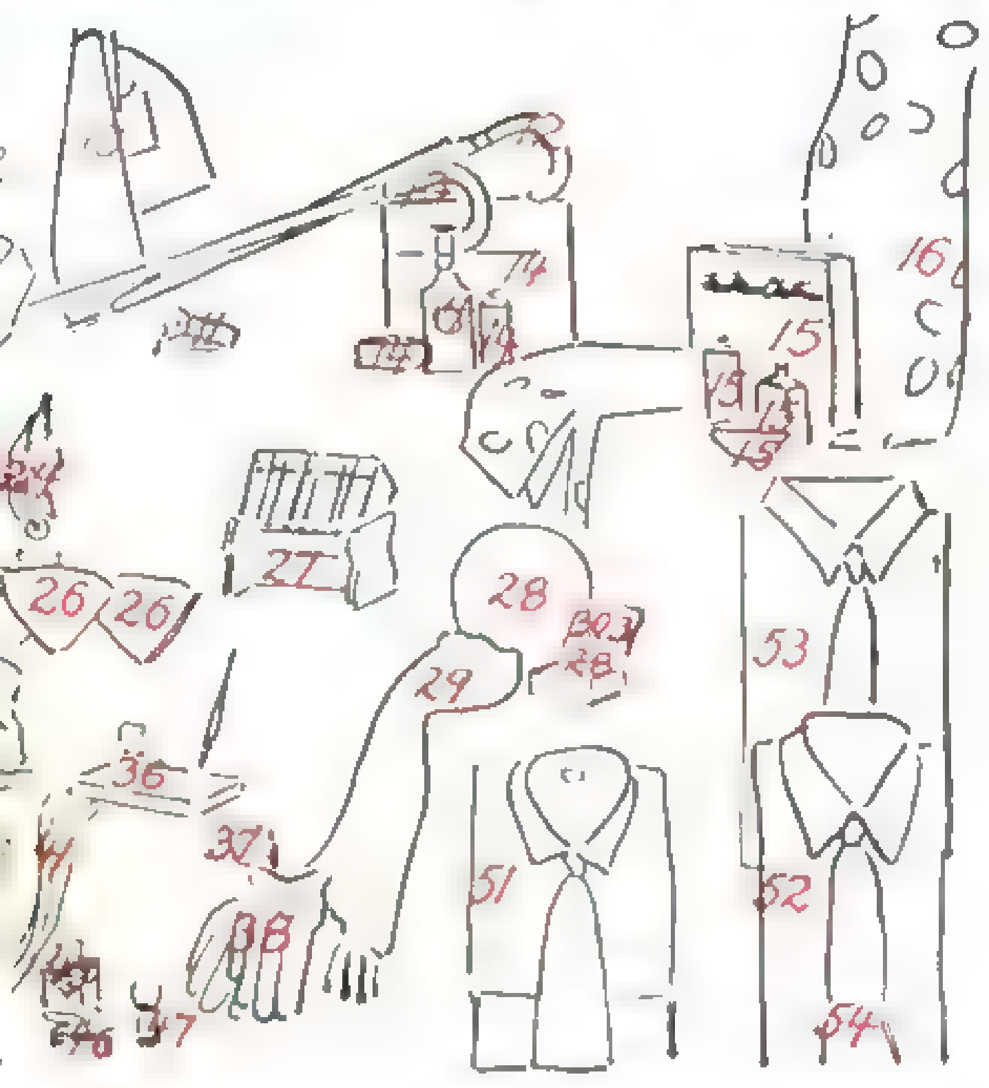
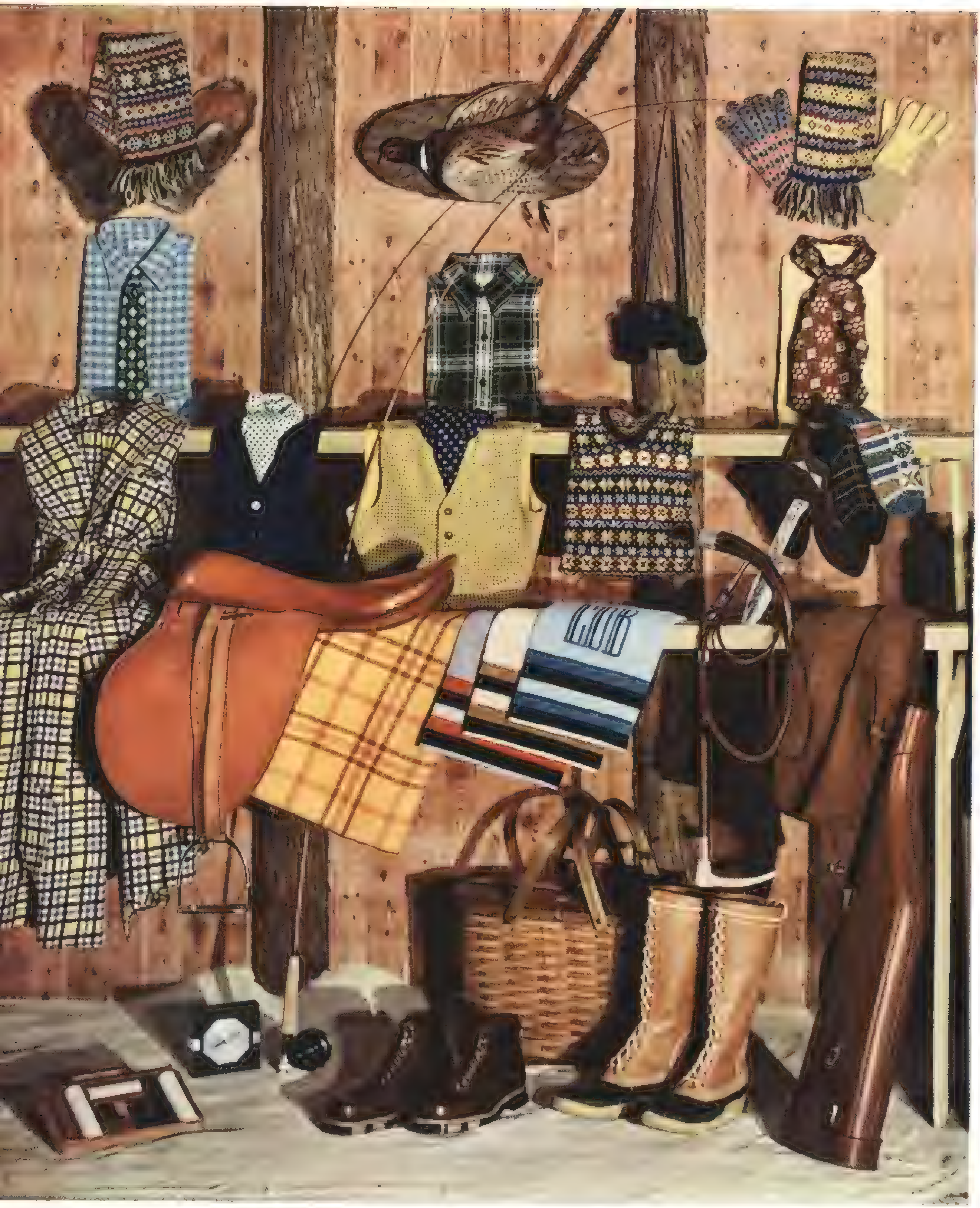


figure tie pins . . 31. Gold animal figure tie pins . . 32. String gloves . . 33. Dumbbell-shaped cocktail shaker . . 34. Ostrich leather belt . . 35. Hand-carved percheron . . 36. Fountain pen desk set . . 37. Crocodile belt . . 38. Yellow peccary gloves . . 39. Regimental stripe suspenders . . 40. Plaid wool suspenders . . 41. Braided leather suspenders . . 42. Electric Dry Shaver . . 43. Toilet Lotion . . 44. Golf balls . . 45. After shaving lotion . . 46. De Luxe Safety razor . . 47. Telescoping shaving brush . . 48. Broadcloth shirt with widespread separate collar and Macclesfield tie . . 49. Glen shirt with new separate slotted collar, Guards rep tie . . 50. Oxford shirt with widespread collar attached and striped rep tie . . 51. Pleated shirt with white starched collar and cuffs, with spaced figure necktie . . 52. Oxford button down collared shirt with foulard tie . . 53. Flannel shirt, wool tie and collar pin . . 54. Collar and tie jewelry.

*(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)*



## To give the apple-cheeked & fur-chested

1. Knitted gloves with pigskin palms . . 2. Fair Isle wool muffler . . 3. Sanquah gloves . . 4. Fur motor gloves . . 5. Fair Isle muffler . . 6. Plaid flannel shirt and Argyle pattern knit tie . . 7. Plaid flannel hunting shirt . . 8. High-powered binoculars . . 9. Dozi silk and wool hunting shirt—foulard stock and gold pin . . 10. Fair Isle wool hose . . 11 & 12. Plaid and Argyle wool hose . . 13. Fair Isle hand knit sweater . . 14. Knitted waistcoat . . 15. Cashmere golf waistcoat and spotted foulard scarf . . 16. Steamer rug plaid house robe . . 17. Suede leather jacket . . 18. Stag handle hand-made bowie knife . . 19. Stag horn corkscrew . . 20. Stag handle hunting crop . . 21. Monogrammed, club striped bath towels . . 22. Plaid motor robe . . 23. Hacking saddle and appointments . . 24. Leather gun case . . 25. Waterproof shooting boots . . 26. Refrigerator camping basket . . 27. Imported ski boots . . 28. Fly casting rod and reel . . 29. Traveling chips and cards . . 30. Foulard scarf . . 31. Weather forecaster.

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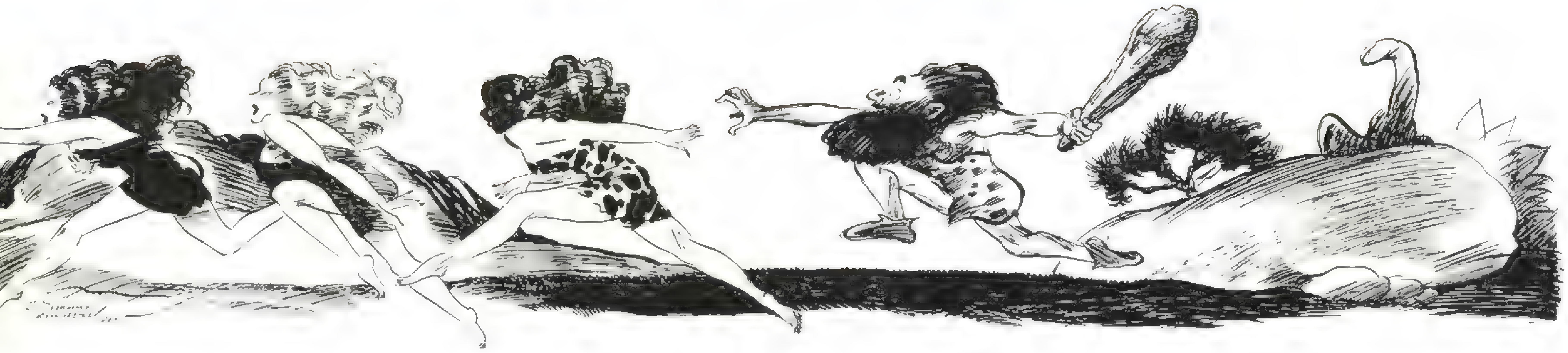

*The original outdoor man*

# To give the deskloose & wander-free

TRACK
20TH CENTU
LIMITED
5:30 P
ELKHART
CHICAGO

Normally we like to include a ticket to Africa somewhere in our suggestions of gifts for those poor butterflies among the idle rich, who spend their lives in a flutter of hithers and yons, but this year we're just not quite sure that even your best friend would take it in the right way if you gave him a ticket to Africa. So this year there is no ticket to Africa on this page, and as we went to press some eleven weeks before the season of peace on earth and good-will, we couldn't take a chance on telling you where you might safely send your friends. 1. Ladies' blue fitted overnight bag . . 2. Calf-skin attaché case . . 3. Rawhide wardrobe trunk . . 4. Portable typewriter . . 5. Rawhide hat box, colored stripes . . 6. Movie camera . . 7. Ladies' red morocco make-up kit . . 8. Tennis racket and press . . 9. Golf bag and clubs . . 10. Glen Urquhart tweed riding sack . . 11. Skiis . . 12. Ski poles . . 13. Airplane trunk . . 14. Combination shooting seat and plaid umbrella . . 15. Fitted toilet case . . 16. Snow shoes . . 17. Motor robe.

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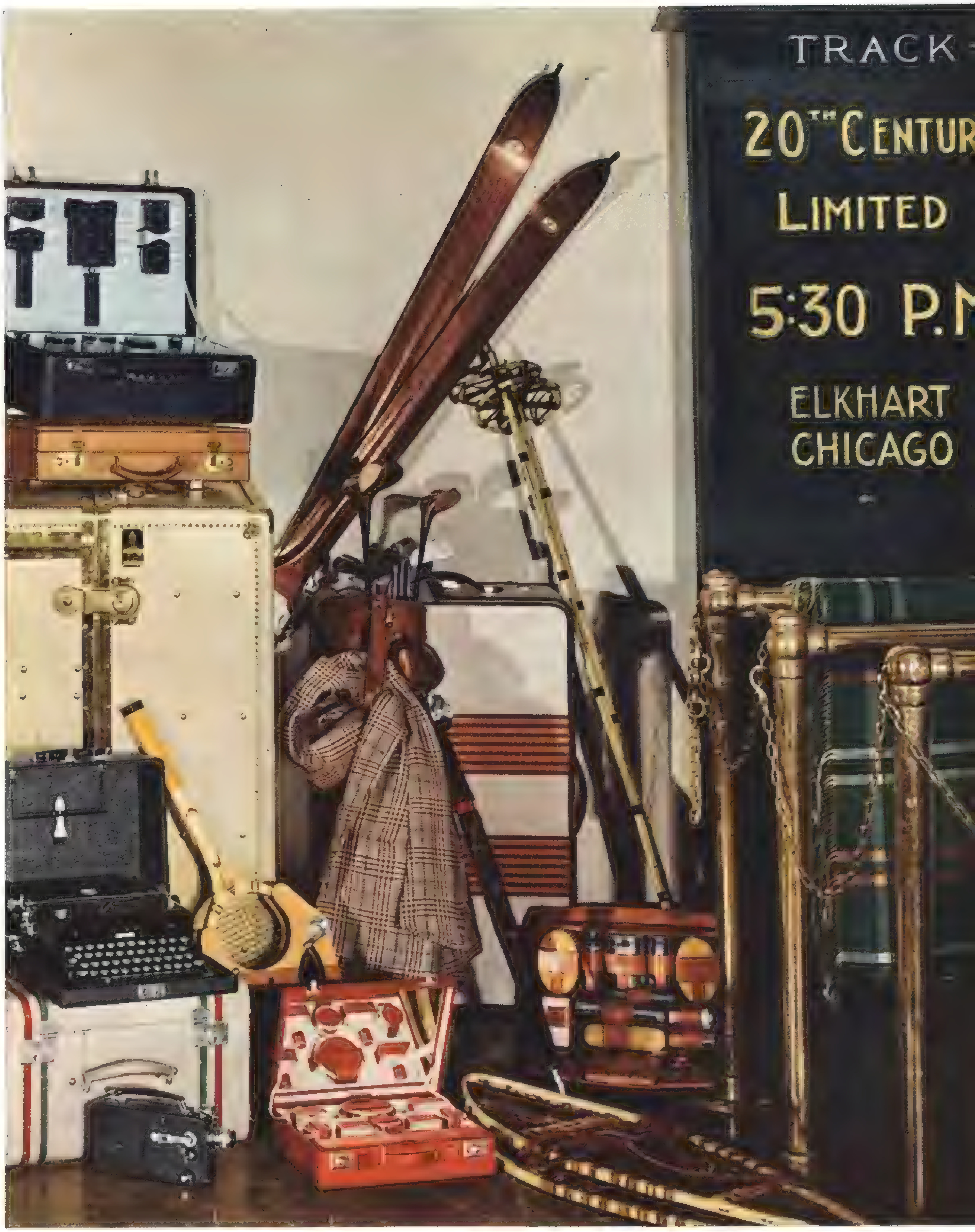
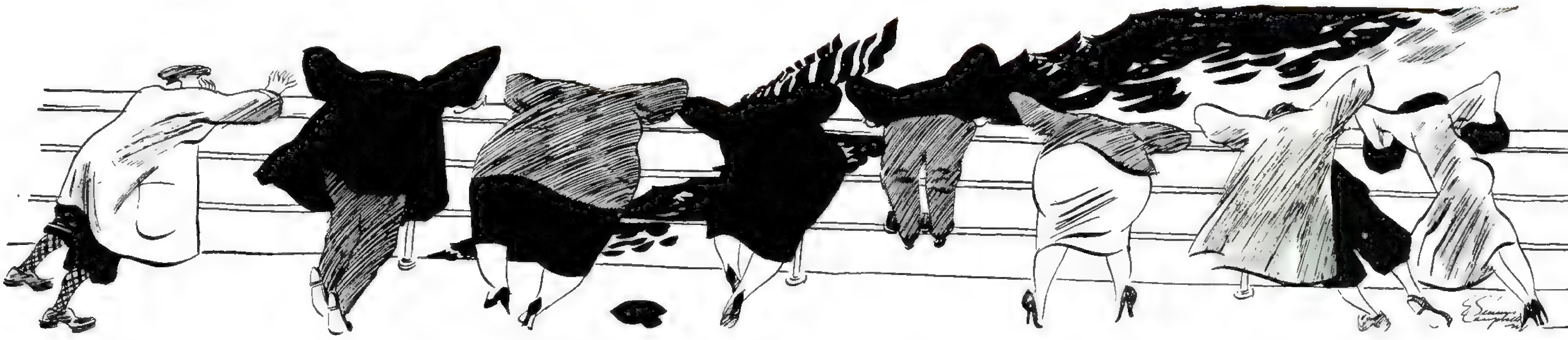
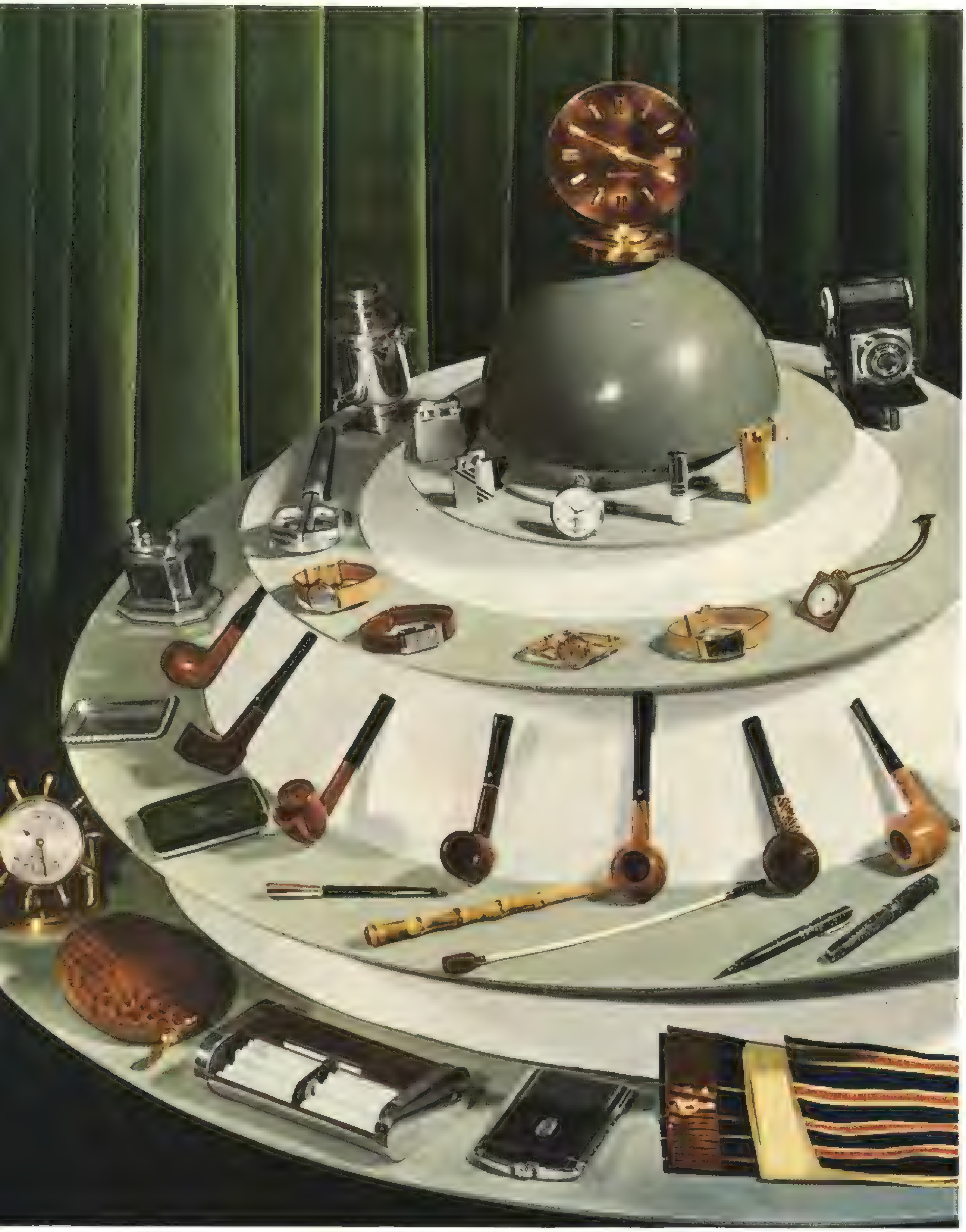




*Ocean crossing, by rail*



## Of time and the smoker

1. Modern brass clock . . 2. Automatic lighter . . 3. Lighter . . 4. Pocket watch . . 5. Pocket lighter . . 6. Pipe lighter . . 7. New speed camera . . 8. Leather encased watch and guard . . 9. Curved case and movement wrist-watch . . 10. "Sportsman" watch . . 11. Copper dial watch . . 12. Modern dial watch . . 13. Silver desk scissors and magnifying glass and sheath . . 14. Miniature samovar for cigarette service . . 15. Large bowl pipe . . 16. Briar root pipe . . 17. Squat bowl pipe . . 18. Briar pipe . . 19. Hurricane pipe . . 20. Modern shape pipe . . 21. Bulldog pipe . . 22. Fountain pen . . 23. Pencil . . 24. Albatross quill cigarette holder . . 25. Bamboo cigarette holder . . 26. Colorful cigarette holder . . 27. Enamel cigarette case . . 28. Silver ash tray . . 29. New touch table lighter . . 30. Striped silk roll tobacco pouch . . 31. Pigskin tobacco pouch . . 32. Striped silk roll tobacco pouch . . 33. Cigarette case and lighter combination . . 34. Roll top cigarette box . . 35. Crocodile tobacco pouch . . 36. Ship's wheel desk clock.

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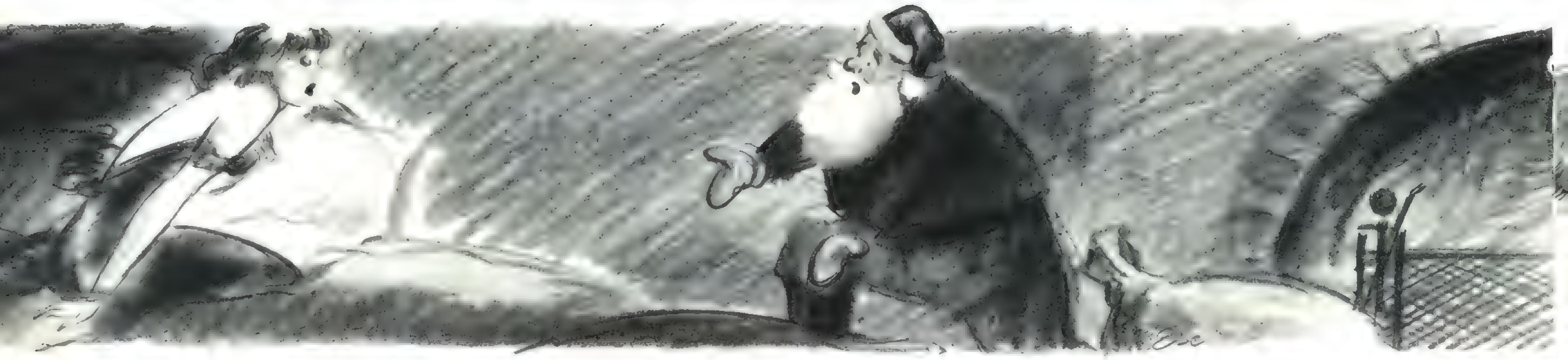


*"After all—I only get here once a year"*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

## Americans are much akin to ancient Greeks and won't be frightened by Sinclair Lewis

by **BURTON RASCOE**

• BOOKS •

Do you remember the story about the Athenian illiterate who cast his vote for Themistocles because he was "tired of hearing Aristides called The Just?" I don't know where I first read it, but it is in all the classical histories and dictionaries. I have just looked it up to refresh my memory. And I have looked it up in Charles Anthon's *A Classical Dictionary*, probably the most monumental plagiarism in the history of literature.

Charles Anthon, LL. D., describes himself on the title page as "Jay-professor of Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School." My copy is that issued by Harper & Bros., in 1873, but copyrighted by them in 1841. That is, my copy is the one that was still issued and sold about thirty years after it was exposed as a verbatim translation of a work of French scholarship, without any slight sort of gesture of indebtedness from Dr. Anthon to the Frenchman whose work he translated. . . . It is still a good work of reference, even if, in English, it is an outright theft. The translation from French into English is graceful.

The story is this, Aristides was up for ostracism. Under the Athenian democracy they had a good custom. Whenever they wanted to, they could put a statesman up for ostracism and let the citizens decide by vote whether the statesman should be exiled, on a pension, to some remote province where he could do no harm or good. Aristides had a good record in public office. In fact, although he was a member of the aristocracy, he had got a reputation for doing well by the little fellow, the tax-payer. His reputation was so good that everybody was referring to him as "Aristides The Just."

Themistocles, his rival in demagoguery, apparently had something on Aristides; enough, in fact, to get Aristides' name put up in a popular election as a candidate for exile. Themistocles, like Aristides, was also publicly known to put the affairs of Athens above his own selfish interests. Politicians always do that, you know. Aristides, it seems, took a stand around the polls when his number was up to see how he should come out. Themistocles had put the matter fair and square: either he or Aristides was going to run the show. If Themistocles lost he was willing to accept exile himself, on a pension.

The voters decided who was to be sent into exile by writing either the name "Themistocles" or "Aristides" on a shell. One peasant who could neither write nor read wanted to cast his vote. He approached a man and asked him if he would please write the name, Aristides, on a shell.

The man he asked was Aristides. That worthy, without betraying who he was, asked the peasant what harm Aristides had done him. "None, whatever," answered the peasant, "I don't even know him. But I am tired of hearing him called The Just."

If I read the history of Athens aright, the democracy did just as well under Themistocles as it might have done under Aristides. The democracy prospered; it declined; it went flooey; and the descendants of Aristides and Themistocles are now among the armament barons or among the bootblacks.

But the principle, enunciated by the simple peasant, still is there: Let us beware of the man who has been too long called The Just.

I am not speaking of any particular man. I am speaking of the breed of politicians whose career it is to garner votes upon absurd exaggerations of qualities of character and abilities. Very often they do this with what is obviously a distinct distaste: they are self-consciously aware that they are human, liable to error, lacking in omniscience and, if you come right down to it, that in many matters each is a phony trying to carry the reputation of being never at a loss for understanding any problem or situation and always on the up-and-up.

Your peasant of Athens knew this. And your average American voter knows this, too. That is why I am not afraid of what Sinclair Lewis is afraid of in *It Can't Happen Here* (Doubleday, Doran and Company, $2.50).

It is a novel you will be reading, because it is the most passionate thesis Lewis has ever sustained in fiction and it is the novel, perhaps, of the hour just as H. G. Wells' novels used to be. Wells had a marvelous knack of bringing out a novel just a jump ahead of the news, a novel embracing and articulating all the things we were fumbling about with in our minds. Wells was fumbling about with them, too; but he made a business of it: and, to garner the shekels, he made out that he knew all the answers. He didn't; but, then, he didn't need to. All that was necessary, for his immediate purpose, was to pretend that he did. We human beings crave certitudes while knowing instinctively that they are not to be had; and Wells handed us certitudes on a pretty platter, garnished with the sort of futile arguments you and I might have after dinner over whiskey and soda.

Lewis' novel is full of exaggerations and his irony and satire are sometimes carried to the point of burlesque; but, far from condemning him for this, I am glad he has written his novel just as he has written it. If he were subtler people would have been accusing him of saying the opposite of what he intended to say. For irony (according to Thomas Beer who says that Carl Van Vechten first said it) must be underlined for Americans. (It has, in fact, to be underlined, outlined and explained to most Britishers, Czecho-Slovakians, Russians, Germans, Hollanders, Poles, Italians, Ethiopians, Spaniards, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, and denizens of all countries including the Scandinavian).

In *It Can't Happen Here* Lewis writes about what might happen in this country if Huey Long had survived and if (say, for instance) Father Coughlin should have thrown his radio constituency to Long in consideration of certain usufructs to the golden voiced *padre*. Lewis writes about a condition and not about a fact, so his dictator is not Huey Long and his Bishop Prang, who identifies himself so readily with the Child Jesus before the Doctors of Theology in Jerusalem, is not a Catholic (for the Catholics are outnumbered in this country) but an Episcopalian, wavering, uncertainly, among the choices; whole-hog Romanism, half-Nelson, or catch-as-catch-can Christianity, and deciding, opportunistically, for the last.

Lewis gives you all the outs and he also gives you all the ins. He is the best reporter, and perhaps the most brilliant mind we have functioning in literature in these states. If you are going fashionable, on remittance, and espousing Communism, he not only has your number, but he also knows just how you lisp your numbers and how you repeat your phrases. He knows just how you would

*Continued in center of page 216*

# The Music-Box Review

### Revelation of the fact that all the symphonies of Haydn were written under pressure

### by FRANK BLACK

▪ RECORDS ▪

Being an old master of the "I-told-you-so" conservatory, I'll open my thesis with that most recent of all wise-cracks, "There's nothing new under the sun."

The composer under discussion is Papa Haydn, the daddy of symphonic composers, but he certainly has had a lot of illegitimate children. Pop Haydn clarified the sonata form into a semblance of balance and unity and while he lived was the most famous musician in the world. He was employed by Count Esterhazy to play, conduct and compose. In other words, every time the Count would throw an important dinner or court function he'd issue an order for a new string quartette or symphony or trio to be played for his guests and the "old-man-of-the-Haydn" would have to burn the midnight oil and turn one out.

Now, when people stare at one another in amazement at his genius and wonder at his inspirational source, they forget his perspirational incentive. He wrote his music because he was ordered to do so. Is he less of a genius?

This present symphony was the eighth in a set of twelve written for a London impresario, Johann Peter Salomon. Haydn was paid well for it. But, of course, he had to eat.

He knew how to intrigue the public interest. This one is called the Symphony with the Drum-roll (kettle-drum, it is) and only because that's how it opens. Many writers have read into it the beginning of the symphonic poem a la Liszt, Strauss, Saint-Saëns, etc., but that's a big van-loga of what we know today as baloney or Bologna. All Haydn was interested in was writing good music that would also hold the public's interest. Do you blame him? Oh, you do! Well, go back to Greenwich Village and starve.

As I said before, the kettle-drum starts a-rollin' along and the slow introduction begins, then into the gay first movement which I think is played too fast by M. Golschman and Company for all the violins to do right by all the notes. What do you think happens? Come close, my children! Haydn returns to the drum roll and the first slow theme of the Introduction. Isn't that a clever piece of stuff?

Well, if that sounds a trifle immature, turn to the second movement, a two part theme with variations. Do you know what old Pop Haydn did in the third variation? He introduced a violin solo. Isn't that daring? And then comes the Minuet. Count Esterhazy must have had a swell time sashaying around his ballroom floor to this one. The atmosphere of this Minuet is very square and Teutonic.

Then on . . . and . . . on . . . to the Finale. The French Horns are swell here. In a few spots the ensemble is ragged but not too noticeably.

I acknowledge with gratitude the thanks due Herr Haydn for his most invaluable contributions to the art of the Symphony but I don't care for all of his Symphonies. However, Columbia and Golschman and his St. Louisians are to be congratulated on this recording. If some fine musician of taste would only rescore some of Papa's symphonies they would be more worth listening to. What's that? It would be a sacrilege? Go back to Greenwich Village and starve. I've played this one over the air with four saxophones in the orchestra and no one knew.

Columbia—Masterworks Set — No. 221.

* * *

Let me report an event of importance in recording circles. Cole Porter has written a new show, *Jubilee.* I'm so partial to all of Cole Porter's work and he has given us some of our best music for the theater in the last five years.

First of all, Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra were assigned by Victor to do *Why Shouldn't I?* and *When Love Comes Your Way.* Why does Victor couple a foxtrot and a waltz? Paul's gang really shines here. Both tunes are played slowly and when you've played them you'll realize that this head-man is still the king. The scoring is very good. Ramona is vocal in *Why Shouldn't I?* and she sells a song better than anyone else except Ramona. The waltz, a swell tune, shows off the solo work of the individuals in the band. Bud Lynn is the vocalist. He is a high tenor and when I say high I mean altitudinous.

Victor—No. 25134.

* * *

Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra do *Waltzing Down the Aisle,* a waltz from the Porter show. They go completely Viennese and too fast. The vocal chorus is in too high a key for the singer and doesn't help the record. *Begin the Beguinne* (yes, that's the correct title) is played as a rhumba and when Cugat does a rhumba everyone might as well step aside and gape. His Cuban rhythmickers are at the top of their form here.

Victor—No. 25133.

* * *

Do you go for Fats Waller's art? You'd better find out about him or else be a stupid nit-wit when the subject of conversation happens to be "hi-de-ho." Fats is executive vice-president of the Calloway school and is superb. He has two Victor releases that are grand. *Rhythm and Romance* has some of the most unusual hot celesta playing and it is all quite elemental and rhythmically fundamental. *A Sweet Beginning Like This* is in slow tempo and the title is certainly descriptive. The celesta again starts the party and, in the vocal passages, the trumpet answers Fats in what is musically known as free imitation. *Loafin' Time* is a swell tired tune. The guitar is perfect and insinuatingly rhythmic. *Woe Is Me* is "Fats" in perfect vocal form. The piano is typical Waller. You just can't seem to get enough of it. When you hear these you'll want to wallow in Waller and you can't go wrong.

Victor—No. 25140.

* * *

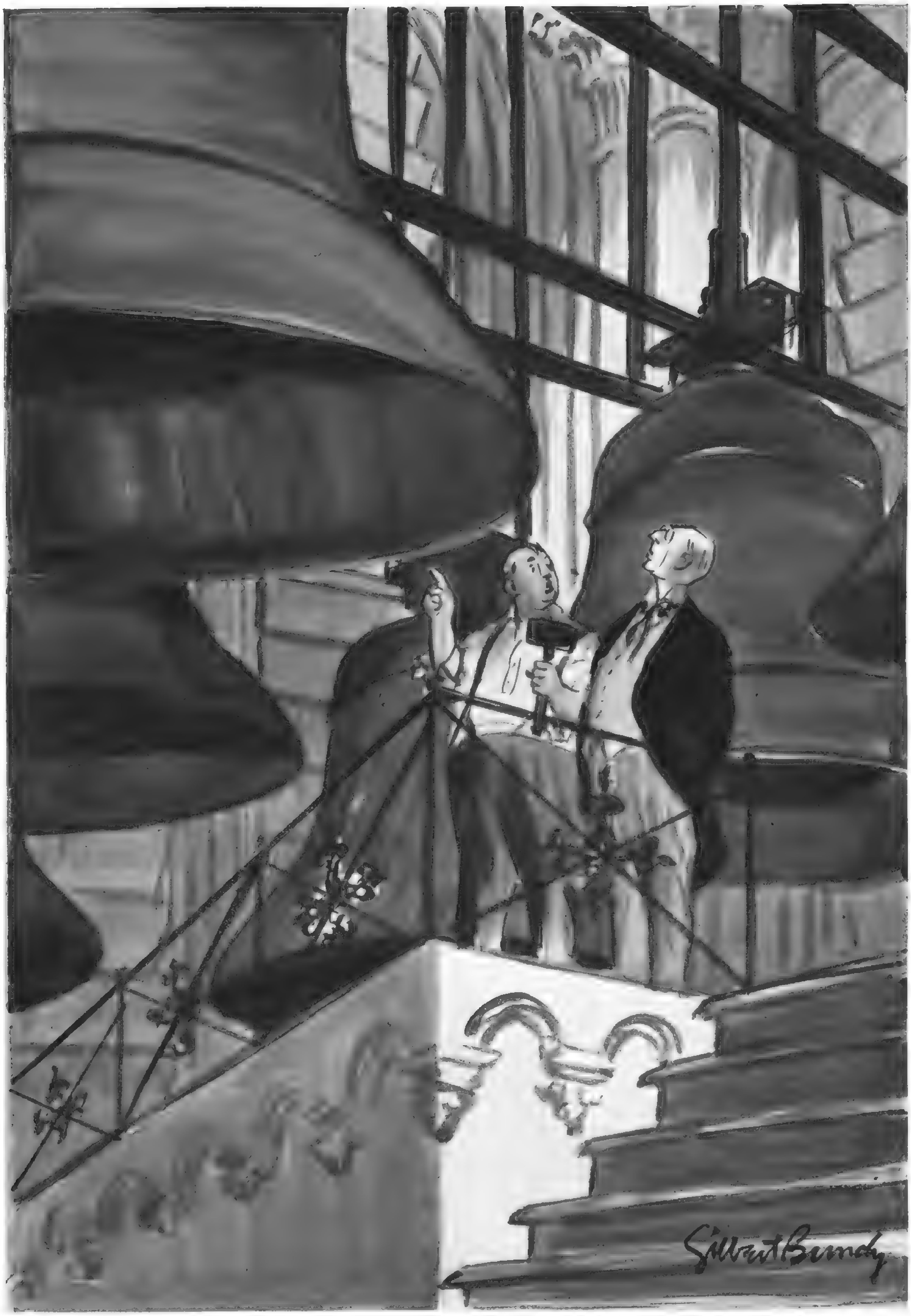
Al Bowlly sings a song with the best title in years, *Red Sails in the Sunset.* Ray Noble and his Orchestra play the accompaniment and it is simplicity itself. The whole thing is very soothing and there is plenty of pathos in the voice. Then we have on the other side *Roll Along, Prairie Moon.* Solo Voice is quite effective but this side hasn't the distinction of the other. I don't like the waltz idea. It destroys the continuity of the song itself. But why should I say more? Go out and buy it.

Victor—No. 25142.

* * *

The best in popular records this month is *The Devil Is Afraid of Music* played for Decca by Glenn Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. Willard Robison is the composer and this is typical of him. This is really religion in rhythm. Pee Wee Hunt is marvelous. It is entertainment supreme and the Casa Lomans are at the peak of their form. *I Wish I Were Aladdin* is the mar-

*Continued at top of page 190*


Gilbert Bundy

*"I think this one is sour—you try it"*

# The Candid Cameraman

## Some remarks upon the nature and unnaturalness of howling mobs as seen in recent films

### by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

### A Man's Guide to the Movies

*GO ALONG TO SEE*

The Bishop Misbehaves: As a Bishop with a mischievous lust for mystery tales, the peppy and persuasive Mr. Gwen turns an otherwise pedestrian piece into a refreshing bit of entertainment. He'll be in demand.

Broadway Melody of 1936: They call Eleanor Powell the feminine Fred Astaire; she can tap-dance too. I never could understand why people go into ecstasies over rhythmic noises produced by shoes. When such noises are accompanied by body-grace and the witty projection of a personality, okay. Astaire always does this, and Eleanor Powell just reaches it in her big number. But the whole of *Melody* is deft, and some of the specialties, such as Dr. Wildhack's snoring numbers, are tops.

The Crusades: One of DeMille's most effective spectacles, done much in the manner of a pageant.

Loretta Young, in a Melisande wig and a billowy night-gown dress, angel-faces opposite always-shout Wilcoxson, but the most persuasive performance is by Ian Keith as the Saracen chief. Watch for the long shot of the Christians drawn up in triangular formation before attacking the walls of Acre. Also, for the dust-clouded cavalry charge. More about this in the main review.

Dr. Socrates: The last of the G-men pictures, maybe, with the accent on the gang doctor, this time. Adequately played, of course, by Paul Muni, but this is not much of an assignment for him.

I Live My Life: Joan Crawford in a strenuous comedy in which the hero and heroine throw things and spit at each other almost to the final clinch. A Mr. Cinderella plot, as usual for Joan, in which the boy finally consents to accept her millions. Much more energetically paced than Crawford's recent pictures, which is a relief. A little action in place of those sophisticated tête-à-tête's that swamped *No More Ladies.*

*GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO*

The Last Days of Pompeii: A new story makes this more than a re-make of the silent picture. Has a good deal of simple cinema value, in telling of the rise of a Pompeiian blacksmith to highest gladiatorial ranks, his defeat in the arena, and his pursuit of a fortune through various rackets including slave-taking and horse-thieving. He encounters Christ, who saves his adopted son, but the fortune hunter refuses to help Christ at Golgotha. Retribution when the lava flows. Basil Rathbone's incisive, worldly portrayal of Pontius Pilate is the most notable characterization in the film. Other players are adequate. The final scenes are pretty much what one would expect. As with *The Crusades,* I continually felt that the next scenes would be in color.

Here's to Romance: Aside from his chinlessness, Nino Martini makes an adequate movie tenor. He has lots of power, too. There is a nice specialty by the dancer, Escudero, and Mme. Schumann Heink appears in a bit part that led to a producer's battle for her services. But on the whole the film is wearisome and trite.

The Last Outpost: War story of British officers in Mesopotamia, with Cary Grant falling in love with the one-week wife of Claude Rains. The direction is without flavor, and Mr. Rains doesn't get a chance to do much except exhibit his perpetual sneer. There are some interesting documentary shots of tribal warfare, which hint at what happens when Europeans go against the natives.

Secrets of a Personal Maid: A programmer that can be taken pretty easily. The society snip who discovers that her real mother is a servant. Much emphasis on the heart of gold.

Way Down East: The new lanky boy attraction, Henry Fonda, playing opposite winsome Rochelle Hudson in a revival of the bucolic tale once made by Griffith, Gish, *et all.*

By concentrating on rural charm and the pleasant pastimes of days gone by, director Henry King gets around the archaic clumsiness of the story. Has one swell gossip scene around a quilting bee; if you close your eyes you'll be sure it's a bunch of hens cackling. Margaret Hamilton gets a big kick out of her part.

*THE HOWLING MOB*

When an amateur actor endeavors to portray a beggar in a costume play, usually of Biblical times, he gets his wife (mother, girl, or teacher) to sew up a costume out of cheesecloth or sacking. The costume is styled on the order of a nightgown. He ties a clothesline around his middle, romps up to the amateur director and begs, "Is this all right?"

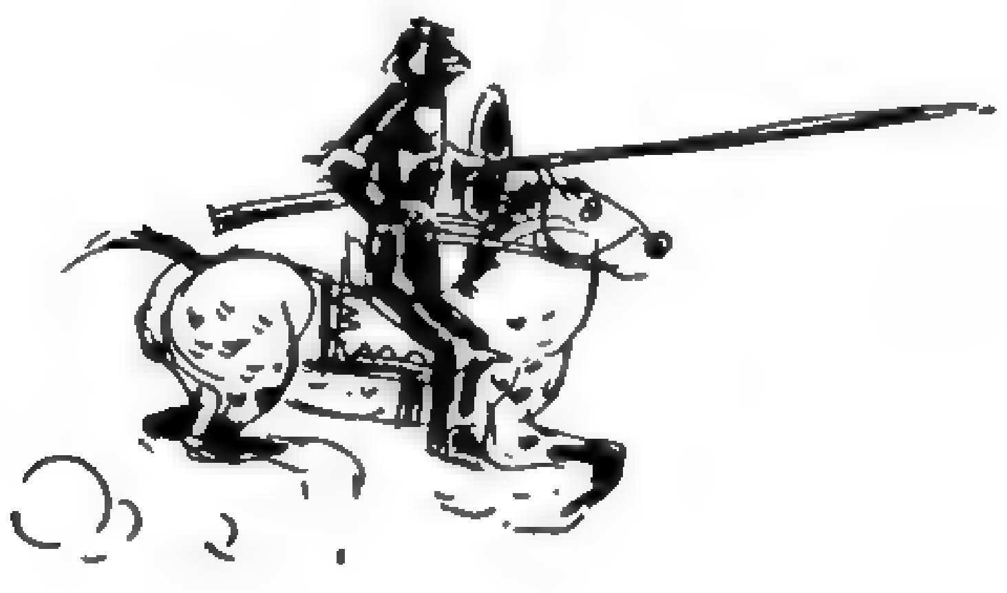
The director makes a professional gesture, which consists in running his hand nervously across his brow and over his hair. "No! No!" he cries with weary patience. "You're a beggar, understand, a beggar! Have you ever seen a beggar's clothes? They're torn! In shreds! They hang in tatters!"

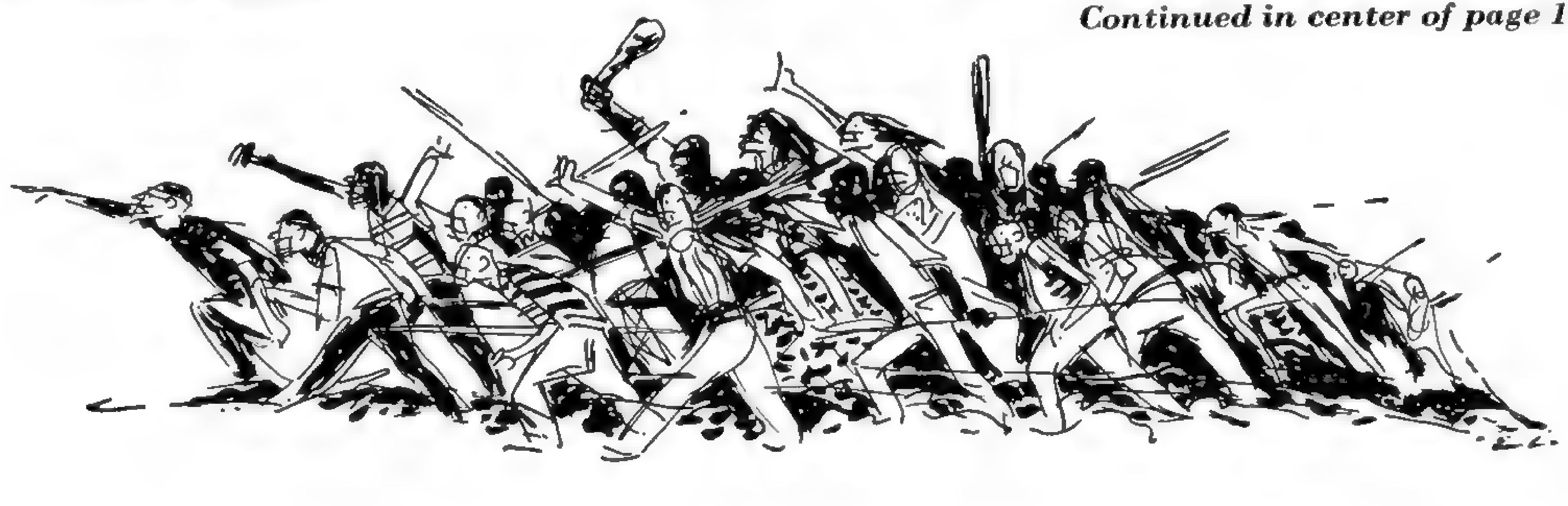
"Oh," the actor says, feeling that his efforts in securing even this wrong costume might be more appreciated. "Oh." He then retreats to a corner of the stage and carefully rends his garments. He starts with the bottom, or hem, and makes a series of parallel rips, until the lower six inches of the skirt looks like a fringed Indian suit. Then he does the same to the cuffs. Then, enthusiastic in the pursuit of realism, he cuts a few holes, ad lib, in spots where they will show, such as over the chest and along the legs. Hopefully, he returns and exhibits himself to the director. "Yes, that's better," the director says with weary fortitude. "But don't you think a few patches would help?" Of course! The amateur beggar takes the garment home, and induces the amateur costumer to sew a few patches on his robe. The most contrasting colors are selected, to make sure the patches will show.

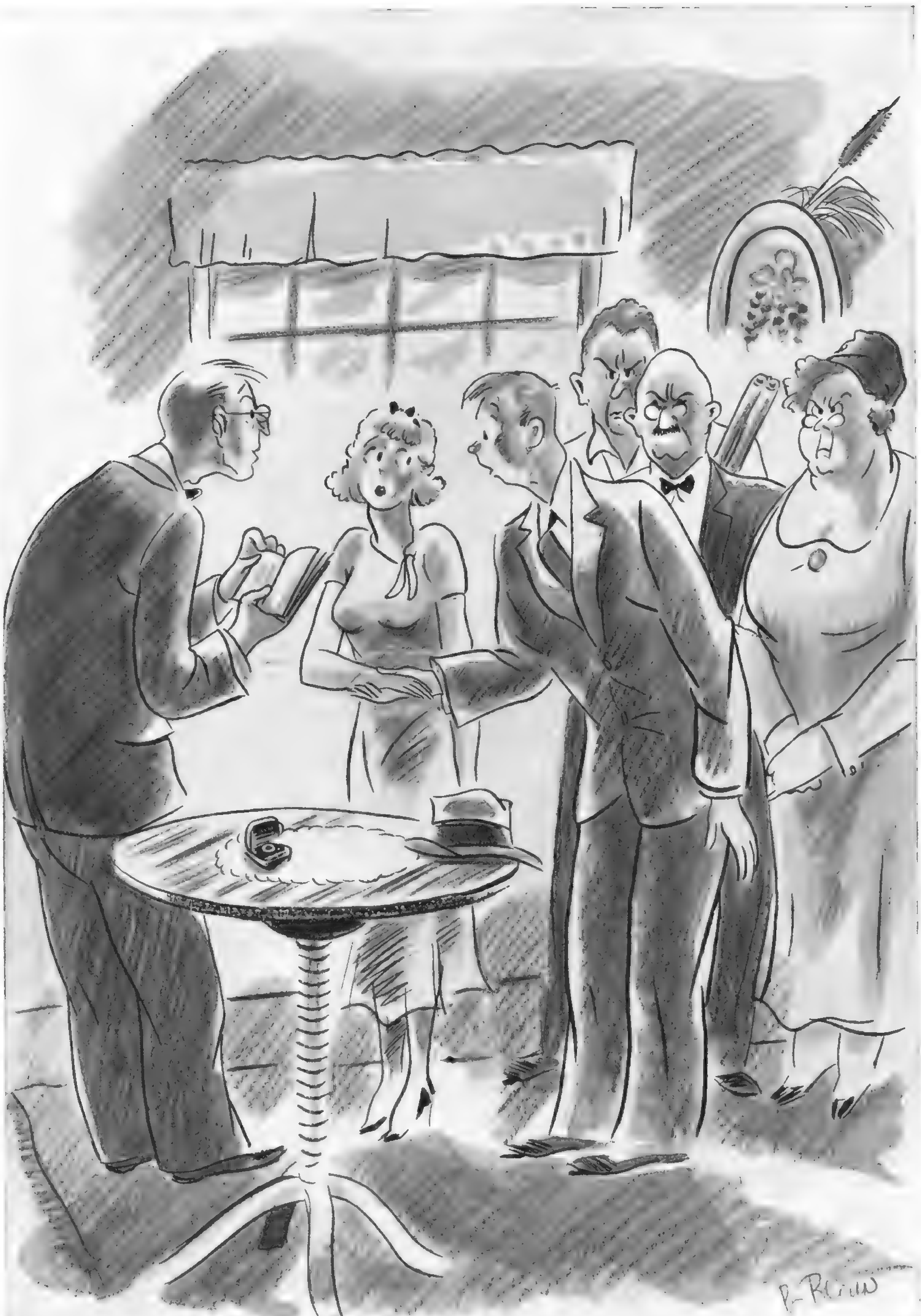
At last he appears in the play, with his fringed brown robe, bearing red, yellow, and blue-striped patches cut in squares, triangles, and zigzags; through the careful holes on his chest, his nice white underwear shows. Thirty other hard-working volunteers who form the mob of "townsfolk, artisans, etc." suggested in the script, appear in similar patched garments, with charcoal smeared on their faces.

The regulars in the cast appear in gorgeous robes, freshly pressed, with the thread of the seams still showing.

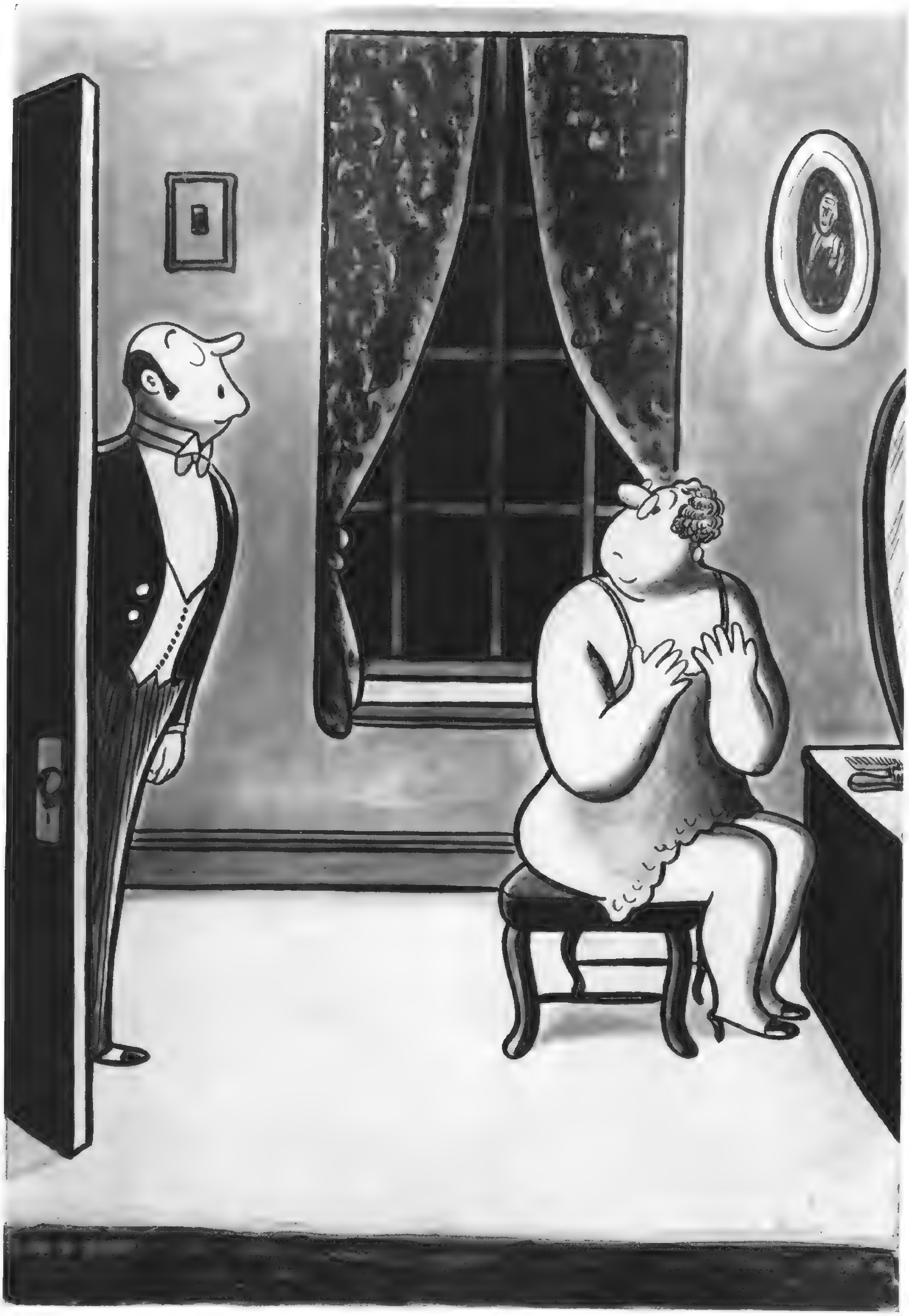
*Continued in center of page 198*







*"Is all this because of last night?"*



*"I could swear I heard madam call!"*

## Pronounce Him

Continued from page 101

man's room more often than necessary. At midnight I joined the other internes at the fourth meal, which is a unique part of hospital life. We sat around the table, borrowed and smoked cigarettes, talked shop and told stories. Soon, Cherry, the good natured colored slattern, brought us a huge pot of steaming cocoa, and a mountain of sandwiches. A belly-full of this and we could work all night if necessary. The congeniality of the group—I was accepted as a full-fledged member—and the welcome food made me relax and when I flung myself onto my bed at one o'clock I had forgotten the cares and sorrows of the day. I fell into a deep sleep and felt that I had barely shut my eyes when I was startled by the jangling of my telephone. For a moment I wondered whether I dreamed or waked. There it went again—I was awake but where was the phone. It was difficult to orient oneself in a strange dark room; the very darkness seemed foreign. Suddenly I realized that it was I who was being called; furthermore, I was being called because I was needed. In a moment there flashed across my mind the vision of those rows of beds—my patients. By now I was wide awake—alert. I felt excitingly important and self-confident. My arm made a wide sweep across my bedside table and encountered the telephone. I picked up the receiver.

"Hello! Hello!" came the voice of a nurse. "Yes," I said.

"Dr. Henderson come over to Ward A at once! A-12 died and you have to pronounce him."

"To what?" I gasped.

"To pronounce him—pronounce him. Hurry up will you?" She rang off.

"To pronounce him." What was that? I had never heard of it in medical school. What was I supposed to do? Was it some religious rite associated with death? I dressed in haste. I shuddered to think that now I would see my first live looking dead man. I hoped the brother wasn't there, I just couldn't face those tear filled eyes. I arrived in Ward A with clammy hands and a fast beating heart. I was vainly trying to recall a reference in some lecture or text-book on how "to pronounce him."

As I walked the length of the ward one of the men moaned, another coughed and others snored. These benign noises seemed ominous in the semi-darkness. The faces of the men were like pen and ink caricatures, they were white, deeply shadowed by several days' growth of beard. Timidly I opened the door to the dead man's room and with relief saw only the dead man and Miss Bukley, the night nurse in charge. She was a hard-boiled warhorse of fifty who had been doing this sort of business for more than a quarter of a century. The dead man lay with his hands folded over the white counterpane. I was terrified to notice that his eyes were wide open and he stared with a glazed, eerie look. The cadavers at school, the center of so much student activity and ribaldry, had looked nothing like this. I was brought to my senses by the shrill, nasal voice of Miss Bukley. "Well, doctor, do your thinking in bed. Please pronounce him, I want to get him to the morgue so that we can start our bedbaths."

"I don't understand," I quavered, "What am I to do?"

"He's dead," she said, "been dead at least half an hour, but you've got to listen and tell me in order to make it official. Listen to his chest with your stethoscope—you'll hear nothing. It's just routine."

I put my stethoscope to his chest, started back, amazed, frightened. The noise in that dead man's chest was horrifying. It was like the gurgle of water poured from a bottle, the rumble of a distant truck, the pop of chewing gum between the tongue and teeth, the scratch of cat's claws against a wire screen—a terrifying cacophony.

"Are you sure he's dead? Quite sure?" I asked.

"Yes" came the irritated response. "All you have to do is to say so. Pronounce him!"

I did. #

## Death At Any Hour

Continued from page 60

there would be less chance of my missing. Something pricked me on the ankle. Another prick in the small of my back. The tree trunk was a living mass of black ants. They were coming up, they were all about me, on my clothes.

The only thing to do was strip, and in a little clearing about ten yards off I quickly took my clothes off, brushed and picked off the ants, and re-clothed.

The entire operation took about five minutes, and when I looked at where the goat meat had been I could not see it. "Must be the wrong spot" I said to myself. No, it was *not* the wrong spot. The butterflies were in the air and I could smell the odour of leopard.

While I had been picking off the ants he had stolen out of the jungle and whisked away the goat meat! I could even see where he had been lying—watching me up in the tree. Not *ten paces* from the meat itself! Since six o'clock that morning that leopard had been lying there, watching me with eyes that I could not see. In a kind of breathless daze I returned to the village.

That afternoon things began to move. The chief and twenty of his men came down with knives and native axes and re-constructed the deadfall. They made the bait pen so strong that a lion couldn't have broken into it. They piled thornbrush around it, leaving an inviting cleared pathway for the leopard to enter, and then put another ton of stone on top of the big hardwood log. We tested it, re-tested it. We put the bait inside. Then we grinned at one another and went back to the village.

The next morning the log was down. Examining the trap carefully I discovered that the leopard had *actually* entered—but he had gone; stopped just about three inches short of the deadly trip board. From that point he had extended himself. One long paw had reached over and found its way through the logs that held the bait. By moving his claws he had crushed the goat to a pulp and drawn it between the logs! He had planned, evidently, to convey his prize *over* the trip board, that is, without touching it; but had not entirely succeeded. The big log had fallen. The rocks underneath were ready to pin him to a ton and a half of falling rock and hardwood—but the bait had spoken in the leopard's favor: It had broken the log's fall just enough to permit his sinewy, snakelike body to squirm out. Of course, he carried away the meat. He wouldn't have been a leopard if he hadn't.

I have never seen natives so impressed by an incident of this kind. Their eyes seemed to be all whites. The chief stomped and roared like a drunken demagogue. Some of them were shouting that it was a leopardman we were trying to catch—a man that had been transformed into a leopard by witchcraft. Despite the chief's orders they formed a group and went back to the village.

Meantime, I was at work making a gun-trap. I bound my elephant gun and my shotgun low to a tree, enclosed both guns with a wall of stout logs and tied a piece of meat around the two muzzles. The opening between the walls of logs was just wide enough to admit a leopard's head. The guns were set so that the slightest tug at the meat would discharge both weapons at the same time. I completed this trap—which has been the doom of many an African leopard—and also rebuilt the deadfall by about four-thirty that afternoon. We started back to the village in a close, silent body.

Not two minutes later—not two hundred yards from where the last man to leave had carefully dusted over the earth to reveal tracks—the roar of my elephant gun brought us to a halt. We looked at one another. Instantly it flashed through my mind that one of the village dogs had stayed behind and nabbed at the meat.

"*Chien*," the chief said.

It occurred to me, as we ran back, that I could at least use the pulverized dog for bait.

There was no dog. There wasn't even a gun there. Just the marks of a leopard's three-point landing after a leap from the high grass and some torn rope ends.

Also, the deadfall was down.

The leopard's tracks were far apart, and deep. They were long deep scratches rather than imprints. He had moved with the speed of light. I doubt if it had taken him a half-minute to spring the deadfall—I think it went down from the shock of a calculated leap against it—and with a cunning which I will not attempt to explain; and despite a blaze of fire that must have singed his whiskers, torn the guns from the tree. We found the guns at the edge of the jungle—in the very spot where the meat had been taken from behind my back—with the meat eaten off their muzzles. So clean I didn't bother to wipe them with a cloth.

There were no bloodstains in the leopard's trail. If a bullet had gone into him, he had either expelled it and stopped the flow of blood by will power or bandaged himself with the first-aid kit which, by that time, I was ready to believe he carried in his ear.

* * *

In the meantime, word had arrived at my village headquarters that leopards were parading the streets at night in Ft. Sibut, about fifteen miles north, and that three men had been killed during the noon hour within sight of the mission. The reason for this, of course, was that the rainy season had made the jungle and uplands so thick and damp that the leopards could not easily catch antelopes and other small game. Leopards don't like to walk through wet jungle or grass. Therefore they hunt along the roads and come right into the villages.

I hurried up to Ft. Sibut as fast as two sweating crews of natives could carry me in a *tepoy*. There was no indication of any disturbance. The natives were in their manioc fields as usual. The sound of the hammer and axe came from many quarters. Fred Rosenau, the South Dakota missionary who lives at Ft. Sibut with his wife and four children, met me at his workshop where he was preparing to build a vocational school.

"Leopards?" He laid aside his adze and leaned back against a pile of rough-sawed mahogany. "Sure, there are plenty of leopards here. Only we don't have time to go after 'em."

And while a boy fetched me water and another one ran to tell Mrs. Rosenau that she had a white visitor, Fred released some of the leopard wisdom absorbed during his twelve years in Africa.

Continued on page 122

# Death At Any Hour

*Continued from pages 60-121*

"They say leopards don't go in packs," he said, "but I've seen as many as four in a pack in broad daylight. I've had them steal goats right from under my kitchen window. I went after one, once, that had a bear trap on his hind foot and he leaped clean over the limb of a tree at me. Anything that a leopard can get his head through, he can get his body through. Last year a leopard jumped through the window of the Commissioner's house and grabbed a dog that was lying at his feet on the bed. You know, there's nothing a leopard likes better to eat than a dog.

"And here's an interesting thing about a leopard: He'll scratch at your door at night—just very gently. Now, if you don't know what that is, and you get up and open the door to find out what it is—well . . . " Fred chuckled deeply. "And if you go to the door with a lantern he'll move off a bit, not very far, and flatten himself to the ground with his eyes almost closed. They're opened just enough so that he can see you, but don't reflect the light. And of course, you can't see a leopard's body at night. Well, he'll wait there until you've gone back to bed, and then he'll come up and lie close to your house, right up against the wall, where he can hear you breathing. When he thinks you're asleep he'll begin scratching his way in again. My boys could tell you stories about leopards that would make your scalp itch."

It was too late by the time we finished talking to make a trap, but a heavy rain had just fallen. We went up to the house for dinner.

"If I wanted to kill a leopard," Fred said, "I'd just walk up and down the road with a searchlight. They'll be out tonight, and if you have a good strong light you can spot 'em a good ways off."

My gunbearer awakened me at two o'clock the next morning. It was pitch dark, and the dark was thick with moisture. You spoke, but your voice seemed to come from somewhere else. The lamp fitted with a home-made tin reflector, cast a vague beam down the road ahead. My gunbearer carried the lamp on his head and held it with both hands. He walked a step ahead of me with instructions to lower the lamp into my front sights the instant we saw a leopard's eyes. He kept sniffing the thick air like a bloodhound. All you could hear was his occasional sniff and the muffled tread of my shoes.

We walked two miles, three miles—always in the center of the road. Now between dark walls of elephant grass, now through swampy jungle glades where the mud clung to our ankles. We did not speak a word to one another.

But not a glimpse of a leopard. Not even a smell. I put my rifle across my shoulders, resting my arms over stock and barrel. I began to picture myself fishing for trout, smelling apple blossoms on the banks of a Catskill stream.

Then it happened—just as Fred had said. Everything happened at once. One of those terrific, heart-shaking growls—my gunbearer whirled, and in that split second—in that chaotic flash of lamplight I saw the leopard in mid-air, his jaws strained back, his eyes green and red. He was frozen in mid-air, a gray mad phantom.

Then he was gone. There was a soft thud accompanied by a long, dangerous growl.

"Quick, the light! Turn the light on him!"

My jaws were ready to break. Another low growl and something nimble with sharp feet ran down my spine. The rifle shook in my hands like a high tension wire. We waited, we stood waiting. Then our feet moved a cautious three steps towards the elephant grass.

We waited some more, and then we stepped over the ditch onto the embankment and flashed the light deeper into the grass.

"He's gone," my gunbearer said.

And if I should have been sorry, I wasn't. I was glad, darned glad.

An examination of the ditch told us what had probably happened. Seeing us coming, he had lain in the ditch and narrowed his eyes. And since leopards have no fear, and are unaccountable, he had chosen to attack us. Why he turned in mid-air I don't know, unless he saw that I had a gun. I didn't know a leopard could turn in mid-air. Furthermore, I didn't know a leopard would attack anyone with a light. And I'll swear by all that's sacred that it *was* a leopard.

* * *

We had about five miles between us and the mission when we started back—five miles of some of the best leopard country in Africa, and, by night, certainly the most dangerous. And we hadn't covered one of those miles when our lamp sputtered a little and went out. I lighted it again and it went out. I shook it and it was empty.

And at least one native almost lost his life because of it. I was taking no chances in the darkness. I knew that if a leopard wanted to attack he'd probably get one of us, and my only resource was to keep my rifle cocked and my finger on the trigger. The fear of being attacked from behind—a favorite leopard trick—was annoying, too.

Suddenly there was a glow in the darkness ahead. I have seen leopard's eyes just like that glow—large and misty, as though they belonged to some amphibian monster. But I wasn't sure. Maybe it occurred to me, subconsciously, that eyes don't glow unless there is a light shining into them. So I waited, with my finger pressing the trigger. Several glows appeared and my fear increased. I would have shot, I know, if at that moment my gunbearer had not spoken. We heard the sound of feet then, and presently exchanged "good mornings" with a group of native men and women. All carried torches. The women walked in front, resigned. This is an old Congo custom implying something about the "survival of the fittest."

As soon as I returned to the mission Fred Rosenau took me to a group of huts just a few minutes away where three leopards had been seen prowling. They were after a houseful of goats. Women and children had been herded to shelter at the first alarm. After some discussion, we decided to make a box-trap of mahogany and set it inside the doorway of the goathouse. Fred said it had been his ambition for years to catch an old man-eater alive and hear him growl—for years.

The trap was quite a job. The mahogany was seasoned and nails made weird angles before collapsing ineffectually on the surface. But screws and bolts finally turned out a massive piece of work. We piled it on the shoulders of about fifteen natives and saw it carefully placed in the goathouse doorway, leaving no possible aperture above or on either side. An old she-goat with several young ones cocked suspicious eyes at the contraption, but Fred and I went up to lunch planning what we would do with the first leopard.

The owner of the goats himself awakened me the next morning. And he was mad. He said the old she goat was worth thirty-five francs, but he ought to get fifty because there wasn't another one like her in Ft. Sibut. His wife raised it to seventy-five.

Fred and I went down together. The trap hadn't even been touched. The leopard had clawed a hole through nine inches of mud brick and wood, a hole big enough to carry a basket of wash through, and gone in like a general. He had killed the old female and taken her off to a clump of wild fig trees where we found the remains, butchered with the precision of an expert. The shoulder had been severed as though by a knife; the stomach emptied as by a human hand. The genitals had been neatly amputated, too. The leopard always eats them first, the head next and the stomach third. The remains lay on a table of matted, bloody grass.

I made a gun trap immediately. But it was an innovation. I had been thinking and dreaming about traps lately, and I had in mind a trick. I built the wall of poles out about four feet in front of the gun's muzzle so that the leopard would have to have a good piece of his body inside before he could grab the meat with his mouth. (I have never known a leopard to take meat with his paws unless he could not get his jaws around it.) Then I bound a very small bit of meat—it was about the size of a boy's fist—around the muzzle, and laid a small piece underneath the muzzle. Both pieces were connected with the trigger by a hard, heavy cord. The gun could be set off only by a good hard jerk—whether by the leopard's paws or mouth it didn't matter.

The old familiar roar of the gun roused us from our chairs at dinner. Most of Ft. Sibut was there by the time we arrived. Bonfires had been started. Spear blades and sweaty cheek-bones were glistening on all sides. And enlivening everybody was the rising, long-drawn roaring of a wounded leopard. I have never heard leopards mentioned as roaring. They do.

We were afraid to get too close. We reasoned if he could roar like that he was a pretty dangerous customer. The villagers spread out in an arc and began advancing with spears raised and firebrands. The women and children followed them howling. Fred and I formed the keystone of the advance. Both of us had shotguns, and I had a heavy revolver in my waistband. The grass had been fired on both sides and we were going to shoot him when he crawled out.

He came out like a streak with his belly low to the ground—not at us, but across our path. He was just a long, gray heavy streak. A shower of spears and arrows followed him. We knew he hadn't gone far though, and we had a look at where he had been lying up. There was a big pool of blood there. We wondered where he had been hit to bleed so much and still be able to travel.

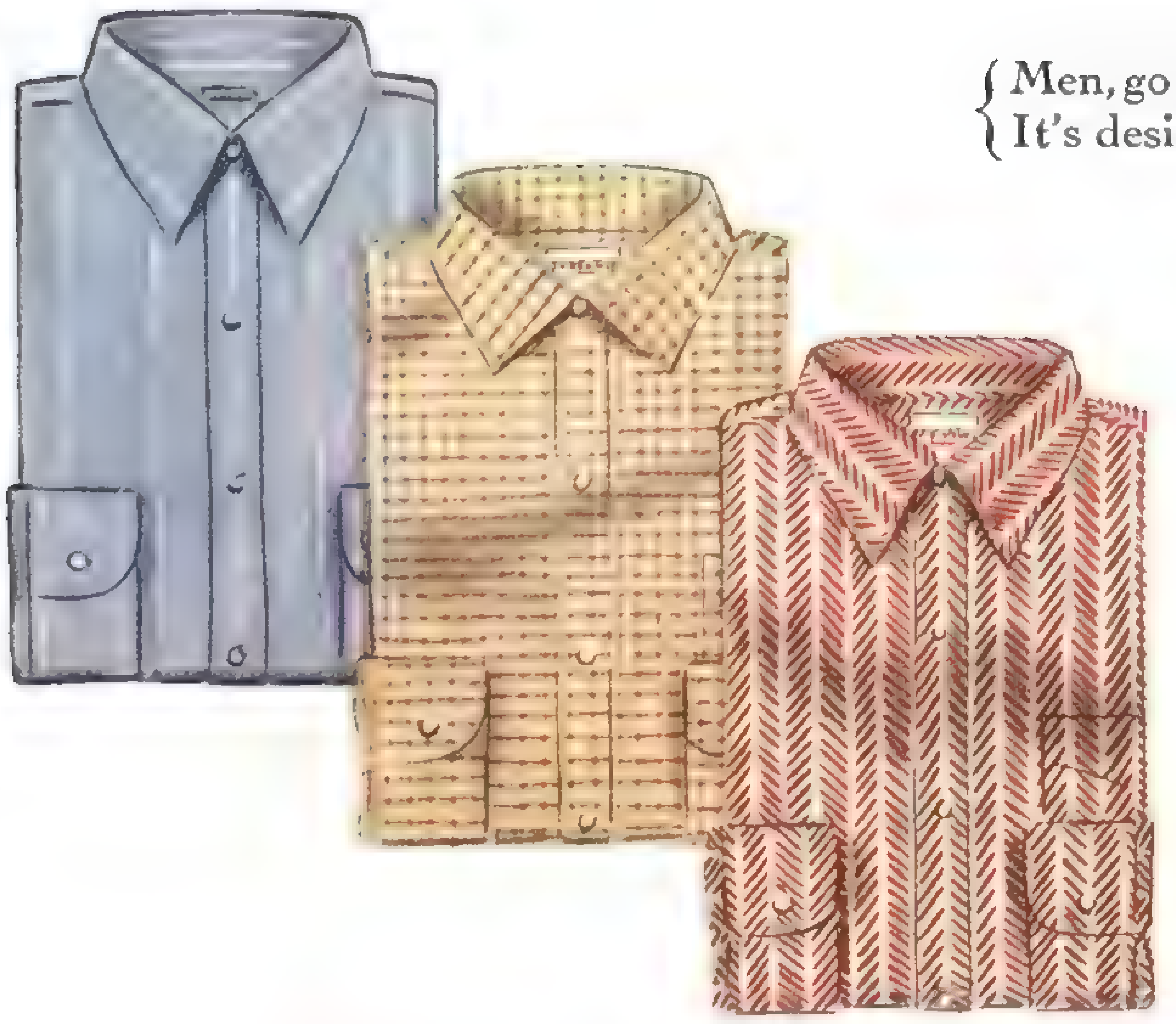
The next time we got close he beat a second retreat, this time a little farther off. We became bolder then and tried to circle him, but the natives wouldn't help us in this and you couldn't very well blame them. We kept wondering why he didn't attack. Finally, we decided to call it a night and take up his trail the next morning.

This was easy. I picked it up, lost it again, and almost stumbled on the leopard in some blown-down elephant grass near a swamp. It was the first time I had had a good look at him, and he was a big fellow. But he moved like a golden streak, with a heavy growl in his belly, too fast for a shot. Finally, we corralled him in the swamp. We thought we had him. We beat that swamp until noon and on our way back to the mission—we had just about given up—we spotted him in a thicket, lying with his head on his paws. The 10.75 and a shot from Fred's 30-30 didn't even move him; I think he was dead already.

We found that the slug from the gun trap had completely torn away his lower jaw, traveled in shattered pieces down his throat, smashed his spinal column about nine inches behind his shoulders and come out through his back.

That was why he had not charged. #

Men, go back to the cartoons. This page is for ladies only.
It's designed to help them out of the Christmas puzzle.



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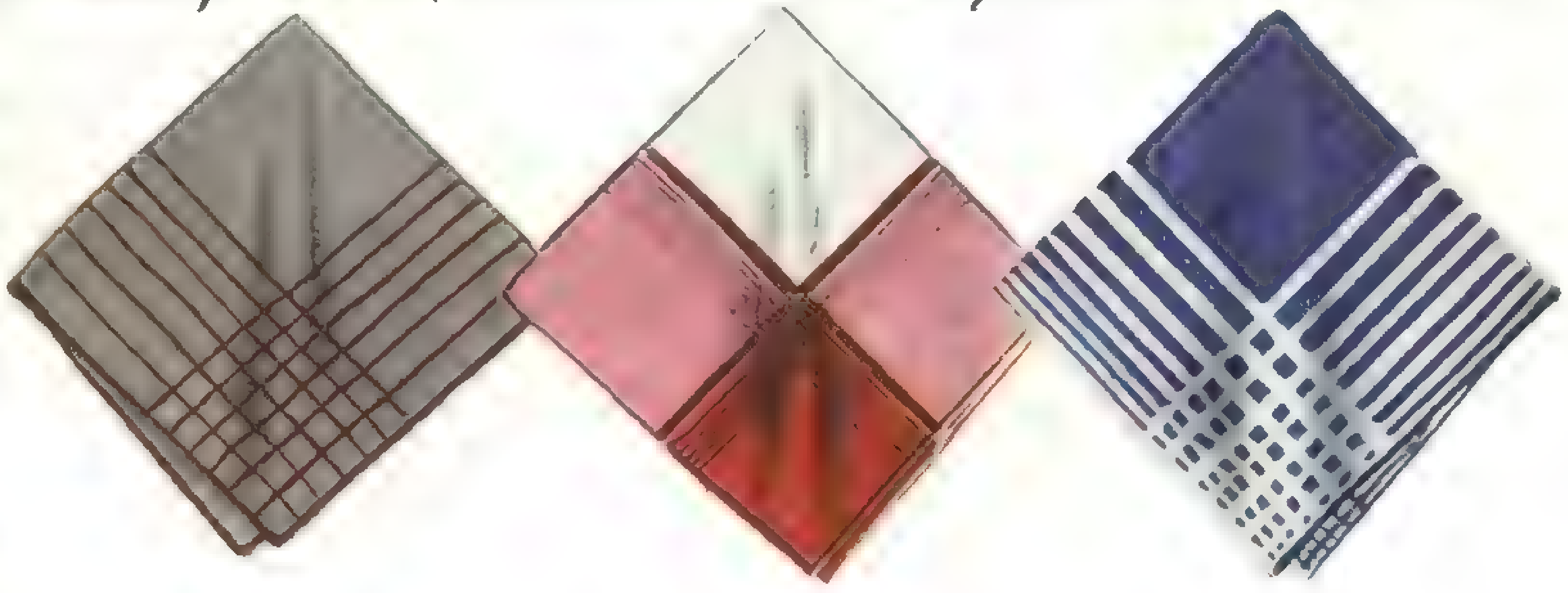
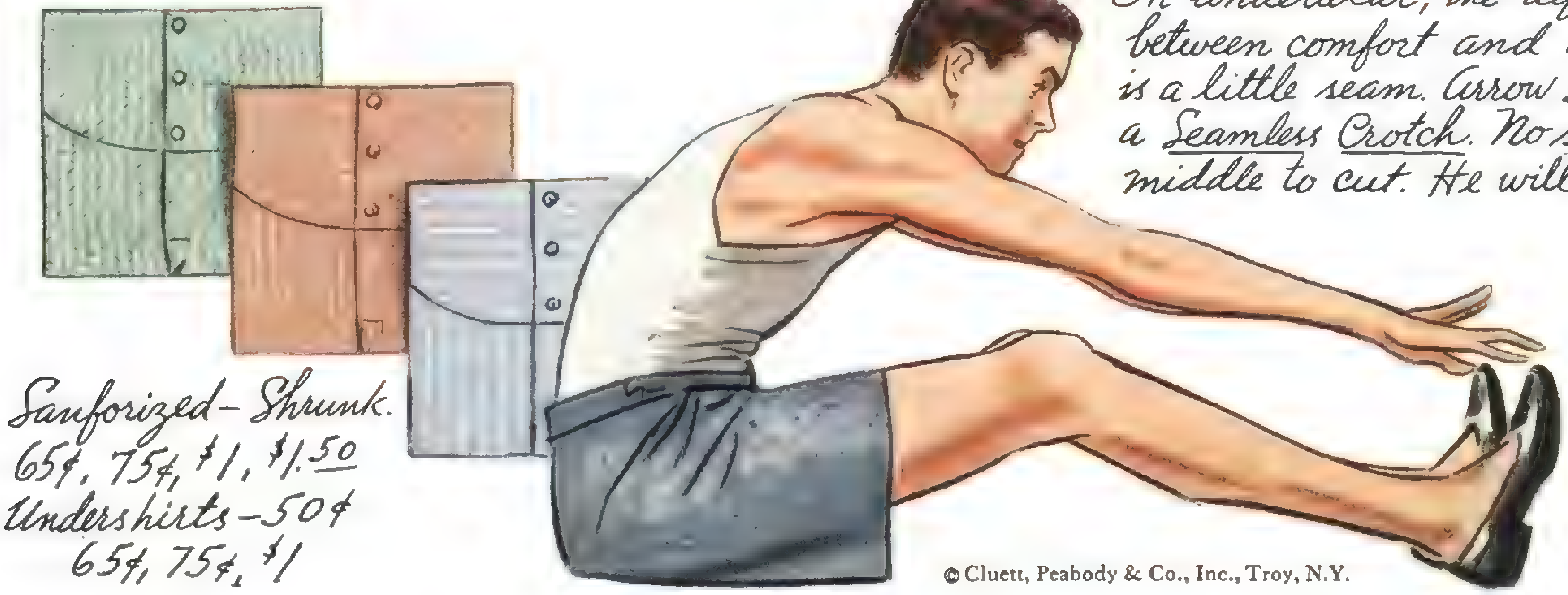


*In underwear, the difference between comfort and twitching is a little seam. Arrow Shorts have a Seamless Crotch. No seams in the middle to cut. He will like that.*



*Sanforized-Shrunk.*
*65¢, 75¢, \$1, \$1.50*
*Undershirts—50¢*
*65¢, 75¢, \$1*

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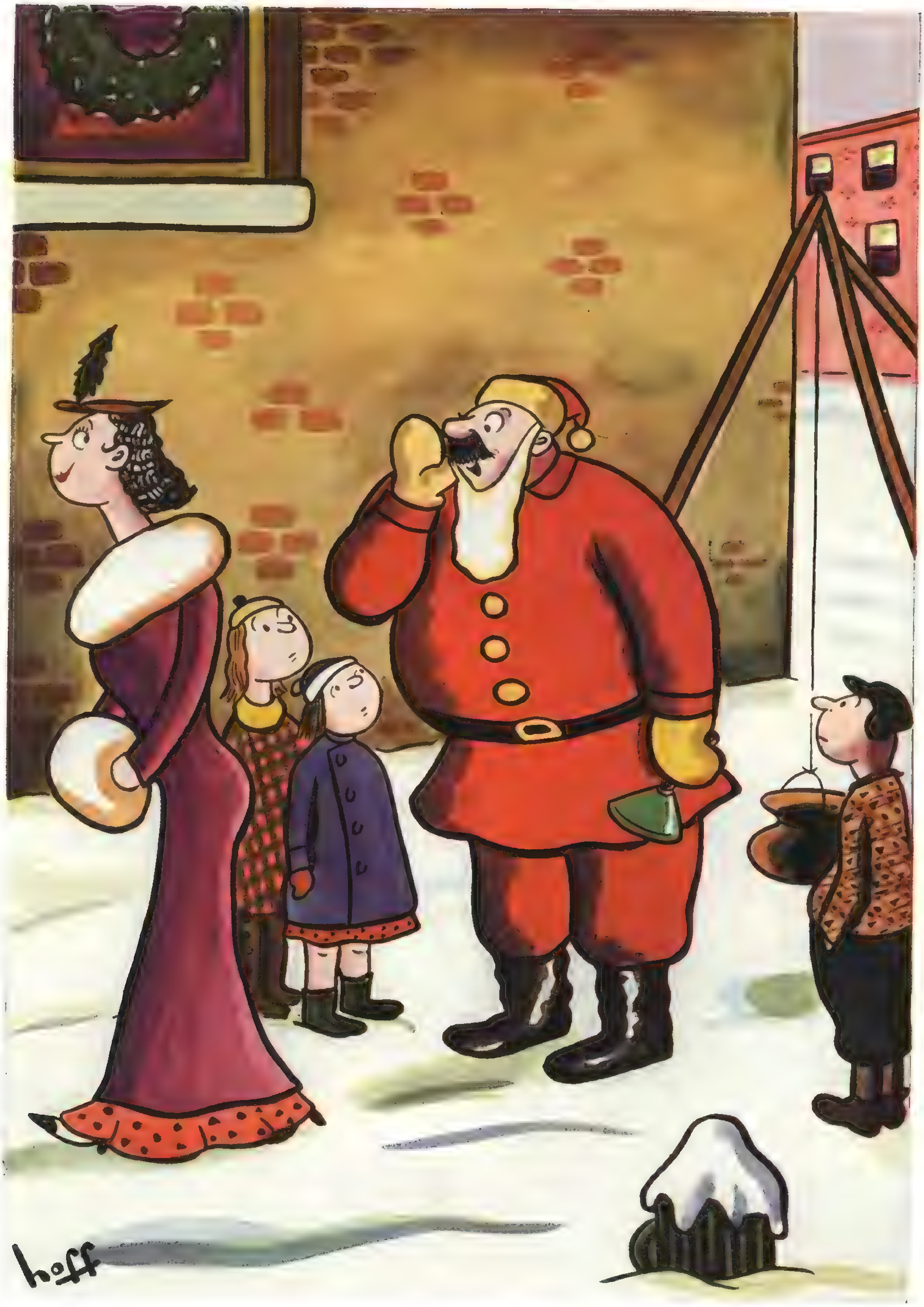


*"I'll be through at six, babe!"*

## Cocks Must Fight

*Continued from page 95*

The two cocks circled each other warily before they struck, the blinker always keeping the side his good eye was on turned toward his adversary. He was an experienced bird, and not easily caught off guard, but the red was quick and darted in. If he had known how to fight with spurs he could have ended it swiftly, but his attack became ludicrous when he hooked his own spurs together, laying him out helplessly. During that pit the blinker sank a spur harmlessly in the red's wing and they had to be handled.

The red cock ran circles around the blinker and tired him out. Again and again he hooked the blinker, so that blood began to show. But he didn't know how to make a kill and the blinker fought on, always with his head a little to one side, looking out of his only eye. After awhile the red began to slow down, losing his impetuosity. Then the blinker got to work. But he was weak by this time and couldn't get high enough in the air to inflict a mortal injury. The fight became a pecking contest, with the birds so exhausted that they could barely stand. Finally the red had enough. He wanted to go home. He turned tail and ran away and wouldn't fight unless the blinker followed and attacked him. The blinker got him down, and pranced around, pecking at his head.

"Count for me," said Piper.

The Sheriff counted, ponderously, up to ten. "One for Mr. Jentry," he said.

The two men stepped in and gathered up the cocks. Piper collected saliva in his mouth and, kissing the blinker, gave it to him. He took the comb of the bird between his lips and sucked it. He caressed it and held it high in the air while the Sheriff drew two more lines on either side of the middle one, this time only a foot from it. The cocks were too far gone to travel the greater distance attacking.

Piper had to get three counts of ten in succession and then a count of twenty to win. If the red fought at any time, all counts were off. Piper worked mightily over his bird, spitting into its beak and licking its comb, sometimes taking its whole head into his mouth. He lost his count of ten, got two more, lost them, and started over again. At last he got three, and the count of twenty began with the red inert on the ground, the blinker pecking at his eyes. Piper warned the cracker to withdraw his bird or it would be killed. The cracker stubbornly refused. While the Sheriff counted, the blinker pecked the red's eyes out and then started on his head, and when the red was picked up he was dead.

Piper retrieved his cock and held it solicitously, looking at it and shaking his head mournfully. Blood came off on his hands; the blinker was saturated with it. After a moment, while the crowd watched, the blinker's neck drooped and then swung all the way down. Though it was still breathing, it was certain that it wouldn't be able to survive its injuries.

Tears came to Piper's eyes as he carried the blinker back to his truck. He muttered brokenly something about it being against all law and nature for a bird to die that had won such a game fight.

He blubbered about having to kill it to end its misery. He took out his knife, struck a tragic pose, then with infinite regret in every line of his gesture, cut the blinker's throat. The bird twitched as the little blood remaining in it began to flow out slowly.

As Piper stood there holding the bleeding bird, a newcomer who had just arrived from town came up to him. When he saw Piper an astonished look came to his face and he stood there staring at him. Piper saw him and looked back at him vacantly for a minute. Then he seemed to return from somewhere and remember something. He glared at the man, mumbled, and suddenly accused, "You're wantin' to say about my Missus." He turned to the crowd and announced bluntly, "She's dead, too."

This time the men froze in their places. They looked at Piper as if seeing another man there. They looked at each other. They looked at the limp blinker upon which Piper had lavished so much affection. "You mean to say," one of them asked, "your wife died last night givin' birth and you're here today cockfightin'?"

Piper whirled on him. "You see me," he said harshly. "And y'all'd be mighty disappointed if I didn't come with my cocks as you was expectin'. I purely don't know what you're takin' shame about. Come on," he said at large, "how about a cockfight? Let's have a cockfight!"

"Mind that!" someone exclaimed. "Mind it!" No one else said anything. #

## Navy Blue and Gold

*Continued from page 72*

behind him in the Fleet a part of him, a part which adds and dovetails to that vast body of tradition of the Fleet.

* * *

There are those—and the bronze plaques in Memorial Hall commemorate many of them—who give up their lives to the Service, men like Lieutenant Zellars of Turret 2 of the *Mississippi* who died with his men in a flaming turret explosion, or men like Henry Clay Drexler, of Delaware, first of his class to go.

Drexler was a tall and ruddy-faced Ensign who graduated from Annapolis in June Week, 1924. He threw his cap away in Dahlgren Hall with the rest of his classmates, had his new shoulder straps pinned on in Lovers Lane, went away exultingly on a month's leave. There were "no more rivers to cross," and he was one of the few of his class to be assigned to a new light cruiser, the *Trenton*. Three months later he was dead—first of '24 to die—and the death of him happened like this.

Drexler was assigned, when he reported for duty, as junior officer in the forward twin gun mount on the *Trenton*. The *Trenton* and others of her class—trim ships then but almost obsolete now—mounted six-inch guns of a new type, and it was Drexler's job to assist his turret officer—Lt. John Arthur Sedgwick—to train the turret crew in their use. It was October before the new ship was out of the navy yard and had steamed to sea to the Southern Drill Grounds off the Virginia Capes for her first firing.

Inside Drexler's turret, the men were at their stations; the gun captain tried the compressed air; the firing circuit was tested with primers; bald glare from naked bulbs glimmered on polished steel and white paint.

"Stand by!"

And then—"Commence Firing—."

The turret crew snapped into life; the turret trained abeam; the right gun was loaded, a second six-inch shell roared up the tube from the magazine and rumbled out onto the shell table. A bag of powder followed; the silk-cased grains of death were rolled out onto the loading tray; another bag was in the hoist; Sedgwick, the turret officer, has his hand on the turret "ready light" switch . . .

There was a sudden flash of flame spouting up the hoist into the steel-cased gun mount. Men saw their death in a flare of light, a spurt of smoke. Drexler leaped to meet it; he grabbed the powder bag lying on the loading tray and hugging it as one would a baby turned to douse it in the immersion tanks. There was another flare . . . and the bag went off in his arms.

Fourteen men died in those flashes of flame, in the searing fire and noxious gases of the powder explosion. Sedgwick and three of his men fell from the suddenly-opened exit hatch in the rear of the turret into the sea; dazed, burned and with a broken arm, Sedgwick rescued two of them from drowning . . .

"The navy has no monopoly of heroes, but when heroes are needed the navy never fails to produce them. The nation salutes Lieutenant Sedgwick. It stands in reverent admiration at the grave of the magnificent lad from Delaware . . ."

Such was Drexler's epitaph—first of his class to die.

* * *

But there's a happier story about the *Trenton* than the death of Drexler. The *Trenton*—like other navy ships—gets around the world quite a bit, and her successive crews leave behind them on the ship and in the fleet the record of their personalities, and anecdotes of their cruises.

The *Trenton* steamed to Australia with the Fleet in that never-to-be-forgotten cruise of 1925. On the way back to the States she was detached and sent for a brief visit to American Samoa, our tiny South Seas possession. There was a good time for all hands at Pago Pago, with the siva siva, roast pig, and the trimmings. And the gobs found that the natives were suckers for navy undershirts and scented soap—the kind you could buy in the canteen aboard ship. With an undershirt and a bar of soap you could almost purchase the island, but the sailors wanted something they could take along back home to the girls in Pedro. So cava bowls, tapa cloth, little hand-hewn models of the native dugout canoes, and all the motley dear to the heart of a sailor came aboard ship in great quantities, while navy undershirts were seen being worn all over Pago Pago, and the big brown maidens were proudly carrying around bars of American soap and washing their faces and hands a thousand times a day. It was fine while it lasted; both sides were satisfied with their bargains. But the last day before the Trenton sailed, when many sailors were still without their supplies of cava and tapa cloth, the canteen ran out of soap and most of the gobs were down to their last undershirt. But the American seaman is master of invention, and though he's a credulous lad ashore and most any merchant can sell him most anything, often he flashes a bright idea or pulls a strategical *tour de force* that surprises you.

Well, the gobs of the *Trenton* determined to master the soap shortage. So they went to the bo's'n's locker and swiped, begged or borrowed great slabs of salt water soap. Now, if you've ever used salt water soap, you'll shudder. It's the only kind of soap that will lather in salt water—hence its name—and it is made apparently of a particularly vile sort of tallow and lye—and what not. It has no odor except a stench like greasy bilge water in the sun; it's meant only for scrubbing paint-work aboard ship or washing clothes, and it wouldn't please the natives of Pago Pago at all, at all.

*Continued on page 126*

# Navy Blue and Gold

*Continued from pages 72-125*

But the sailors took the slabs of soap and carefully carved it up into neat little bars, the same size as the perfumed soap they had been buying at the canteen. Then they got all the toilet tissue they could lay their hands on, and bought some boxes of "feu-feu" (perfumed talcum powder) from the canteen, and set to work. They sprinkled the salt water soap liberally with "feu-feu," wrapped each little handcarved cake carefully in the tissue paper—and went ashore. The cava bowls flowed back to the ship by the dozen that night—and the *Trenton* sailed the next day. There are none in the navy who know the epilogue.

* * *

But probably the destroyers—the "tin cans" of the Fleet—and the submarines, the "pig boats" of the Navy have fostered and nurtured more salty yarns than any of the other types. Like the fabled Tuscarora with her "seventeen decks and a glass bottom," the old "tin cans" are the stuff of which legend is made. Many of the yarns about them that have been woven into the fabric of the fleet sound, and are, preposterous, but there are others—stranger than fiction, but true as gospel. They are slim and saucy little ships—the destroyers; ships with great hearts, forever destined to battle against man's ancient enemy, the sea. And their crews love them, for on a destroyer's heaving deck there is no room for the formality of the big ships, and on a destroyer's lurching bridge blown spume is always flying and the taste of the salt is fresh in your mouth. This is the "dungaree navy"—these men of the destroyer and submarine squadrons—and they are closer to the sea than any of their brothers in the big ships, closer to its moods of madness and of beauty. They pay for it in harder work, longer hours; they do the dirty work of the fleet; they're last into port and first to leave; their life is a wet and flowing hell in heavy weather; their skippers are "non-ratey" to the gold braid and the "brass hats" of the larger command; they get all the poorest anchorages in port; they run short of breath at sea; they have no soda fountains or ice cream or ice; they get little in a storm from their heaving, pitching, tossing galley save sandwiches and coffee—but theirs is the battle with blue water, theirs the thrill of speed—the "strength of thrice ten thousand horse"—and theirs a life for which they would substitute no other.

The stories they tell about them are legion—and all the heart of the fleet is in them—comedy, tragedy, melodrama, adventure—. There is one they tell about a seasick yeoman—; in the stories it is always the yeoman who is seasick—actually it is not unusual for half a destroyer's crew and most of the officers to be sick (but they stand their watches and do their jobs just the same).

The new ship with her green crew headed out of New York harbor, down through the Narrows and out the Channel into a nor'easter. The yeoman—first cruise on a destroyer—was stationed, as usual, until clear of the Channel, at the engine room annunciator or telegraph, a brass-handled dialed instrument which is used to indicate desired speeds from bridge to engine room. When the ship cleared the lee of the land and got out towards Scotland Light, she commenced to feel the full force of the gale, and bucking, rearing, rolling, she made slow progress seawards. The yeoman commenced to get white around the gills and he weaved back and forth with the ship's motion, but he stuck to his post, except for occasional very sick intervals at the leeward bridge rail.

Abeam of Scotland Light the Chief Engineer rushed up on the bridge in a towering rage, and half-frantic:

"Captain, for God's sake, stop her!"

"What's the matter?" the Captain asked sharply, sensing disaster.

"Good God—the matter—first you go ahead full, then astern, two-thirds; then ahead standard—then astern—my God; we're thirty signals behind now—!"

The seasick yeoman, with his limp hand on the annunciator handle, had wavered back and forth with the sea—and all his motions had been transmitted faithfully to the engine room by the annunciator.

* * *

Destroyers in the seaway are the bucking bronchos of the ocean; they say that once the *Perry* bucked so hard she jerked the cord and blew her whistle! It is not unusual for a "can" to dish in the steel of her bridge bulkhead, like a tin plate, in battling against the sea—and there have been many times when they have rolled their lifeboats under and taken flying spindrift down their stacks.

The *Breck*—No. 283—recently scrapped, went through many storms in her time, some of the best—or worst—of them in foreign waters. There was one in the Bay of Biscay, when the captain fell on the wet steel deck plates and chipped a piece of bone from his elbow. Most destroyers don't have doctors, so the captain lay—wedged in his bunk—his arm immobilized, for four days until the *Breck* reached Gibraltar.

There was another in the Gulf of Lyons, and that was brief but a humdinger while it lasted.

It was worse because it struck with sharp and unexpected fury, a characteristic of storms in the Gulf.

It was a quiet night and a bonny one as the old *Breck* headed East for Sicily steering along easily in the bubbly wake of the *Toucey*, her sister-ship. To port the moon-mist blotted out the coast of France; to starboard across leagues of whispering water lay Africa. The first watch was nearly over; the captain had long since turned in, and only a few belated card players in the wardroom were still awake. Slowly at first—and then with incredible speed—the wind began to rise. The moon-swept waters were flecked with white spurts of spray, and the gentle ripple of the waves against the sides changed into a harsh dull thud as the ocean shook and jarred the ship. The *Breck* took clouds of spray over the bow and green water was tumbling down the open fo'c'sle hatch into the chief's quarters. The annunciators clanged as the ship was slowed to two-thirds, while the boatswain's mate and a lookout went forward to close the hatch.

The officer-of-the-deck called the captain on the voice tube and reported—

"Let me know if it gets any worse," the skipper said.

It did—rapidly. Out of the southern Alps way off to port in the hazy distance there swept down upon the laboring *Breck* that tricky sudden burst of wind known as the mistral, which so often stirs the shallow Gulf of Lyons into a turbulent sea.

The waters were frothing now—leaping towards the sky—a cloud-covered sky, which only a few minutes before had been star-studded. Green water leaped over the bow and the old ship shook and trembled shudderingly as the waves struck her. Flying spray scudded past the bridge windows; she pounded heavily into the troughs as her bow came down, and her propellers raced sickeningly aft as her stern rose clear.

The officer-of-the-deck called the captain again . . .

"Coming up," he said.

Far ahead now the twinkling lights of the *Toucey* danced in the gale. The wind sang through the wireless antenna, screamed down the open throats of the voice tubes, whipped the commands to the steersmen from the lips of the OOD, blew flat the floating trail of smoke.

Smashing and pounding the ship labored in her distress. The ports and battle-ports were dogged tight, the forward hatches down, gun covers cinched snugly and all loose gear secured. It was nearing eight bells, and the *Breck* was steaming heavily; she slowed still more—and then—to close up on the *Toucey*, the officer-of-the-deck sent her pounding again into head seas. For a moment, the helmsman—fighting the wheel—almost lost control as a great wave struck the bow and flung it to starboard. The officer-of-the-deck jumped forward to help bring her up; she had just gotten round, and he had stepped back again to the bulkhead when the *Breck* took a green one over the bridge.

A great wall of water caught her squarely; the "non-breakable" bridge windows smashed into flying splinters; salt water boiled and foamed about the thighs of the men on the bridge-watch; the helmsman, cut and bleeding from the broken glass, half-blinded by blood and salt, clung to the wheel.

By the time the Captain got up on the bridge a minute or so later the *Breck* was ship-shape again. The clock on the forward bulkhead had been stopped at 11:40 when a huge sliver of glass had been driven through its face and into its works. The cut helmsman was below in the "guinea pullman" while the pharmacist's mate swabbed iodine on his ripped ear; another man was at the wheel. On the bridge glass crunched; over the side waves danced, but the wind was already falling, and the Mediterranean beginning to smile under the moon as if satisfied with its accomplishment.

The next day the *Breck* steamed into the harbor of Palermo, vacant gaps in her bridge windows, staring out like blinded eyes, her stacks white with salt and with patches of red lead showing through her boot-topping and side paint. She was scratched and scarred but she had won another bout in man's eternal battle with the sea.

* * *

There is a Christmas the navy will never forget—for it is forever associated with all the tears and tragedy and terror that walk hand in hand with those who go down to the sea in ships.

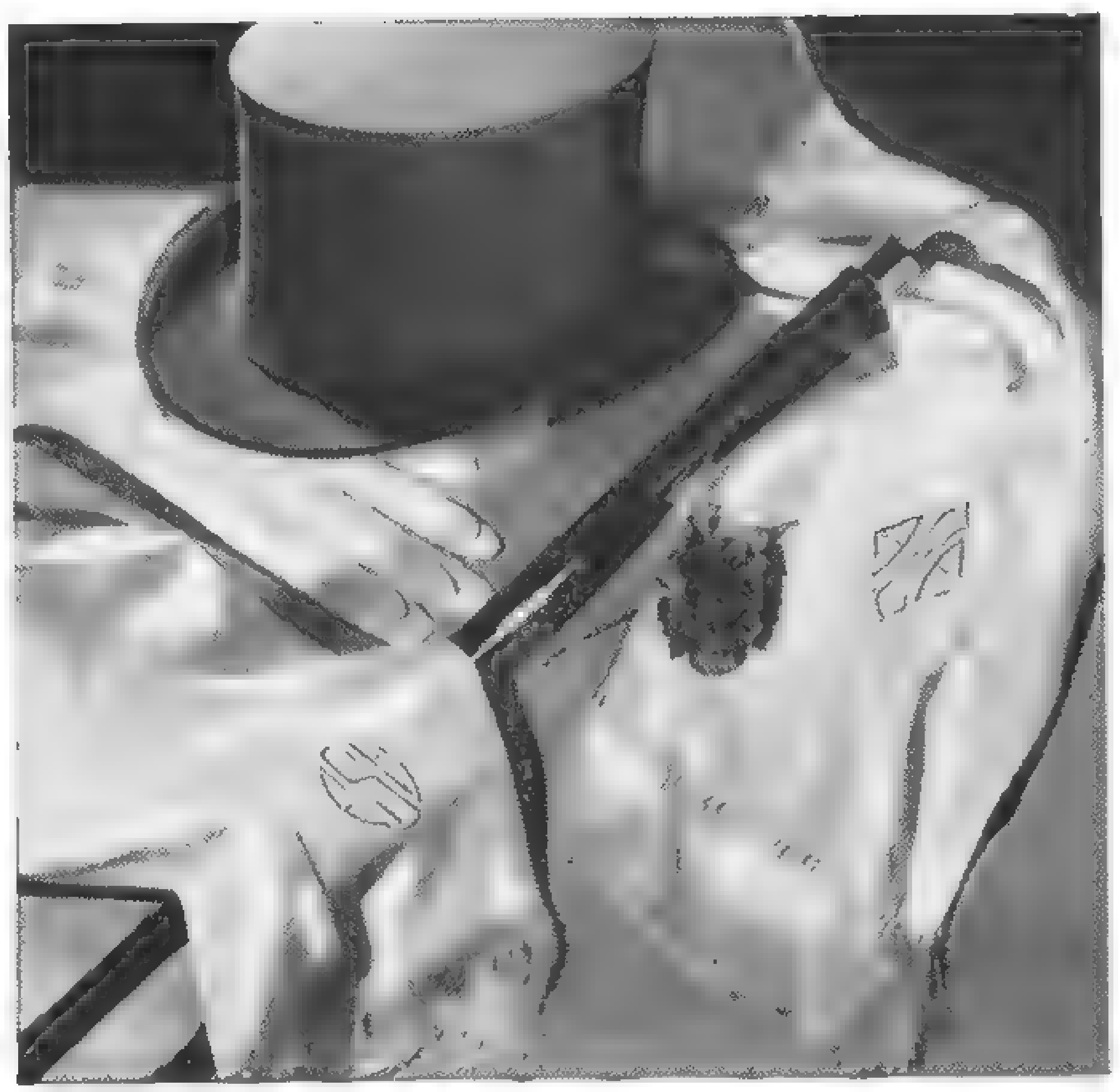
It was Christmas, 1927, a braw and happy day for all the world, but for the forty dead of the *S-4's* crew who lay in their steel coffin 100 feet beneath the surface off Provincetown. And a happy day for all but those who loved them—these dead who did not die in vain.

It was December 17 at 3:57 in the afternoon that the *S-4* sank after the steel hull of the Coast Guard destroyer *Paulding* had ripped through her battery room and turned her control room and conning tower into a shambles. Three-fifty-seven p.m., and in Baltimore, Md., the wife and family of Lt.-Commander Roy K. Jones, the commanding officer, were preparing for a gala Christmas. Three-fifty-seven and as the water rushed into the hold, and six men dogged shut the door of the forward torpedo room against the ravening sea, the wife of Lt. Graham Newell Fitch in Boston bought her husband's Christmas present.

The *S-4* plunged to a mud bank

*Continued on page 128*

1. Horseshoe-nail Cuff Links from France, $10; 2. Key Chain, sterling, $7.50; 3. Collar Pins, $1.50; 4. Latch Key, $10; 5. Knife, 14K gold, $7; 6. Key Chain, $2.50; 7. Bill Clasp, monogrammed, $6.50; 8. Tie Clasp, monogrammed, $6.50; 9. Stick Pin, 14K gold, $6.50; 10-11. Stick Pins, 14K gold, $4.50; 12. Tie Clasp, sterling, $9



Opera Hat, new midnight blue shade, $15. Carnation of feathers from England, dark red, $4. Gloves of mocha, sac wrist, $5.50. Evening Scarf (AFF), crêpe silk with monogram, $15. Evening Scarf (FCS), striped crêpe silk with monogram, $7.50. Evening Stick of ebony, sterling cap, $7.50

Cigarette Case for dress wear. black suède, $12. Embassy Full Evening Dress Set, white pearl, $10. Embassy Dress Set for dinner coat, black enamel, $15. Gold Shirt Studs, new and correct for dinner coat wear, 1/10 14K, $4.50; 14K, $18. Single end Evening Dress Ties, black silk, $2, White piqué, $1.50

Bottle Set and Case for travel, $15. Jewelry Case, pigskin from England, $10; larger size, $12. Passport and Ticket Case essential for travel abroad, pigskin from England, $16; black sealskin, $18. Pigskin Bill Fold from England, $2; black sealskin, $3

Lounge Suit. Navy blue flannel. A soft quality, light in weight. Contrasting regimental silk striping, $32.50. Samples on request. Slippers of camel pile from England. Lined. Leather soles. Provide the utmost in foot comfort, $6.50

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

# Distinctive Gifts

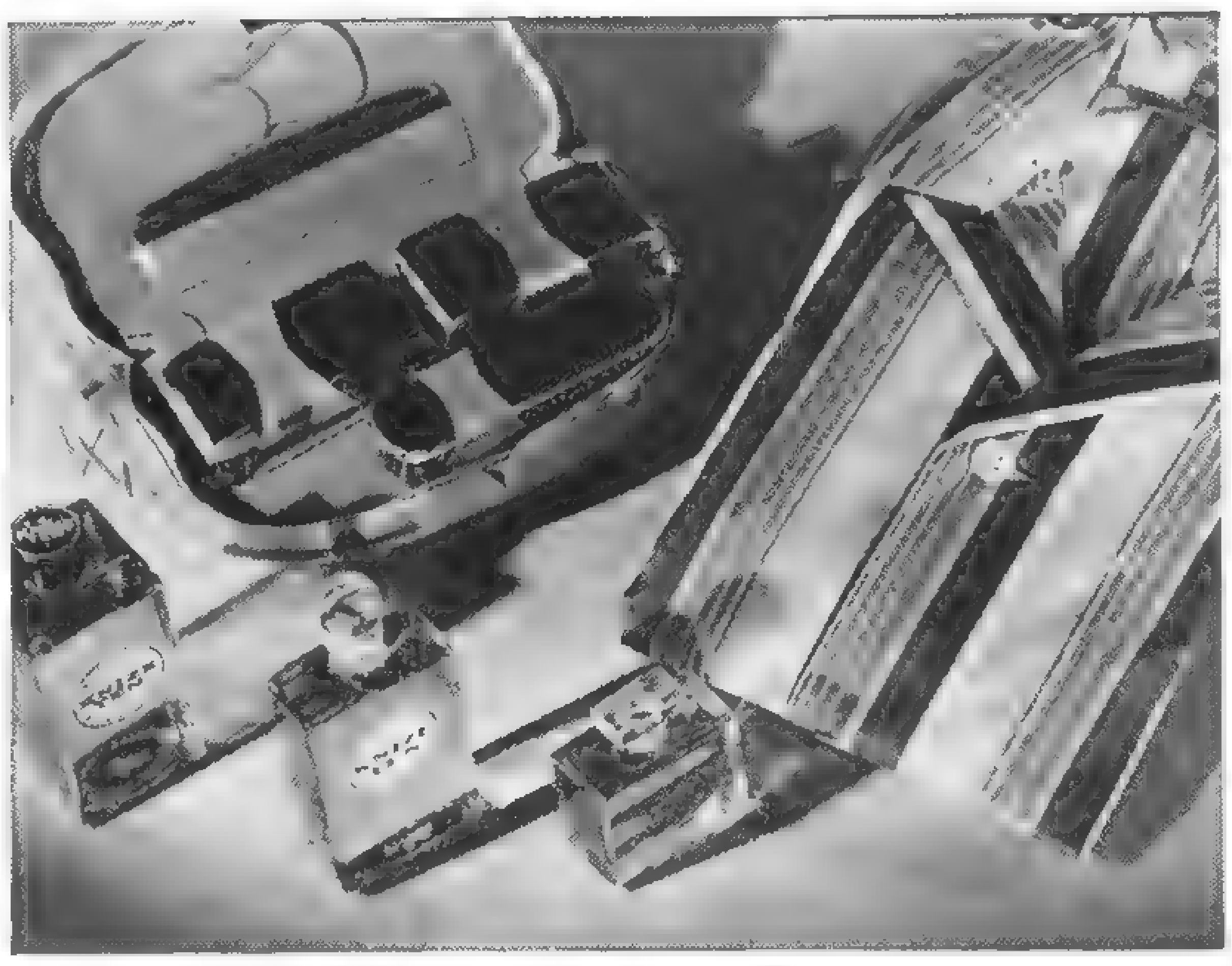
## FOR GENTLEMEN

EVERY ARTICLE has correctness, character, style and the originality for which this house has gained confidence and recognition

*Orders by mail, telegraph or telephone are solicited and will be given careful, personal attention*

MUrray Hill 2-1760

**F. R. TRIPLER & CO.**
*366 Madison Avenue*
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Toilet Case of cowhide with black enamel fittings, $16.50. Knize Ten toilet requisites from France. Essences of Russian leather and Turkish tobacco are combined to give a distinctive scent for gentlemen's use. Hair Lotion, $7.50. Toilet Water, $6. Perfume, $10.
Pajamas of broadcloth from England. Blue, brown, and gray, $6.50

Sweater from Scotland. Brushed wool. Blue, brown, green, yellow, and white, $12. Half Hose from Scotland. New plaid design. Brown, blue, gray, red, and green, $2.25. Gloves and Matching Necktie from Scotland. Popular Sanquhar pattern. Gloves, $4.50, Necktie, $2.50. Silk Handkerchief. The new and correct hand-blocked design from England, $3.50. Matching Necktie, $2

Robe of challis wool from England. Light in weight. Will fold compactly for travel. Gray Paisley design, dark red background, $25. Slippers, kidskin, $3.50

# Navy Blue and Gold

*Continued from pages 72-125-126*

102 feet beneath the sea. The *Paulding*, her bow stove in, was beached badly damaged. Radios crackled; navy men "from sea to sea" clenched their fists and prayed "to whatever gods" a seaman has.

Ships and men were rushed to Provincetown; Admiral Brumby took charge of rescue operations. Diver Thomas Eadie, he who worked on the *S-51*, was the first down, swaying down through the green, cold water on the diving stage, the air bubbles floating, bright balls of crystal up to the surface. Down—down—down, with a rising wind and sea, water temperature at 34, and death in a frozen air line. Hammer taps against a broken steel hull. No answers aft. Faint taps forward.

Brumby sends the following message to the Navy Department in Washington, where admirals and ensigns wait and hope:

"Blowing (air) from the *Falcon* to the tanks. Air now being hooked up to torpedo compartment. Following messages sent and received to and from *S-4:*
First question: 'Is gas bad?'
Answer: 'No, but the air; how long will you be now?'
Second Question: 'How many are there?'
Answer: 'There are six; please hurry. Will you be long now?'
Answer: 'We are doing everything possible.'
These messages were by hammer knocks in the Morse Code. No evidence so far that anyone is alive anywhere but in the torpedo room."

More messages—more faint taps in a freezing sea, picked up by the oscillator of the *S-8* wallowing above in rising gale. The soughing sea and the cold dark green depths. The tomb of the torpedo room, beaded with sweat—cold, and dank with poisoned air.

At 7:20 o'clock, Dec. 19, the men were still alive:

*S-4:* "Is there any hope?"

*S-8:* "Yes, there is hope—. Everything possible is being done."

The names of those still breathing: Lt. Graham Newell Fitch; Frank Snizek; Russell A. Crabb; Roger Leslie Short; Joseph Stevens; George Pelnar.

The wind rose; the rescue vessels bobbed and dipped; the winter gale skirled about the sandy dunes where in pleasant summer weather visitors bathed; it was drawing on towards Christmas. A diver, tangled in the wreckage, almost died 100 feet beneath the sea: Eadie rescued him.

Message from *S-4* to *S-8:* "Have used our last oxygen bottle. Please send us oxygen, food and water."

Drawing on towards Christmas and the men in the torpedo room of the *S-4* might still cling to life too briefly longer by "restricting muscular activity to the minimum—breathing faint shallow breaths at long intervals—lie waiting in the dark cold, lie slowly waiting death."

An attempt—despite the gale and the spume-crested whitecaps—is to be made in the morning, the papers say, to introduce oxygen and liquid food through the torpedo tube. The National Broadcasting Company halts its nationwide broadcast to ask for a minute of prayer.

It is Dec. 19; forty-eight hours since the *S-4* sank. The wind is blowing 45 miles an hour. The great waves roll in furious procession against the sands of the Cape. The divers do not go down; the food, the oxygen—do not get through the tube.

In Washington and Boston the mother and the wife of Lt. Graham Newell Fitch, he who has been tap-tapping his life away those long last hours, tapping against the steel side of the dark tomb—they send a message by radio. The *S-8* takes it; sends it through the raging waters again and again. It is a message of hope and Christmas cheer; it is always the women who suffer most:

"Keep up your courage; we are praying for you."

That is all.

At 6:20 a. m., December 20, with storm warnings flying from the cape and the water intake registering 34 degrees, the message at last gets through. Three distinct taps—the acknowledgment signal—came back up through the 100 feet of water.

That was nearly all. There were confused tappings at six that night, more than seventy-two hours after the *S-4* sank.

The world stopped hoping with the silence, but not until Dec. 22, three days before Christmas, did the navy, still struggling with the sea, resign hope and take up the burden of its grief.

On Christmas Eve from a Washington mansion, where no candles burned, there came a telegram to Brumby—tired, harassed, worried, rolling in the trough of the wind-swept ocean:

"The mother of Lt. Fitch on Submarine *S-4* wishes to thank him and all his men for everything they have done.
The mother of Lt. Fitch."

* * *

"Oh, the fishes wear no skirts
in Iloilo—
Oh, the fishes wear no skirts
in Iloilo—
Oh, the fishes wear no skirts,
But they all have undershirts—
Yes, they all have undershirts
in Iloilo—"

Gravely the warblers paused for breath, as the motor launch chugged from Caimanera towards the row of ships anchored in Guantanamo Bay . . .

"Oh, the carabao have no hair
in Mindanao—
Oh, the carabao—"

Abruptly the song died on a sour note as the lights of the Chicago's gangway gleamed on the tropic waters. Liberty was over, and there was the Officer-of-the-Deck, formal figure of discipline and officialdom at the head of the gangway. Overwhelmed by Guantanamo City's liquid hospitality, the "gob" still retained enough presence of mind to steady himself. Gravely and with befuddled precision he carefully shifted that precious but dangerous bottle out of sight beneath his arm pit—sweet contraband to cheer a liberty in the States. As the coxswain made the landing, with the boatload of men suddenly silenced by the imminence of return to duty, the "gob" painfully pulled himself together, tried futilely to brush off his white jumper, and then mounted the gangway, weaving unsteadily up the steps.

His dazed mind recollected—as in a haze, far-away, the etiquette of the navy.

"Shalute—mush s-halute; offsher deck, quaterdeck—s-halute—"

Gravely he pondered, and was suddenly strengthened by the feel of the hard bottle beneath his arm.

The "gob" reached the deck, carefully faced aft, and teetering, raised his right arm in precise salute. Crash! The bottle, placed under the right armpit instead of the left, fell splinteringly to the deck, breaking at the feet of the officer-of-the-deck and spraying its precious liquid in a brown stain over the deck.

Stupidly, his fingers still touching his cap, wavering back and forth, the "gob" looked with astonishment at the debacle at his feet.

"S-h not mine; can't be mine," he muttered; "mine's under arm—"

Slowly the awful truth penetrated . . . this was the end.

With care and precision and without a word, the "gob" brought his hand smartly down from salute, turned quickly; stepped carefully to the edge of the deck and dived overboard, swimming strongly for Cuba. He never reached it, for a motor launch fished him dripping from the bay and he was returned, sobered and rueful to the late scene of his disaster.

* * *

But admirals meet with painful situations as well as "gobs." There was, for instance, the crabby one on the China station, who while at sea received an invitation by radio for his wife and himself, but not for his daughter, to a British party at Shanghai. The admiral was none too diplomatic—instead of accepting the invitation with thanks, he radioed back sharply:

"I have a daughter."

But he was answered in one word:

"Congratulations!"

* * *

War games produce as great a crop of yarns as any single event in the fleet's year. Usually they are amusing; sometimes there are tragedies, heart-breaking tragedies like the crash of the patrol plane 6-P-7 which spun into mid-Pacific one dark May night during the last maneuvers bringing death to its crew of six. The navy stores its tragedies in its heart, where they are never forgotten; it gives ephemeral life, with resonant laughter, to its comedies of blue water.

Many of the comedies of the navy's mimic wars revolved in the recent past, when ships were few and money not too plentiful, around the theoretical nature of the problems. There were many "constructive" or imaginary ships; and there were instances in which one ship represented a division or squadron and therefore had to be "sunk" innumerable times. On one occasion, the late Rear Admiral John Halligan represented "Rear Admiral John Halligan, Jr.", an entirely fictitious personage, as well as himself and a few hundred Marines embarked on an old auxiliary have often represented a Division or a Corps in a theoretical convoy of transports.

Some years ago a "leatherneck," one of a small company was landed on the shores of Oahu, and was sent out on his own to "capture" a given position in the hills. After toiling a half mile or so up the steep incline, giving commands to himself, seeking shelter, and all the rest of the mimicry of war, the marine encountered a single soldier, carrying a platoon guidon.

"Sorry, buddy," the soldier announced, grinning cheerfully, "I'm a platoon of infantry and you're captured."

"Captured, hell," the marine replied. "I'm a tank!"

* * *

Perhaps it is because the business of the navy is such a deadly serious one, in its essentials, and because navy men feel so deeply about the service that, after the way of fighting men the world over, they scoff at some of its aspects, grouse and grumble, and cherish all the comic situations the years produce.

There is a song they sing at football games at Annapolis, which despite its sometimes mawkish sentiments, expresses pretty well the way navy men feel about themselves and the life they lead.

### NAVY BLUE AND GOLD

"Four years together by the Bay,
Where Severn joins the tide;
Then by the Service called away,
We're scattered far and wide.
But still when two or three shall
meet,
And old tales be retold,
From low to highest in the Fleet,
We'll pledge the Blue and
Gold."

For it is true that "old sailors never die," and the life of the fleet goes on from age to age in its laughter, in its tragedies, and in the great body of its brave traditions. #

## *Short Stories of*

# BIG SUCCESSES

## *won by wise advertisers in the past five years of depression*

AS an American institution, the Success Story has suffered eclipse in recent years.

And the pleasant pastime known as "pointing with pride" has likewise acquired the stigma of bad taste.

Nevertheless, at the risk of seeming immodest, we are impelled to relate the experiences of certain clients of Lord & Thomas in the last five years of depression.

Because those experiences are important to other advertisers.

Because they show the way to advertising that functions profitably and effectively, even in time of stress.

Because they prove that true salesmanship-in-print most surely finds the answers to the selling problems of today.

Here then, are a few of these many experiences:

### *Proof of the Pudding*

In one case, an advertiser has paid a ten-year advertising bill running into millions of dollars annually entirely out of increased profits. While doing this, his company's earnings were enlarged by an even greater amount, purely and simply through salesmanship-in-print applied to a single product.

Another—a food product. One of the oldest in America. So well intrenched, so familiar to all, that one might say advertising could do little more than sustain volume. Yet new salesmanship-in-print of compelling interest increased its sale more than 35% in the past year. And in one stroke, solved a host of vexing problems of private brand competition.

### *Success Out of Failure*

Another — a drug product. One year ago it was going back. In fact, a business consultant advised discontinuing the operation entirely. Today it is making money. It is intrenched with consumers. And enjoys the preference of the best outlets in drug distribution. The whole difference was the type of salesmanship-in-print.

Another—a packaged product. Last November this brand was starting from scratch. The manufacturer dreamed of a nation-wide demand. And geared up manufacturing to supply it. His advertising began a few days before Christmas. Within five months, sales on this one item alone far exceeded $2,000,000.00 a month. In its industry it is the outstanding example of demand created by advertising.

### *All in the "REASON-WHY"*

These are the rewards of salesmanship-in-print. Advertising that gives in an interesting way, REASONS-WHY it is in the *consumer's interest* to buy what you have to sell.

A product does not have to be *new* to yield new advertising ideas.

Men with *feel* for ideas that *sell*, often dig great advertising success out of seemingly barren ground.

*Check* your advertising for its value as *salesmanship-in-print.* Perhaps your great REASON-WHY has never been told. Some of our greatest successes are made with products in which others fail to find a winning idea.

Advertising success, like all commercial success, depends on getting big men behind you. The whole question centers on *who can sell the most for the money.*

In answer to that question—

There are more success stories in Lord & Thomas today than ever before in our history. And that covers a lot of ground. In the past five years of depression alone we have invested in advertising for our clients $180,000,000.00.

## LORD & THOMAS • *advertising*

*There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London*
*Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest*

## Birth of a Hero

*Continued from page 59*

me, scowled, and shrugging his heavy peasant's shoulders, stood away from the table. His leathery face was congested with rage. I started to turn away. The stranger heaved himself higher in his chair and spat a stream of drunken phrases. I couldn't make them out. He raised his thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers before Corti's face. It was a ridiculous gesture. Corti cursed. His hand fell to his trouser pocket and he whipped out one of the small, snub-nosed pistols all the mountain people carry. The stranger's fingers continued to wiggle even as the bullets drove into his body. Somewhere behind me a woman screamed; a prolonged cry of agony which broke into beastly, snuffling sobs. The stranger's waving fingers stilled and he fell off his chair, bouncing a little on the broad flags of the terrace.

Standing there with the sparkling spray and the flowers at my back, an infinitesimal clover blossom pressed against my nose and a silly grin of uncertainty on my face I must have looked a proper fool. I couldn't believe I had just seen one man kill another. I told myself it was some stupid horseplay. A bit of melodrama to impress the outlander. I actually started to grin my appreciation of the tableau. Bonca's face, flabby and grey above the shaking bulk of his great body, put me right. The stranger was dead and Corti had killed him. The snuffling sobs turned into a woman who fell upon the inert body and beat her fists against the stones. From beneath the dead man a black shadow crept over the flags. My senses stood still. I couldn't make it into a properly shocking thing. I felt myself moving forward until I was beside Corti with the dead man and an hysterical woman at my feet. The woman's face was hidden but that of the man, though still bloated by the wine he had drunk, was already assuming that expression of impersonal detachment which so pointedly snubs the living.

The woman slobbered over her dead.

Corti stood silent beside me. I could smell him; rank tobacco, bakery and the sweat that had dried on him, all in a mix.

Behind us the townspeople were running. They crowded up to the terrace gabbling excitedly. The woman was the dead man's wife; Corti's daughter with the three children — and a wedding ring after three years; "Ai Yai!" they cried. Factional dispute divided the crowd. For a single mad moment I thought they were debating the technique of the murderer. But it was not that. The question between them was one of morals. Corti settled it.

With an imperative gesture he motioned Bonca to remove the weeping woman, his daughter. Then he pushed me aside and began to speak. His voice was deep and full and confident. He caressed his moustache and inflated his chest. He was the star of the show and he would give a performance to be remembered.

"As you see," he said, "I have at last killed him. To a Corti, Honor is everything. Like Romanetti I shall live in the great tradition, a bandit for Honor and for Vengeance. People will remember me. My buns are an institution. They shall go on. This canaille," he spurned the body of his son-in-law with his toe, "boasted that he had weened away the business of two large hotels for the buns. My best customers, *comprenez*, and he was after the others as well. He would have robbed me who, from the fullness of my trust, had taught him the secret. Pah! Well, that is all past and gone now. The stain upon the name of Corti has been washed away. My daughter will live here among you. She will think with pride of her father who gave up everything for Honor."

He put his hand on my shoulder and said goodbye while the dead man stiffened and the black blood on the stones stood still. Somewhere within Bonca's house a woman's shuddering sobs rocked the air. The crowd went wild.

I walked across to my house.

Fifteen minutes later I saw Corti leave the Mairie. He was armed to the teeth and heading for the trails which led to the crags and the wilderness on the other side of the mountain.

A crowd whooped around the fountain until Gendarmes summoned from the depot at Gnolti rounded them up for questioning.

"Vive Romanetti," the crowd shouted. "Vive le Maire! Vive Corti! *Vive l'Honneur!*"

## The Grandstand Complex

*Continued from page 71*

"Why have you got it in for me?"

"You must be daffy," I said. "I haven't got it in for you. The only trouble with you is you're jealous. As long as you're the fair-haired boy with the fans and get all the newspaper publicity, everything is roses. The moment somebody else does, you curl up. You can't take it, Tony."

"Is that so?" he said, jumping up, grabbing me by the coat lapel.

"Sit down," I said. He had that blood-on-the-moon look on his face again. "I don't know what's eating you," I said, "but whatever it is, I don't want any part of it. Suppose you beat it."

He said nothing, standing there and looking at me with his eyes glittering.

"Go on, beat it," I said. "Whatever grudges we've got we'll settle out there on the track."

"That's exactly what I want to do," he said. "That's exactly why I came here. I'm going to make you a proposition. I'll see how much nerve you've got."

I knew this was going to be something that was very screwy.

"There's no doubt," he said, "that we're the two best motorcycle racers in the world."

"That's right. I'm the best and you're the second best," I said.

"Okay. We'll make a bet on it."

"You know I don't bet," I said.

"Not money," he said smiling, shaking his head. "Not money. You. Bet yourself."

"I don't get you," I said.

"Your life. You," he said. "You and I race together in the team matches. If you win I'll kill myself. If I win you kill yourself. That'll leave the winner the biggest star in the game."

"Nothing doing," I said.

"Why not? There's nothing new about duels—they've been fighting them for hundreds of years. The other day I read in the paper about a couple of miners in Europe fighting a duel with sledge-hammers. That's all this is—a duel. With motorcycles."

"This is the goofiest thing I ever listened to," I said. "Nothing doing."

"I told you I had more nerve than you did," he said.

"It's not a question of nerve—"

"Oh, yes, it is."

"Oh, no, it's not. It's that grandstand complex of yours. You'd rather be dead than to be second best."

"I'm slowly dying, anyway," he said.

"You go right ahead and die," I told him. "Me, I'm having a fine time living."

"Well, then, it's all settled," he said, turning to go. "Let's shake hands on it," he said, sticking out his hand.

"Why should I shake hands with you?" I asked. "You hate my guts."

"Sure, I do, sure, I do," he said smiling; "but that's got nothing to do with it. Gentlemen always shake hands when they make a bet."

"I haven't made any bet," I said, getting sore.

"Oh, yes, you have. The team race Friday night—the race for life. Whoever loses kills himself."

He stood there smiling, his hand stuck out, waiting for my shake.

"Beat it the hell out of here," I said.

"Is it yes or no?" he asked, not moving.

"Beat it—" I said.

"All right, I'll beat it. But this is going to ruin you. I'm going to spread the word around to everybody, the newspaper reporters and everybody, that you're yellow. I'm going to tell them about the proposition to fight a duel with motorcycles and how you were too yellow to take me up on it because you thought you might lose and have to kill yourself. This'll ruin you."

Suddenly it dawned on me that he was right. This would ruin me. People wouldn't stop to figure it was a screwy proposition, they'd really think I was yellow. Soon they'd have me believing it myself.

"You polack — — — —," I said, stepping over, hitting him in the face again. He grabbed me, trying to hold on, but I shook him loose and began punching him in the head with my fists. He grabbed me again and we fell over a chair, breaking it, wrestling on the floor. I finally climbed to my feet, dragging him with me, and started punching him in the face some more. Then he grabbed me again, trying to hold on. I got loose and hit him back of the ear and he fell to the floor unconscious, his arms doubled under his stomach.

"Well," my mind said, "you've knocked him out and where did it get you? He's still got that axe over you. The only way to stop whatever is going to happen from actually happening is to cut the guy's tongue out. The minute he starts talking everybody will think you are yellow and they'll all go over to his side . . . It looks like you'll have to accept the challenge."

"I suppose so," I replied to myself.

"The thing to do," my mind said, "is to win."

"I'll win, all right," I said. "I certainly don't want to have to commit suicide."

I got a wet towel out of the bathroom and rolled Tony over and began rubbing his face and wrists and pretty soon he came to.

"I'm okay," he said, sitting up.

"There's just one thing," I said. "If I do win this race how do I know you won't welsh?"

"Don't worry," he said, pushing himself up off the floor. "I won't welsh and neither will you. We'll shake hands like gentlemen do."

He stuck out his hand. I took it.

"All right, you polack — — — —," I said. "Now beat it."

* * *

There was a big crowd out for the team races, many of them coming from Long Beach to back their own riders. There was a lot of money bet on the races this year by the Long Beach fans because our second, third and fourth teams were weaker than usual. The men who had been our No. 2 team last year, and who had won easily, both had been killed on the Florida track. Tony and I looked like cinches to beat our men, but we weren't so sure about the other teams.

About 7:30 that night Tony came in the shed where I was tightening up my chain.

*Continued on page 132*

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HICKOK
STYLE LEADERSHIP

# The Grandstand Complex

*Continued from pages 71-130*

"How do you feel?" he asked. It was the first time he had spoken to me since the fight.

"Swell," I said, "just perfectly—damn swell. How do you feel?"

"I feel fine," he said.

"You won't feel so fine when Gurling finds you," I said. "He's been asking me questions about your cup."

"Look," he said, "everything will be all right if we win. One of us has *got* to win. I told Gurling my mother had mailed the cup but that it just hadn't got here yet."

"Suppose we lose?" I asked.

"We can't lose," he said. "One of us has *got* to win. Not only for the cup, but for another reason too. Did you keep your dinner down tonight?" he asked, leaning over.

"What was that?" I asked suddenly, turning around, pretending I had heard something. "That was a peculiar noise. Is anybody rattling dice in here? Oh, excuse me," I said, looking at Tony. "It's you."

"Me?" he said, surprised.

"It's your teeth I hear," I said.

"You go to hell," he said, crossing to where his mechanics were checking his motor . . .

The first event on the program was a handicap race for Class B riders, boys who had ridden only a few events. The next event was a four-lap heat, the first three to transfer to Event 7, the handicap semi-finals. I won this race in 1:05:10, pretty good time. The third event was an exhibition by some local trick-riding jockies. Tony was in Event 4, the first three in this also to transfer to Event 7. He won the heat in 1:06 flat. Events 5 and 6 were for novice riders.

Tony and I were the only ones to start from scratch in Event 7, one of the two feature races of the night. This event was run in two heats, the first three in each heat to transfer to the final event, four laps, the points to count towards the national championship.

Tony and I sat in our saddles on the scratch line, saying nothing, six feet apart, while the announcer introduced us. I got the most applause. I looked at Tony, winking.

"It won't be long now," he said, winking back.

"Don't let him get your goat," my mind told me.

"Fat chance," I replied.

The starter's gun popped and my two mechanics shoved. My motor caught on the first shove.

"Good old jap," I said to myself, giving her the gun.

There were two men in front of me. They were both handicap men. One had started from thirty yards ahead of the scratch line and the other from twenty-five. I wasn't much worried about them, they were kids on the way up and I knew I could outgut them in a pinch. But I went right after them anyway, not taking any chances. I trailed them a full lap before I could cut down the handicap and on the back stretch I hung on their tails waiting for a hole at the turn. One of them skidded a little and I shot through. I trailed the leader down the stretch, but I took him on the front turn and went ahead. In a moment I got a flash out of the corner of my eye and I knew it was Tony making his bid. I hugged the inside railing, hoping he didn't lose his head and crash me. Tony was a maniac when he was desperate. With some riders you can make a close race out of it and give the fans a good finish and a run for their money, but not with Tony. Stay just as far in front of him as you possibly could, was my motto.

I beat him into the finish by a length. I went on around the track and went through the gate into the pits.

There was one other event before the team race—the race that meant the finish for either me or Tony. I had six or seven minutes before we were to go out, so I walked around, trying to tell myself there was nothing to get nervous about. I got a hot dog and a bottle of pop, trying to put my mind on the movies or women or something; anything except what depended on the outcome of the duel. The taste of mustard in the hot dog nauseated me and for a minute I thought I would have to check my dinner. I gagged on the pop, finally throwing it away too.

"What the hell is this?" I asked myself. "Why am I so nervous? I've never been nervous before. I can beat that guy any day in the week."

"Let's go," said one of my mechanics.

"It's not time yet," I said.

"Sure, it is," he said. "The other race is finished. Come on—"

There was more applause when I came out onto the track. Tony and the Long Beach riders were already there, Red Dooley and Paul Jarvis, two top-notchers, not champions yet, but a couple of boys who were getting better every hour. I gave my motor to my mechanics, moving up to the starting line where they were waiting to toss for positions. Tony and I both lost and had to take the second and fourth positions. The Long Beach crowd whooped it up at this.

"Toss for us," Tony said to the starter. "You call it," he said to me.

"Never mind," I said. "You can have two."

"Okay," he said, not even thanking me.

"That was a silly thing to do," my mind said a moment after I had uttered the words. "Why didn't you toss with him? No. 4 is on the outside, the worst position on the track. You've deliberately put yourself in a hole in the most important race you ever rode in your life."

There was a lot of yelling . . . and then we were off. The others got away first. My motor didn't fire at once.

"Good God!" I thought.

My mechanics shoved again, harder, and this time the motor caught. The others were going into the turn, twenty yards ahead. This was a terrific handicap to give good riders and I knew I was up against it.

I settled down to business, telling myself not to get panicky, and eased into the first turn. But on the back stretch I opened up, swinging high on the outside to keep my goggles from fouling from the dirt the front riders were kicking up. At the turn I dropped down into the slot, figuring Paul Jarvis, just in front of me, would be a little too anxious and would go in a little too fast to hold his line and would therefore slide a little. He did. He left two feet between him and the inside railing and I went through without shutting off. But the impetus carried me to the outside again and I had to shut off and skid to keep from hitting the wall. I laid my left toe on the ground, pulling my motor over at an angle of about thirty degrees. I heard a gasp go up from the stands. I eased my handle-bars over, opening up in the home stretch.

Tony was in second place, a full length behind Dooley. I was still twenty yards back of Tony. I was in a rotten spot. We had three laps left, just three, and I knew I was going to need everything I had to win this race. My motor was all right now that she was rolling—it was the best racing jap in the world. This time it was up to me.

I took the front turn wide open, laying my motor over my left knee, listening for that first faint *whirr* that tells you the traction is slipping. When you hear that you want to get it up in a hurry, else you will have the whole thing suddenly in your lap.

. . . I fought and fought, took chances I had never taken before, used all my skill, all my anticipation, but I was getting nowhere. I had managed to cut off a few yards, but I was not close enough to make my bid. I felt satisfied this was the greatest race I had ever ridden. I would have been in front by the same distance I was now behind if I hadn't lost that one or two seconds getting started.

On the third lap Tony took the back turn wide open, a stupid thing to do, and lost a couple of yards in a slide. I picked up this much on him, going down the stretch so close that my front wheel almost touched his rear wheel. On the front turn of the last lap Dooley made his first mistake—he hit a patch of soft dirt that he should have spotted before now, and slid across it. It was a very short slide but for an instant his back wheel spun and in that instant Tony and I had pulled up on him. It happened in the tick of a clock.

We went into the back stretch at top speed. Tony knew I was behind him and tried to shake me off, but I held on, hoping he would slide in the turn so I could take him. This was my final chance to win; if it didn't happen I was a gone gosling.

I eased over to the right a trifle to get set for the jump. Dooley was swinging wide now, trying to play safe, and I saw Tony follow him over.

"He's crazy to take a chance like that," I thought.

Just then Tony's front wheel hit Dooley's rear wheel and both motors went over, riders and all. One of the wheels struck the concrete guard rail, leaving a shower of sparks. Suddenly, the sky filled with flame. It was right in front of me.

"Good God, I'm going to pile up!" I thought, twisting my handle-bars over, turning my head so the crash wouldn't put out my eyes . . . My motor twisted and kicked and I had that awful cold feeling in the bowels that a man gets when he realizes the thing he is riding is suddenly out of control . . . Then my wheels gripped and I righted myself and saw the starter in front of me waving the checkered flag, the winner's flag, giving the signal to me.

"Can I drop you some place?" a reporter asked, coming out of the morgue with me.

"No, thanks," I said.

"Too bad about Tony," he said. "Jesus, there wasn't much left of his face, was there? Those spokes are as bad as a meat grinder."

I looked at him steadily, trying to focus my eyes on him, but not being able to.

"Tony called me up just this afternoon," he said. "It's a funny thing, but he had a hunch something like this was going to happen."

"He did?" I said.

"Yes," the reporter said. "It was a good story. I used it as a feature in the bull-dog. It's out now. Read it. As a matter of fact, it was written especially for you."

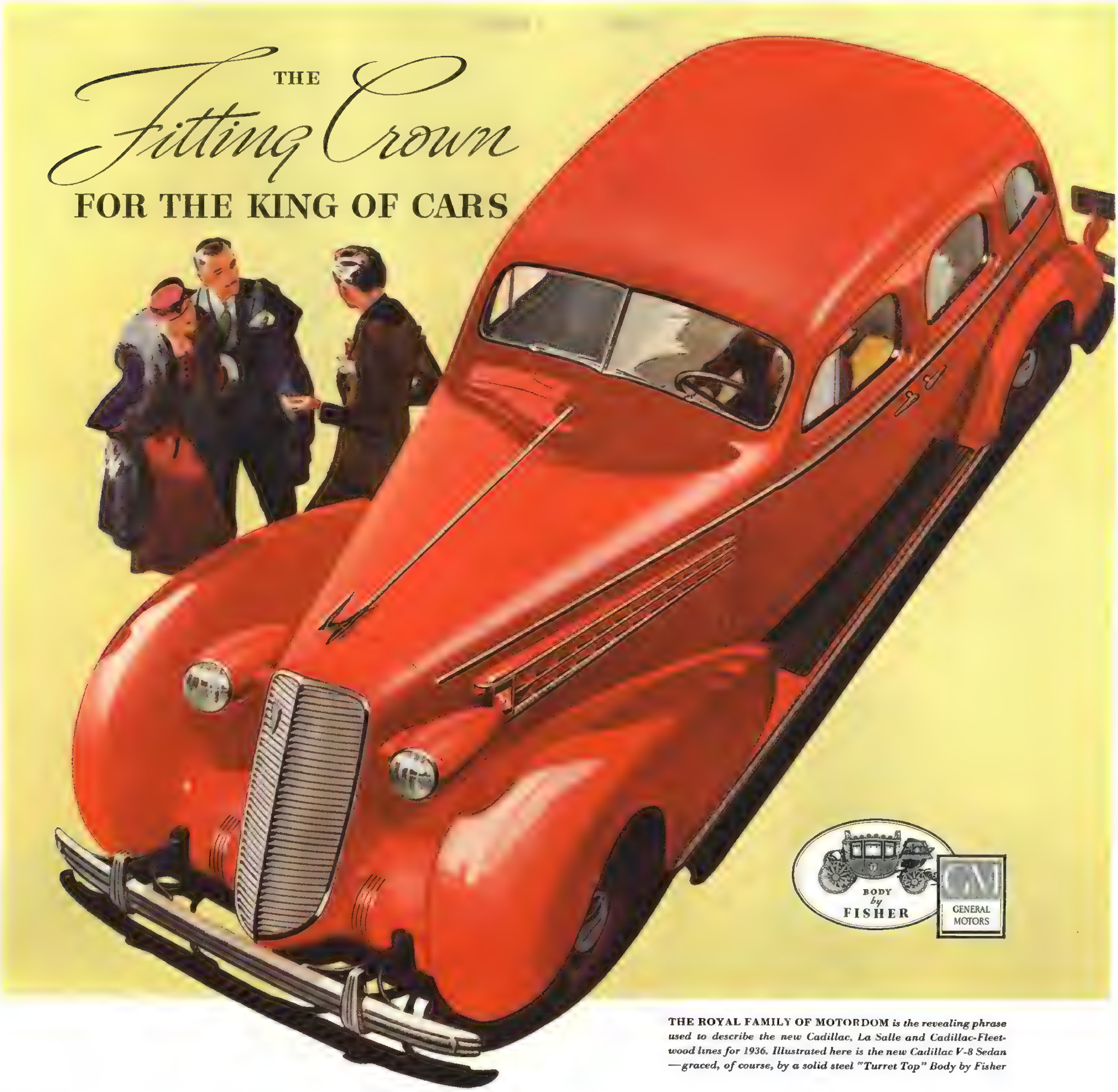
"I'll get it," I said.

"Well . . . you sure I can't drop you some place?"

"I think I'll walk around a little," I said.

At the corner I was stopped by the traffic light. There was a stack of morning papers piled up by the lamp-post. Two Die In Motorcycle Race, the headline said. Tony Lukatovich and Red Dooley killed in Long Beach-L.A. Team Match . . . I stopped, looking down at the paper. Motorcycle Champion Resigns Career After Fatal Smash; Vows He Will Never Race Again, said a heading.

"I didn't say that," I said to myself, trying to figure the whole thing out. The next moment I knew what the reporter meant. "My God!" I said to myself, turning the corner, walking down the street very fast . . .



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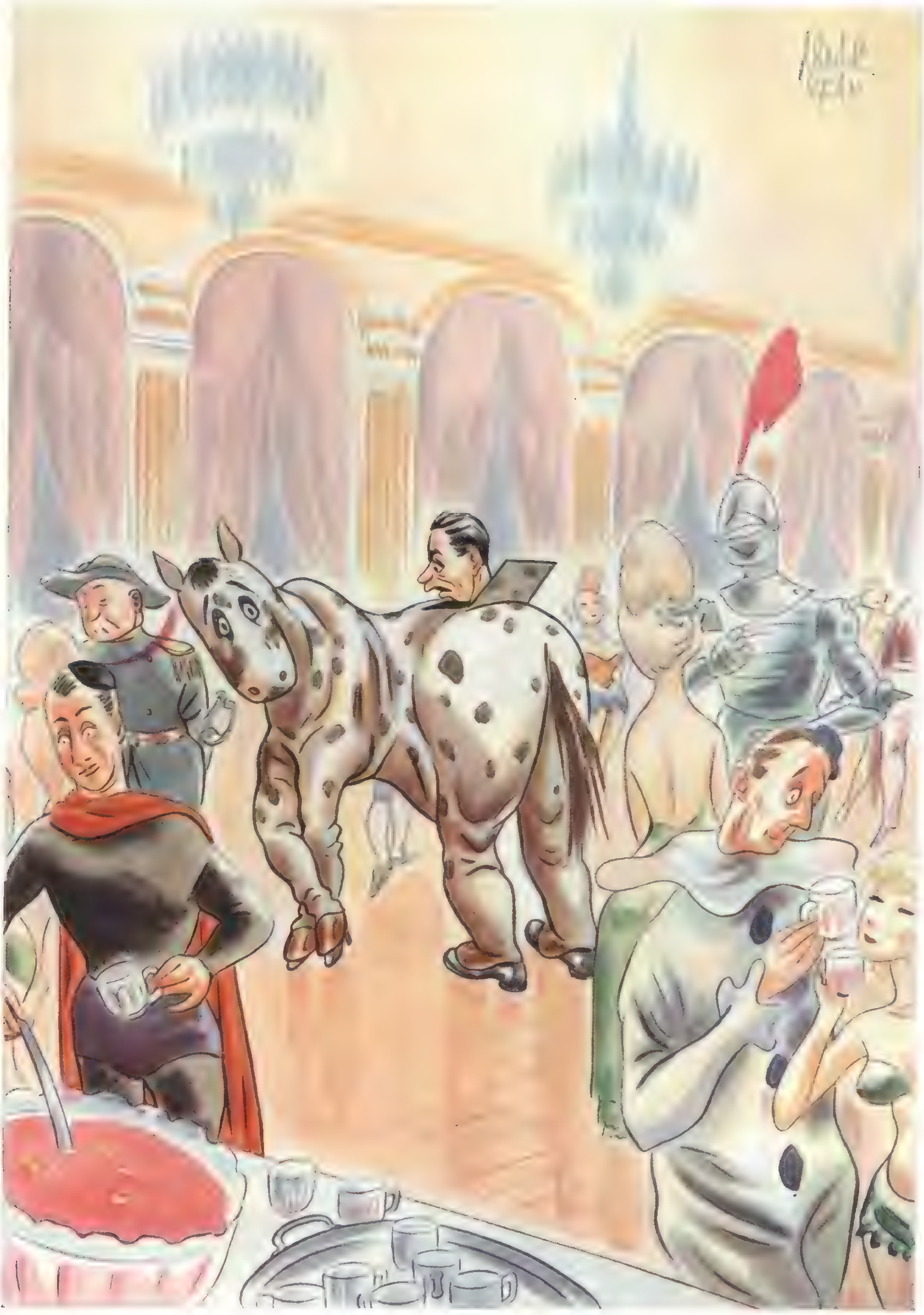

*"You can stay if you want to, but I'm going home!"*

## Riots, Rugby and Rooters

*Continued from page 96*

with the goals four or five miles separate, and with every able-bodied man in the rival communities taking part.

Originating in such a patriotic frenzy, it is easy to perceive how the game ever since has been a subconscious vehicle for local patriotism whether for town, parish, school or college. It is well to consider here also our accepted tradition that after a game the winner always keeps the ball. No one knows why this is so and it certainly does not apply to other sports. But it has always been so with football. Incidentally these patriotic football games with the winner keeping the ball have been an annual custom in many English communities for uninterrupted centuries, except for the few years when Cromwell and his Puritans put a stop to recreation of any kind. In Chester the records of the annual football game date back to 1533. No one knows how many previous games went unrecorded. Let some of our universities with their "ancient rivals" of thirty years standing think that record over.

Another peculiarity of the early game was its association with Shrove Tuesday, which ushered in the Lenten season and was strictly observed in the all-Catholic Middle Ages. Shrove Tuesday had—in many places still has—two pet conventions—pancakes and football. Is there any relation between the two? Let us, the religious-origin fans, look at the records on this point. The Druids, who set the religious modes of Britain long before the Roman Catholics took over, were ardent nature worshippers who set great store by the sun as the giver of all life. The Druids had a springtime festival in which symbols of the sun were eaten, buried in the ground, ducked in the water, carried over the fields and generally used to symbolize the sun's power to create life. Other rituals of theirs suggested the eternal battle between good and evil, darkness and light. Now, it is known that many of these pagan customs crept into the early Catholic secular observances just as some of our Christmas customs are really survivals of Norse mythology. And the Druid festival coincided as to season with Shrove Tuesday.

Here are analogies enough to build whole racetracks for any sincere hobby rider. What is more possible than that these flat, golden pancakes used to represent the sun, that the Druid celebrant used to fill himself to the brim with this symbolic sweetness and light, and then proceed to join a kind of pageant in which half the community played the Angels of Light and endeavored to carry a small sphere across the community lands while they were opposed by a mob of fellow citizens representing the Demons of Dark—which the opposition always looks like to the modern collegiate fan anyway. Then, when the Christian priests replaced the pagan ones, would not the two rites turn into a Shrove Tuesday feast of pancakes, followed by a football game? Such indeed, is the theory advanced by a very bulgy-browed group of antiquarians. Foolish? Maybe, but if any of you erudite Esquire readers think that this idea should be correlated with a modern custom—which someone ought to start if it hasn't been done yet—of eating baloney on April Fool's Day, just try to argue it out with some of these enthusiasts who know all the evidence, and see what happens to you.

We will touch briefly on the evidence, for whether it means anything or not, it is authentic football history. For several centuries Merrie England opened Shrove Tuesday by gorging pancakes and then carried on with a football game which lasted all day and in which any number could take part. Frequently the Shrove Tuesday game was not played by rival towns or parishes, but between the bachelors and the married men inside a single community, which has its bearing on the theory that the game was a symbol of the procreative forces of nature. The ball was round, made of real pigskin—we have called footballs pigskins ever since and this may be why. It was stuffed with hay or wool. One custom dictated that the most recently married man in the community should furnish the football; but it always remained with the victors, which would mean that the new recruit was doing his bit in the matter of helping replenish the earth and had the backing of every able-bodied replenisher, in the face of those community quitters, the bachelors.

Sometimes, particularly in Scotland, the Shrove Tuesday games were between the married and the unmarried women of the community. In these events, the chroniclers narrate with straight faces, the married women uniformly won, for that whenever an unmarried star appeared she invariably was drafted into the married women's ranks before the next Shrove Tuesday rolled round. The Scotch have been natural born football players ever since.

The Shrove Tuesday game at Scone, in Perthshire, Scotland, is full of incidents that suggest its origin as a pagan symbol of procreation. So far as earliest records go it was played between the married men and the bachelors, often with hundreds on a side. The married men's goal was a hole in a hillside beyond one end of the town; the bachelor's a river outside the other end. No one knows how these queer goals originated. The symbolic applica-

*Continued on page 136*

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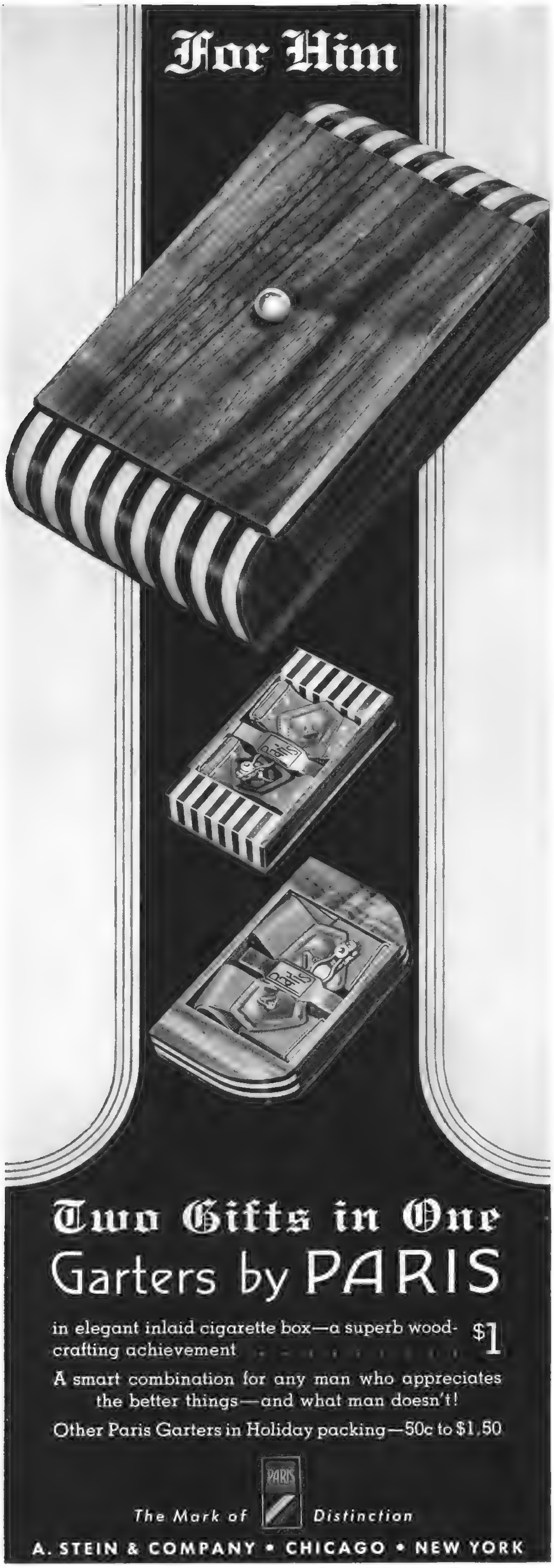

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## Riots, Rugby and Rooters

*Continued from pages 96-135*

tion is obvious. One side tried to put the symbolic sun under ground to help the plants grow while the other side tried to encourage the fish.

The game ended with the sunset and the victors kept the ball. There were no other rules worth mentioning. Like most of those early football contests the game was played straight across the town, regardless of obstacles or noncombatants. There were no intermissions and no referees. Everyone was always onside. Clipping, gouging, biting, pausing to settle personal disagreements with battle axes or brickbats—these diversions were part of the game. If the ball crashed through a citizen's window no time was called. Both sides went in after it, the game continued inside until the ball emerged from either front or rear and the family could return and look after the wreckage. At Scone the game developed a viciousness that stood out even under such fervid practices. "All is fair at the ball of Scone" is an old Scotch adage which connotes some fairly bloodthirsty doings when we recall the large handed way the Ladies From Hell tore into their adversaries during the World War.

Advocates of the magic origin theory use the same evidence as the religious-rite fans, but twist its interpretation along different lines. They say the football was no symbol but was thought actually to increase the fertility of the earth through the magical powers the Druid priests were supposed to endow it with. Also the assumed mystic qualities of the ball were thought to benefit all those who participated in the struggle over it. This accords perfectly with many known facts about early beliefs in magic. It is a pretty theory, with no particular facts against it, and easily believable by any one who has nothing better to do with his mind.

Judging alone from those early chronicles football must have been a fairly gory pastime; yet it is probable that mayhem or death was not so universal a feature of a brisk, holiday game as these scant records suggest. There were no sports editors in those days. Football was the sport of the common people and the doings of the commoners rarely broke into the court calendar unless they interfered with the upper class prerogatives. With kings playfully raiding each other's territories at the head of several thousand thugs armed with axes and spiked war-clubs, the sporty younger element amusing their girl friends by riding full speed at one another in the attempt to drive a pointed ten-foot pole through an opponent's midriff, and priests making bonfires out of citizens who disagreed with them on religious matters, the mere mauling of a few hundred commoners attracted little notice unless the casualties were severe. Then the king sat up and issued edicts, since this might interfere with recruiting.

Indeed, medieval football got its first serious setback for just this sort of reason. Shortly after the Norman Conquest the game became so popular that interest in archery decreased. That would never do, for archers were needed to win wars. Royalty in England, Scotland and Ireland began vigorously suppressing the game for that announced reason. Edward II issued edicts in 1314 against the "hustling over greate balles" called footballs. Henry VI in 1459 felt that football should be "utterely cryed downe" and he made playing the game a crime. Neither monarch got anywhere, the people evidently realizing that they might as well die of football as of war or heresy. Other kings tried to stop it without success until Elizabeth's time, when football brutality seems to have taken a serious turn. "Sometimes," says Stubbs, a historian of that day, "their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes their noses gush out with blood . . . and hereof grow envy, rancour, and malice, sometimes bawling and murther, homicide and great effusion of blood." After a game between Ruyslipe and Woxbridge, another Elizabethan chronicler relates that one hundred citizens were indicted for football, "ending in a great affray like to result in homicide and serious accident." Under James I the game fell into further disrepute. A generation later Cromwell came along and abolished football entirely as too frivolous for the Puritan ideal although he himself is said to have kicked a mean spiral in his less sanctified days.

The Puritan regime put a temporary quietus to the medieval form of the game—temporary because two or three generations are only a brief lapse of time in English history. In the early 18th century it was again in full sway among the common people, as bloodthirstily virulent as ever. The game was prohibited in Jedburgh in 1704 because so many lost their lives "rastling at the football" as the town records have it. Contests came too often to end in town riots, and by 1800 the ancient game again fell into disrepute, this time permanently. A few cities still kept up the annual tradition, more as a pageant than otherwise, but the upper classes would have none of it and it became a species of hoodlum's holiday frowned on by the police, or else an innocuous school boy game.

It is in the school boy's game that we find the connecting link between those early English massacres and the intricate autumn mayhem of the American

*Continued on page 138*

# Picture Diaries
# will begin at Christmas

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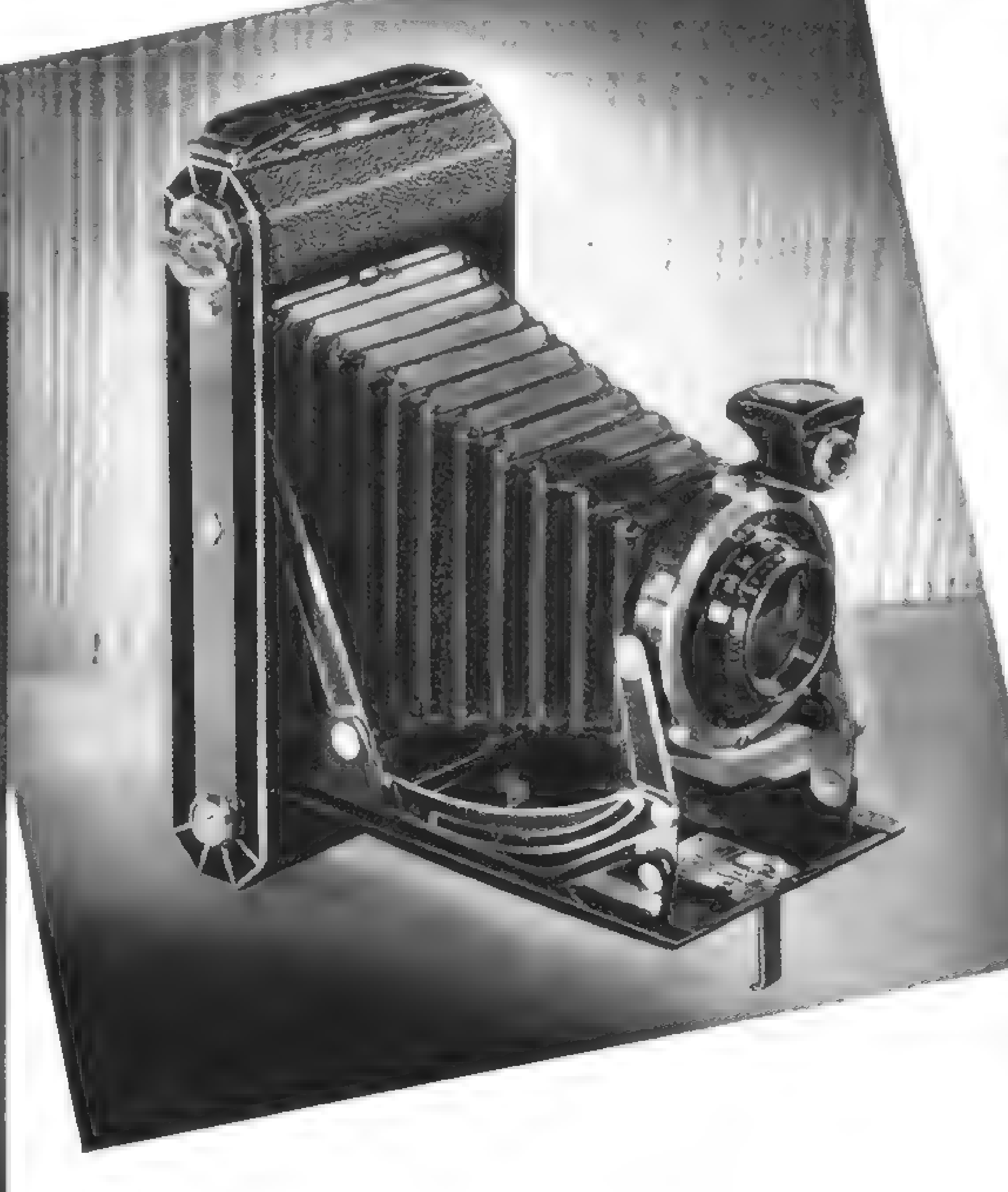

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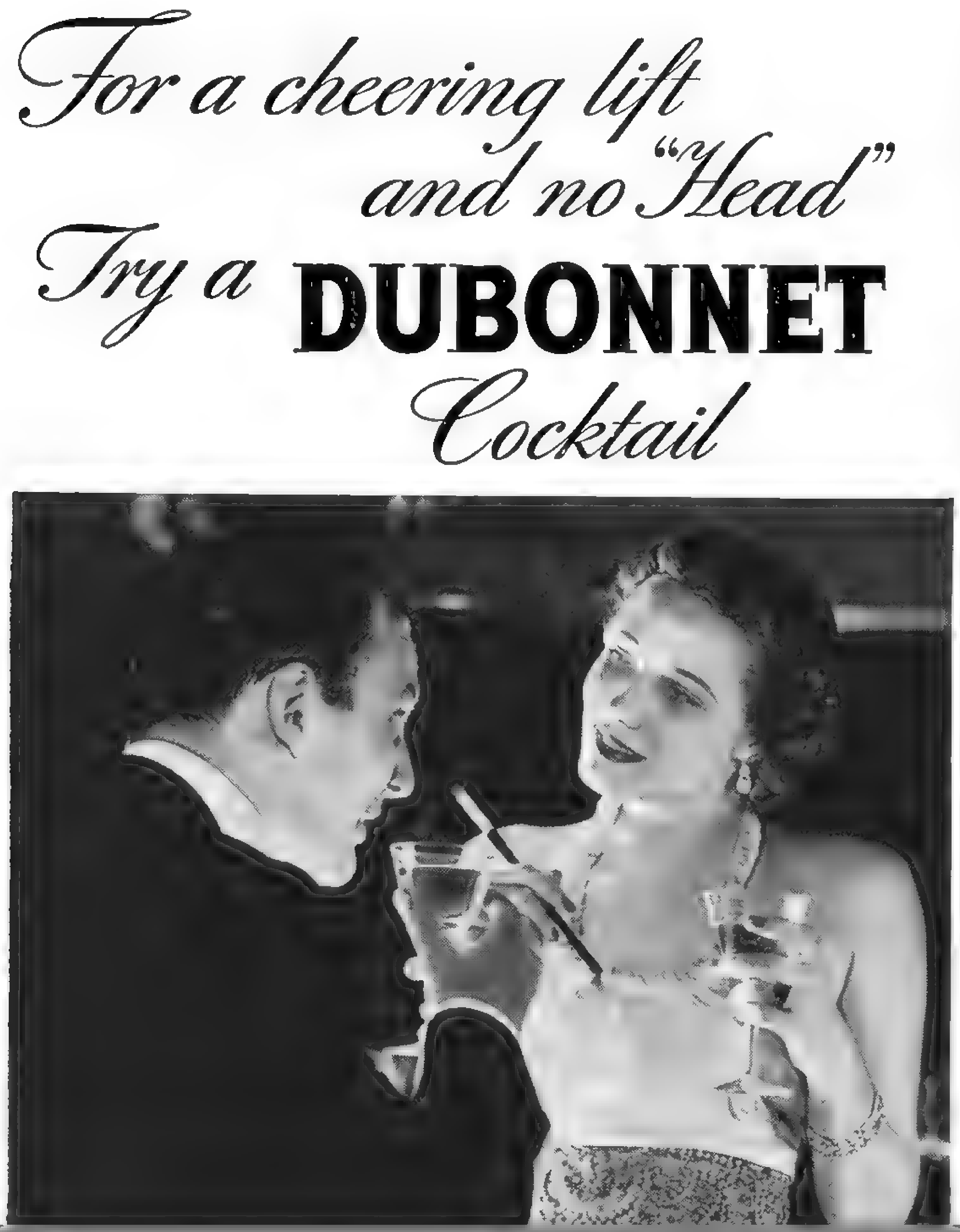
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## Riots, Rugby and Rooters

*Continued from pages 96-135-136*

gridiron. It became popular on the playgrounds of several great English schools, and the "Old Boys" kept it up in later life. Each school played on its own rules, which were vague and set no limits as to number of players or style of play except that any other method of advancing the ball than kicking it was unknown. Kicking was supposed to be confined to the ball, but the Rugby youngsters insisted on their prerogative of kicking their opponents' shins besides. This led to something like huge mass formations in which the ball was "dribbled" forward while the players hacked at their opponents' shins in order to get at it.

On the football field at Rugby still may be seen the bronze tablet to Webb Ellis who in 1823 "with a fine disregard of the rules" according to that sarcastic inscription, ran back a fair catch instead of punting. It is fair to suppose that young Ellis got excited and lost his head, and thus introduced his revolution unintentionally. It would be neither the first nor the last time that heroes have ridden to fame on a bull. Howbeit, his run was the beginning of the Rugby game of which American football is but one of many forms. Other schools took up the idea of running with the ball, but the old kicking game any nation taking place in 1869 when Rutgers beat Princeton at New Brunswick. The new game, however, proved inexplicably more fascinating than the old, and it quickly became a dominant college interest wherever it went. It took the Americans, who had no traditions to limit their ideas, but one or two seasons to develop possibilities of strategy and daring that the English had neglected for decades, since they played under traditions entirely. Yale and Princeton both perceived the advantage of letting the ball roll out of scrimmage and into the backfield's hands by intention instead of by accident. Hence the tactics arose of deliberately opening the scrimmage to allow the ball to be kicked backwards, instead of trying to dribble it forward by mass play, English fashion. A few squabbles over this departure led to the first Rules Convention between Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia. Instead of dropping the ball into the scrimmage, thus making it anybody's ball, the side holding the ball on the last down was permitted to put it into play. This led to the development of signals and formation plays.

Next, one player was permitted to put his foot on the ball and snap it back of the scrimmage line on signal. This created the

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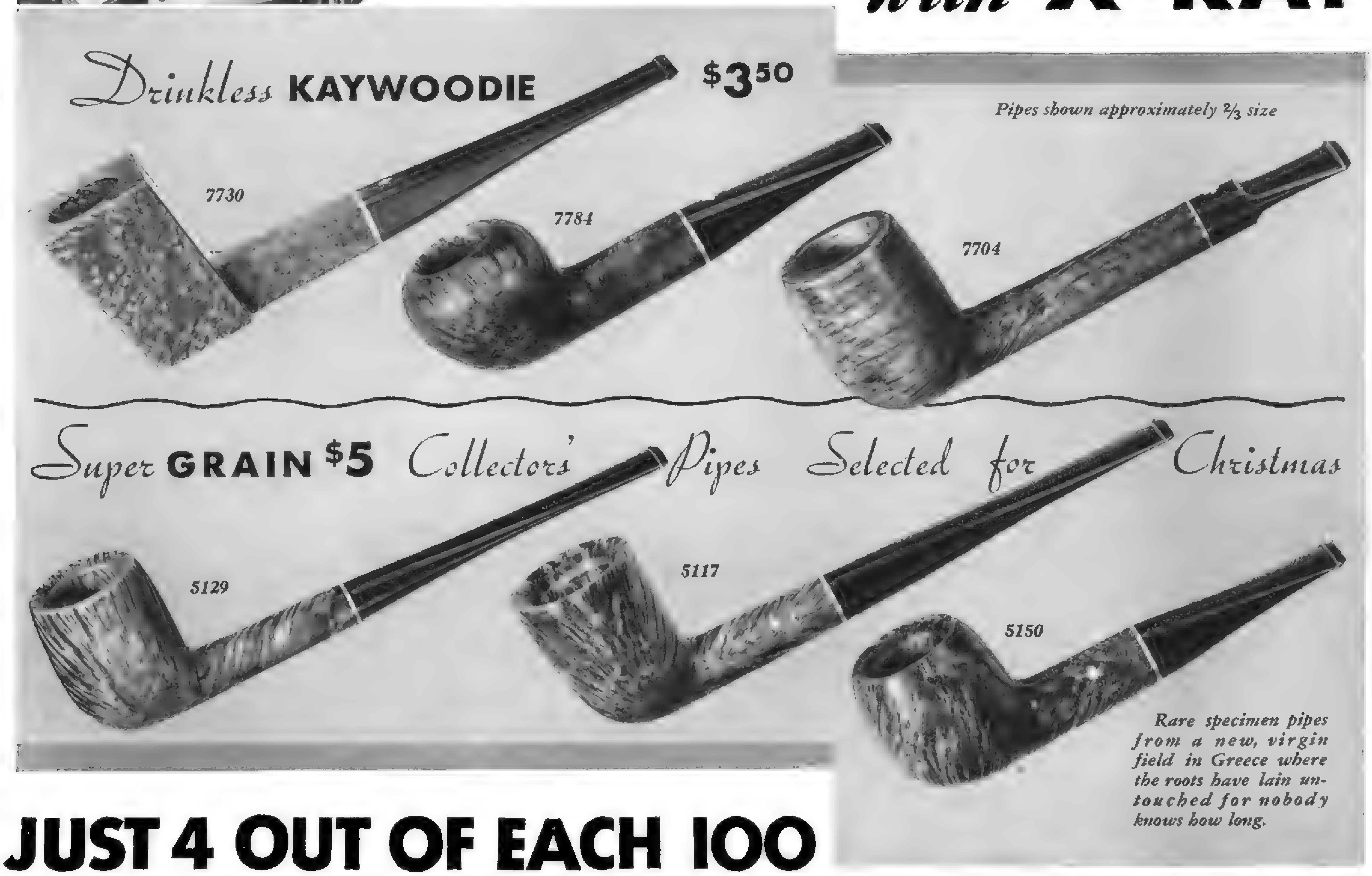
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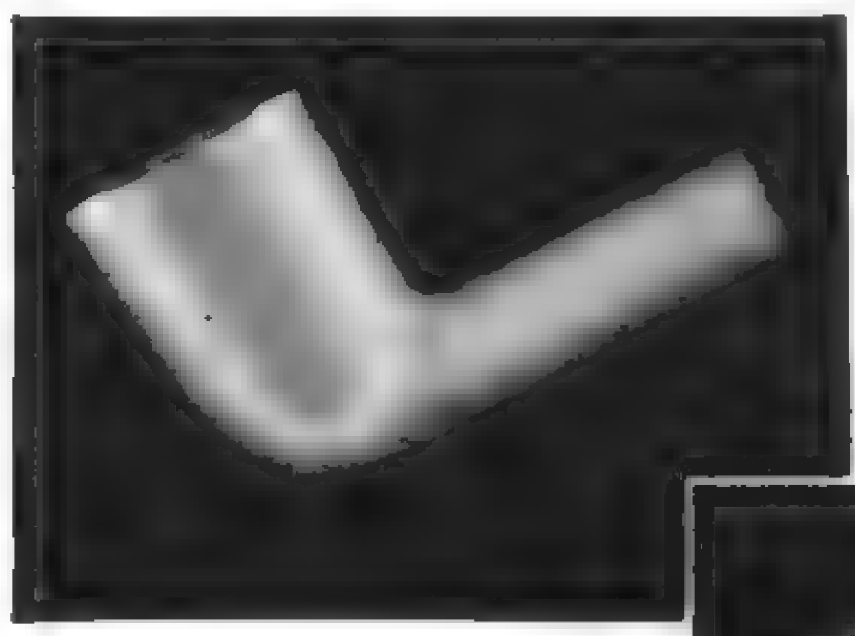

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## Riots, Rugby and Rooters

*Continued from pages 96-135-136-138*

were regarded as a necessary nuisance.

Thus, by wandering all over medieval England and back to the 1935 gridiron again, we approach with more information the question with which this account began. Why is the American public so fascinated with football? We now can see that whatever its origin, it is interwoven with centuries of history that have made the Anglo-Saxon character what it is. The ages are calling to us every time the ball is booted down the field, or is sent crashing through the opposing wall of human bodies. Submerged racial instincts hypnotize us and we perform queer antics in the grandstand and on the sidelines. Learned students of the human mind tell us that the fanatic football rooter becomes a part of the game, and benefits physically by the vicarious exercise as he watches those twenty-two athletes on the striped field, reenacting some of the most poignant phases of our race experience. That is why we curse and yell and smash our neighbors' headgears and leave them to count the cost. Our ancestors wrecked each other's homes in the same spirit, over the same kind of game, and in obedience to the same forgotten memories. Neither kings nor college presidents have ever been able to abolish football, and they never will.

So let no one tell you that you are responding to the abysmal brute in your nature when you shriek like a hyena over a brilliant run, or roar like a defrauded gorilla over a penalty. Quite the contrary, you are being sociological, archeological, race-psychological and a whole lot of things like that. #

## A Flight for Traffic

*Continued from page 78*

"Better go back and soothe them a little, Buck," he said.

When the plane landed at the Mendoza field again, the same nondescript crowd waited for it to come alongside the small hangar. Steve cut the switches and started back through the cabin with Buck. They had to stop half-way. The Chilean general had opened the cabin door and was standing there haranguing the apathetic *cholos* in an excited stream of Spanish. It was too fast for Steve to catch and seemed also to have little meaning to the group outside. Everyone was waiting patiently for the old man to finish.

"What's the matter with him?" Steve asked Buck.

"When we hit that bump, one of the suitcases in the back of the cabin sailed through the air and hit him on the head," Buck replied. "He was scared to death —must have made him dizzy."

The general finished up with a deprecating wave at the Andes. The company agent then directed him to the car waiting to take the passengers to the hotel. He walked towards it with an attempt at dignity that succeeded only in being a ludicrous strut.

Steve asked the agent what the general had been talking about.

"*Loco*," said the agent. "He tells the grape pickers that he wasn't scared. In the war with Peru he had been under fire for six months and led many charges. The Andes are nothing to be afraid of. *Que cosa.* What does he talk about?"

Steve only chuckled. He understood that the old general's Chilean pride had caused him to make certain that no Argentino should suspect him of being frightened.

At first, Steve saw only humor in the episode, and then it seemed to offer something more. If the editor could be persuaded to take a flight over the Andes, even if it was a tough trip, he might react the same way as the general. His pride might make him deny any fear. It seemed worth trying.

The Hotel Plaza was the social center of the city's fashionables. During the course of any day all the important people would make an ostentatious appearance to sip a cocktail and be seen. Steve talked with the manager of the hotel and learned that the editor was in the habit of playing chess there in the afternoons. The manager thought that perhaps it could be arranged for Steve to play him.

The editor failed to make an appearance that afternoon and Steve's plan was spoiled. However, the weather took a hand. The next day the storm in the mountains was unabated. Snow was reported falling heavily. There was talk that the Transandean Railway would stop service if the snow continued.

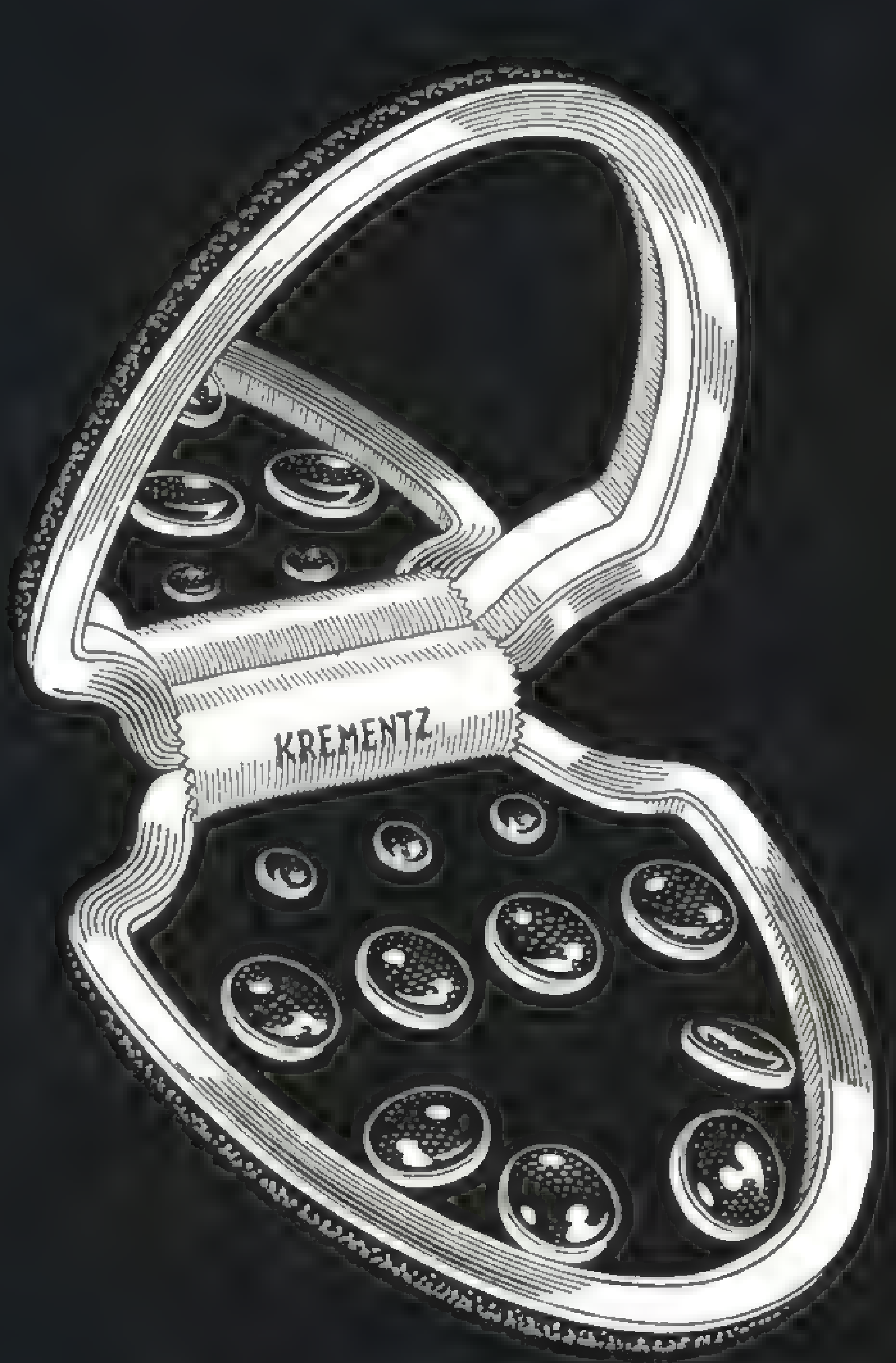
Steve hung around impatiently. He considered calling on the editor in his office but decided against it. It would look too aggressive. And then, shortly before cocktail time, the editor came into the hotel. He paused for a moment in the wide doors of the lobby. It was the custom of making sure to be seen. Steve noted the features of a Castilian, and the typical soft, pampered body of a better-class Argentine.

The hotel manager walked over and spoke to the editor who registered surprise with jerky little gestures. Then he shrugged. The manager beckoned to Steve.

After the introduction formalities, they walked to a table and set up the board. The editor made the opening moves with a nervous decisiveness. He made it apparent that he intended to sweep this young pilot off the board with despatch. But Steve matched his

*Continued on page 142*

# Giftworthy JEWELRY FOR MEN by Krementz



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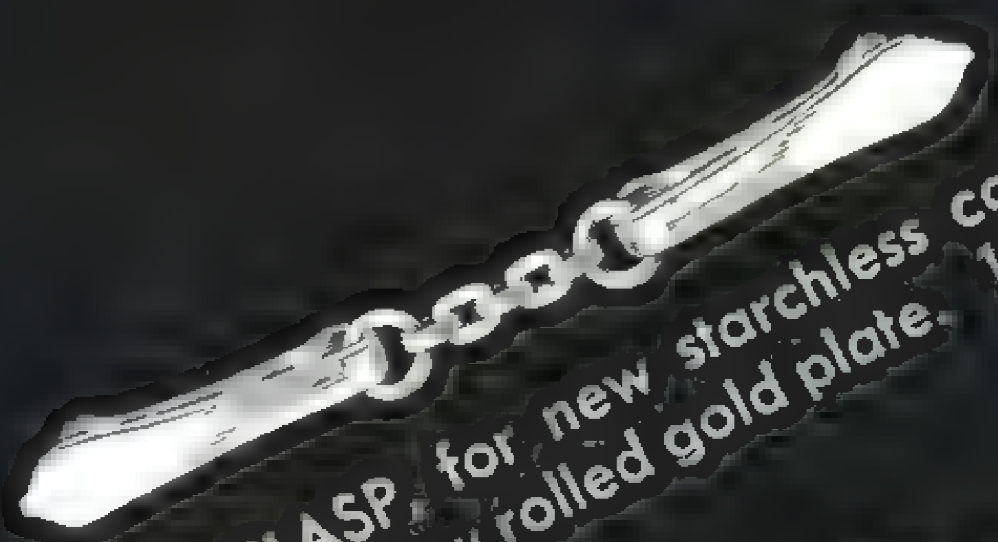

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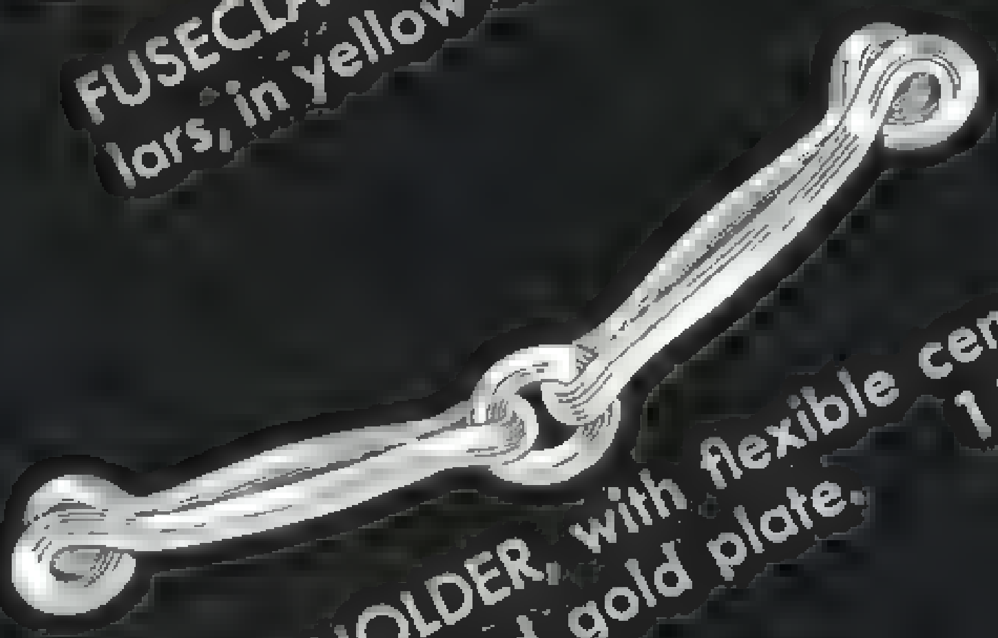
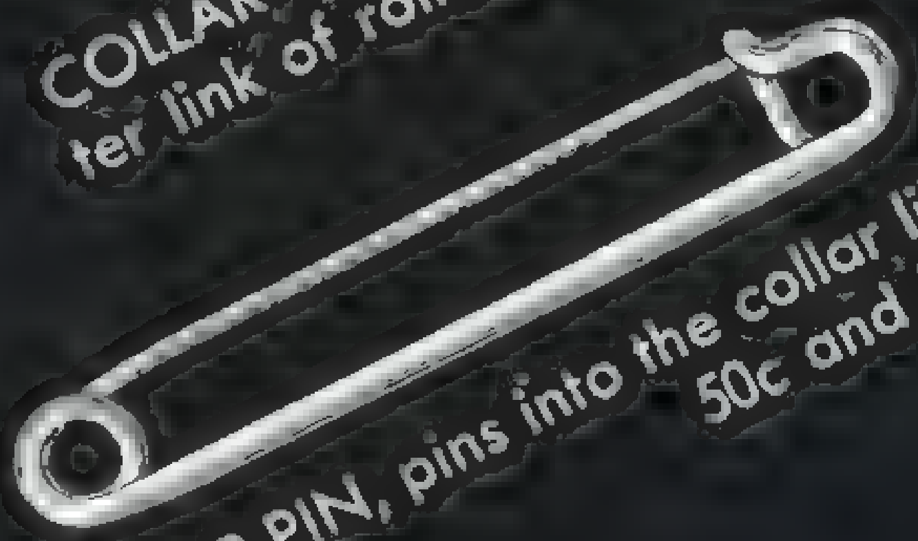
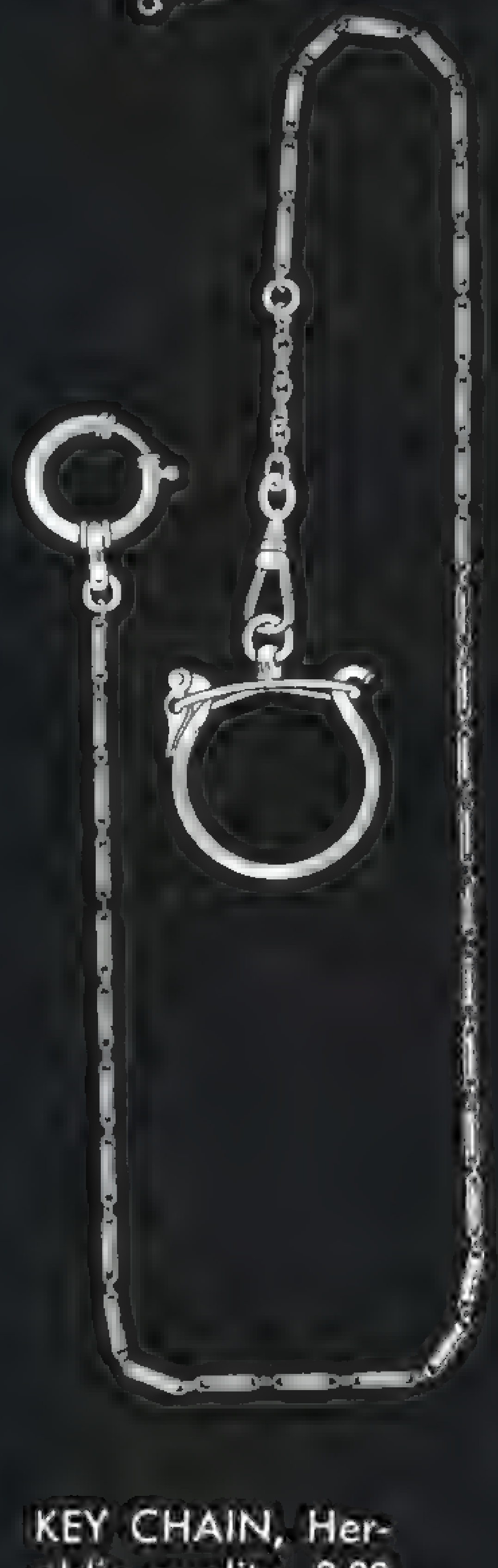


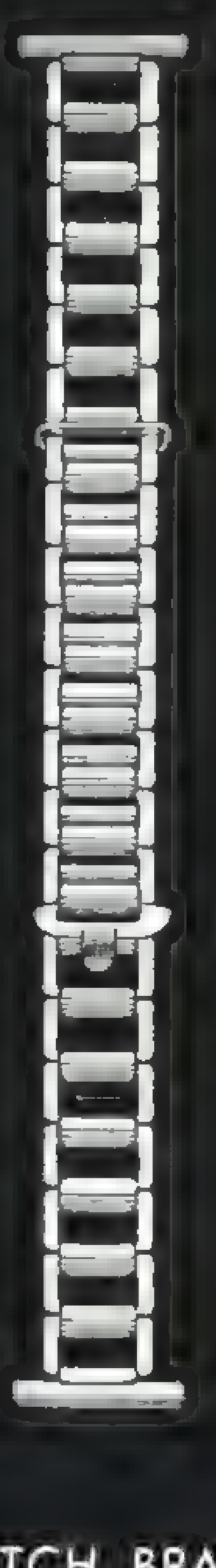
COLLAR HOLDER, with flexible center link of rolled gold plate. 1.00



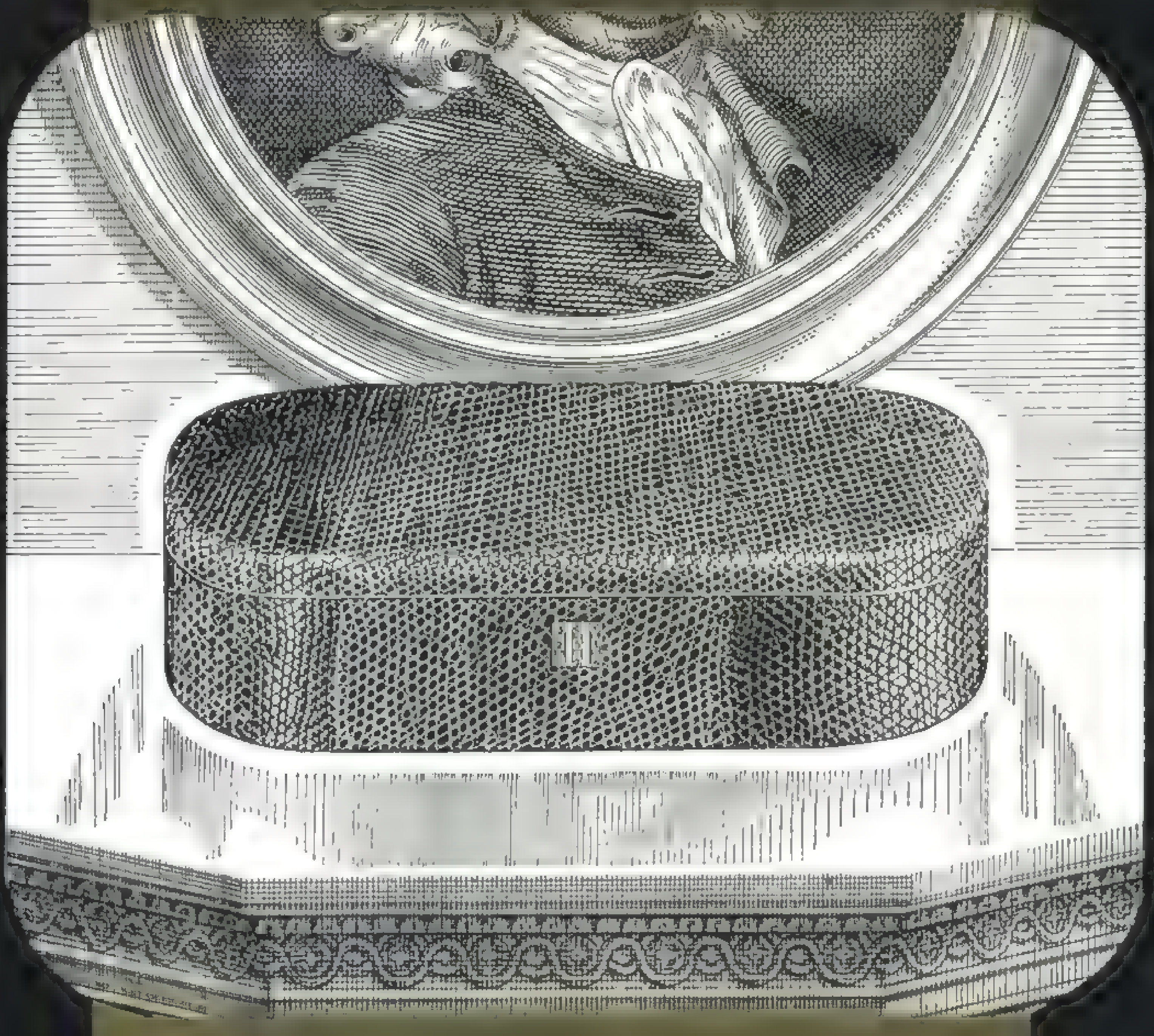
COLLAR PIN, pins into the collar like a safety pin. 50c and 1.00



KEY CHAIN, Heraldic quality, 3.00



WATCH BRACELET of Kermaloy, adjustable to wrist. Heraldic quality. 2.00



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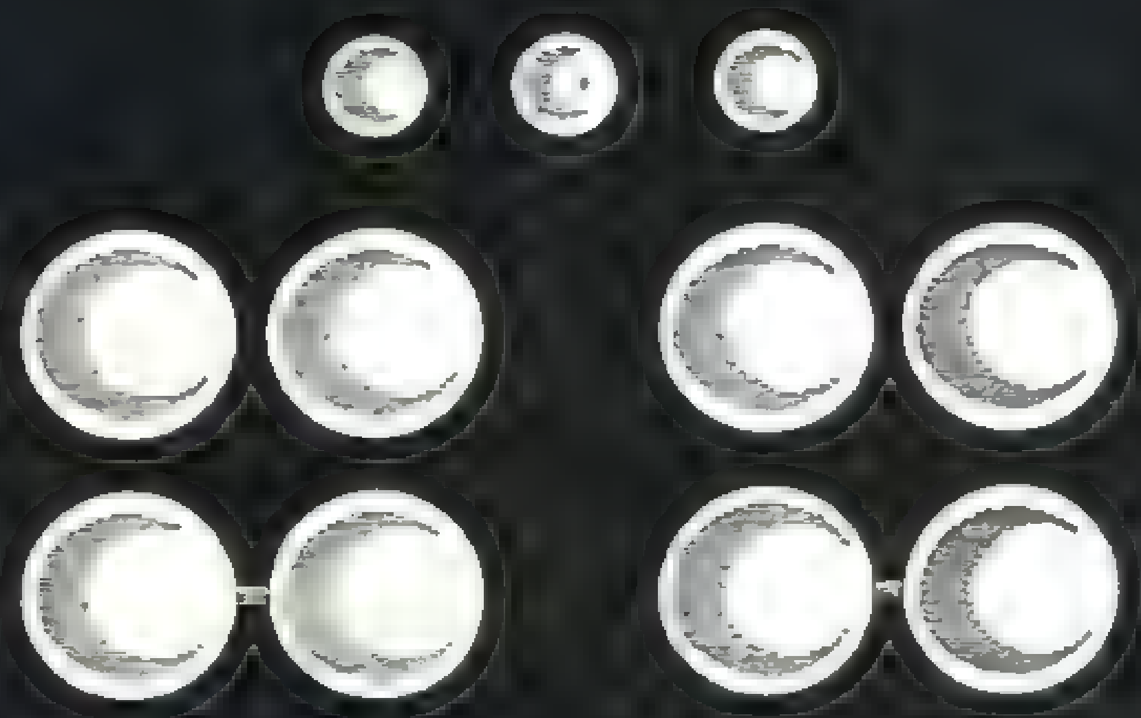

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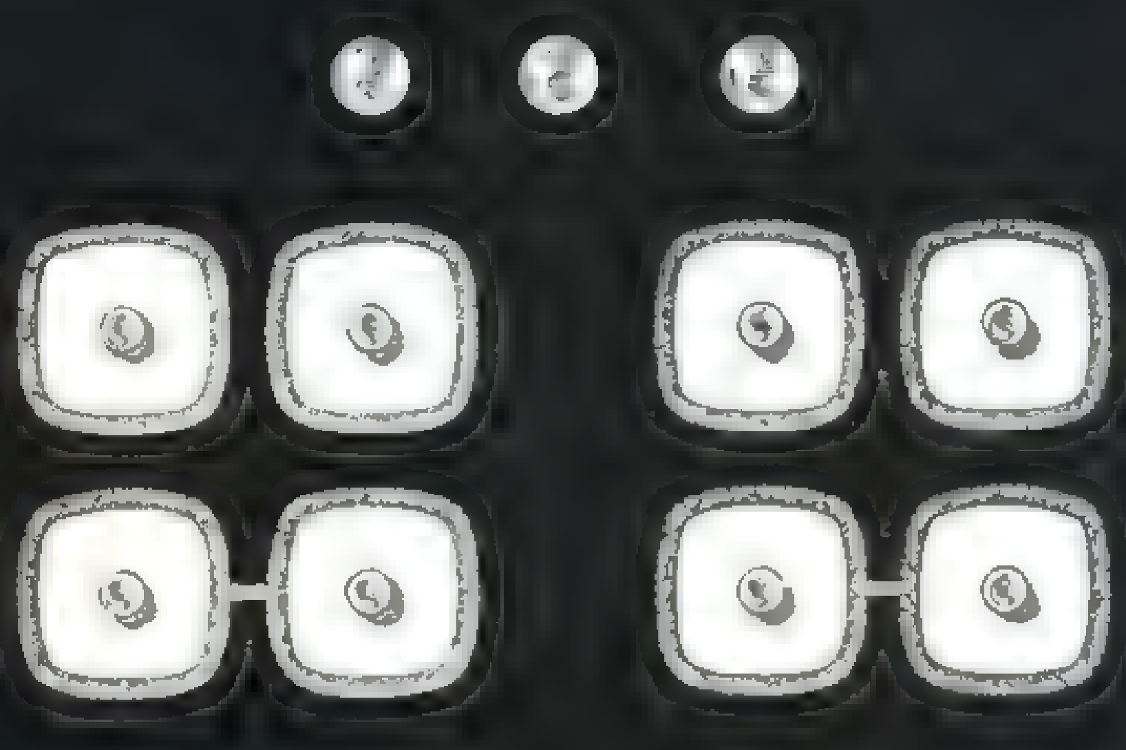

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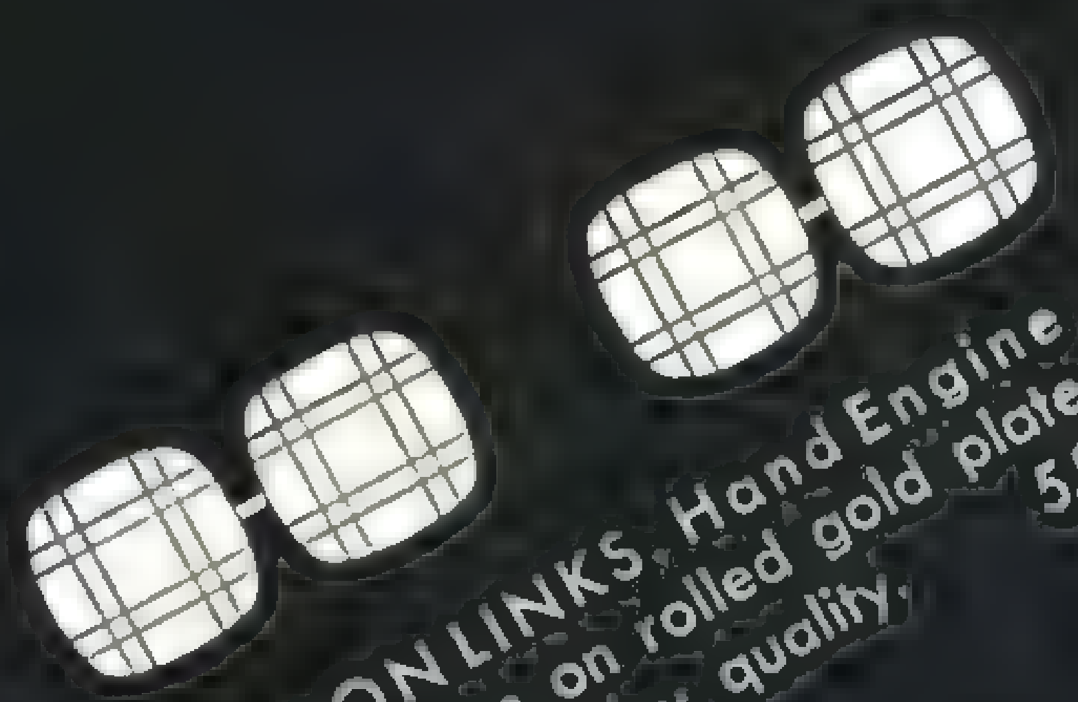
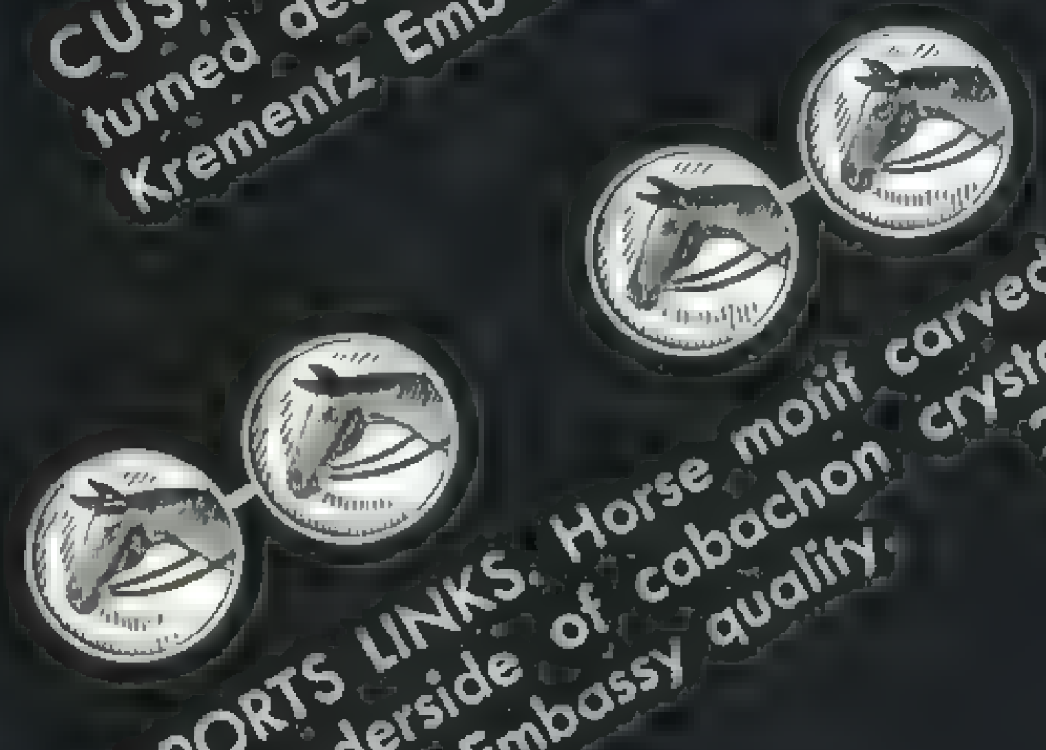
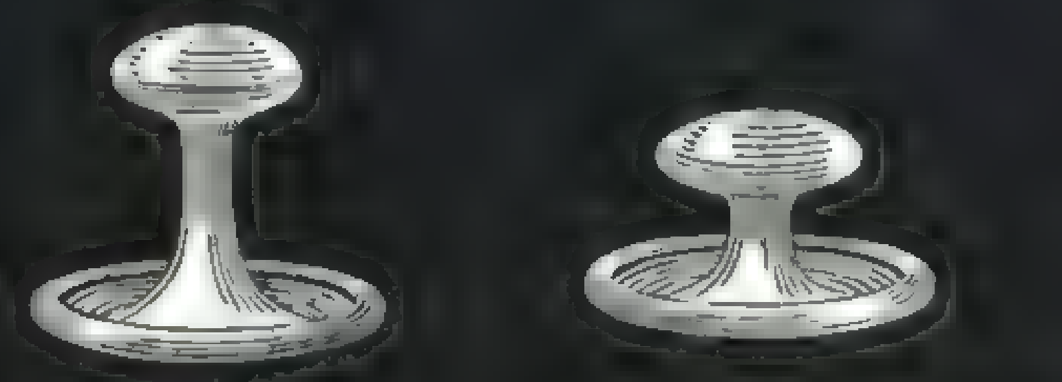


CUSHION LINKS, Hand Engine turned design on rolled gold plate. Krementz Embassy quality. 5.00



SPORTS LINKS. Horse motif carved on underside of cabachon crystal. Krementz Embassy quality. 3.00



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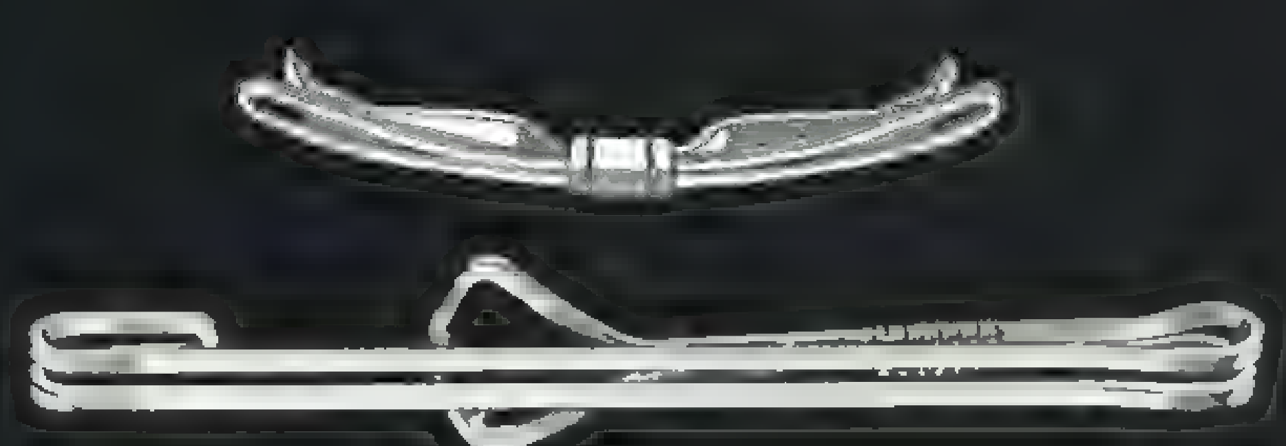

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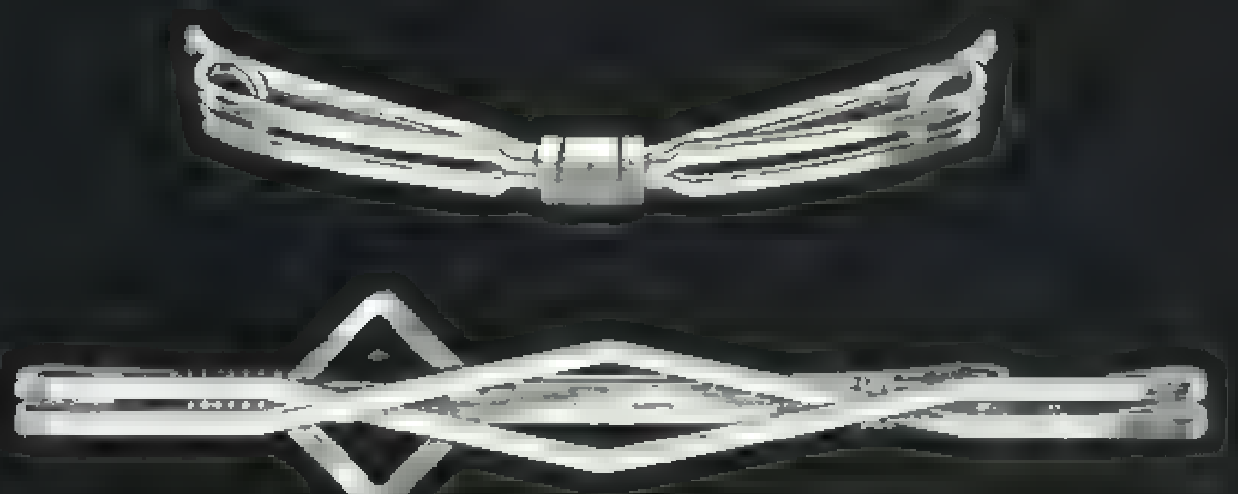

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## A Flight for Traffic

*Continued from pages 78-140*

strategies and in the middle game developed a superior position. The editor paid Steve the compliment of slowing his moves to a studied speed and of smoking countless cigarettes. Steve let up just enough to give the editor victory after a long, hard game.

The game had drawn several onlookers. Steve sat back in his chair. "You are too good, Senor Morales," he announced. "That game was harder than flying the Andes."

The editor made the disclaiming gesture of a polite victor. The game had been a hard one and his eyes held a look of respect. "If you fly as well as you play—" He caught himself about to make a statement that would not jibe with his recent tirades against aviation. "Flying the Andes is easy then?" he finished.

"No," Steve replied, smiling, "but it is also difficult playing a master of chess."

The editor was getting some enjoyment out of being compared as an opponent to the formidable Andes. He was feeling more expansive towards this Yankee. "Will you have a cocktail?" he offered.

Steve refused. "If the storm ends I will be flying across early in the morning," he explained. "Have you ever considered making the trip?"

"It is pure recklessness," the editor said. The memory of his editorials put an edge to his voice.

"It is like chess," Steve demurred. "If you know the moves and make them carefully, it is not reckless."

The editor was quick to make a point. "You lost the game to me," he stated. "You will lose some day against the Andes."

"Perhaps," Steve admitted. "But I am a better pilot than a chess player." He realized this tack was getting nowhere. "The Andes are beautiful from the air. It is interesting to look down on the railroad and watch the trains crawling through the snow. It is so peaceful up there many people even fall asleep."

The editor did not reply. He looked interested, though, and Steve went on: "Many of the most important men of Buenos Aires and Santiago prefer flying to the long train ride." He decided to bring in the national angle. "Everyone of importance flies in Chile," he said. "Chile is a very progressive country."

"It is a reckless and spendthrift country," the editor snorted. "I must go there sometime and collect some bills. How can they afford to fly?"

"Nevertheless they do," Steve said. "You should send an office boy to collect your bills. How can you afford to spend three days on the train? Your time is valuable."

"*Es verdad*," the editor agreed. "I am not able to afford the time."

"You could if you flew. And you should want to know more about flying the Andes for your paper. Let me invite you to be my passenger. You have shown me how good you are at chess. I would like to show you I am good at my game. Is that not fair?"

Several of the editor's friends who had watched the chess game were listening with relish to this exchange. They looked at him expectantly.

He snapped his fingers. "Why not?" he said. "I will go."

"We will leave when the storm is over," Steve told him. "I will have the agent advise you."

In his paper the next day the editor made the most of it. He was going to do a sporting thing to support his past criticisms. Maybe he had been unfair. And maybe he would lose his life. He was quite heroic about the whole thing.

Steve Moyer was rather pleased, too. He had done a good job for the traffic department, he felt. Pilots had sold aviation long before traffic departments had been thought of. He was going to prove that a pilot could still handle a traffic problem. He hoped that the trip would be an uneventful one.

The storm persisted for another day and then during the night suddenly ceased. The passengers had all waited. They had no choice as the snow had stopped the trains. Other travelers had booked passage and the plane was full. Steve had seen to it that the editor was reserved a seat.

With a full load the plane climbed slowly. Just behind Mendoza was a spur of the main range of the Andes. It towered impressively over the city but it was only 12,000 feet high. Steve thought of this narrow string of mountains as the Andes' foothills. He had to circle the heavy plane twice to clear this spur. On the other side was the Upsallata Valley, a few miles of rocky flatness, and then the Andes.

Steve was unaware of the awesome beauty in the snowy peaks. Instead, to him they were like the back of some gigantic monster that had reared itself from the surface to block his path. The throttles were jammed full on but the plane moved slowly, seemed almost still. Its climb was imperceptible up the walls of the massive barrier ahead. The altimeter moved, slower than a minute hand, from fourteen to fifteen thousand feet. That wasn't enough. Aconcagua, Tupangoto, hundreds of other lesser peaks reared thousands of feet above the plane. Even the narrow, winding Upsallata Pass reached a hump of 14,000 feet.

Steve forgot his customary concern for the passengers and his particular concern for the editor. His problem, now, was to get past the silent, eternal challenge the Andes raised ahead. He needed more altitude. The wind whirled and twisted around the peaks and

*Continued on page 144*

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The clothes you buy this fall will not be extreme, not too studied or fussy—yet they must be fashionwise, they must make you feel more like yourself. Fashion Park builds clothes like that—to fit the activity pattern of men like you. And puts into every suit and coat those fine details of hand-work that hold the first style effect to the last day of wear. . . . *Such clothes are always worth more to you than they cost.*

Investigate, carefully. . . . The store that has Fashion Park clothes will show you many interesting new things—in furnishings as well as in suits and coats. You can get their really helpful advice on good dress for all occasions. . . . Fashion Park Manufacturing Corporation, Rochester and New York.

**THE F. P. AIM:**—To make clothes that are fine in every particular. . . . To make them widely available, at fair prices (*now* $35 *to* $75 *for suits and coats*). . . . To show them in well-stocked, well-manned stores.

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Mexican *charros* (gentlemen farmers if you insist) like Martini & Rossi straight, but many Chicagoans relish a "Vermouth Cassis": ⅔ M&R Dry Vermouth, ⅓ Creme de Cassis, ice and seltzer. *Right:* Drinking the classic "Mixed Vermouth" in the Cafe de la Paix, Paris—using Martini & Rossi—½ Italy, ½ Dry.

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## A Flight for Traffic

*Continued from pages 78-140-142*

avalanched down gorges and canyons with a strength that handled the plane like a feather. It would be impossible to guide a bobbing feather through the pass. But the wind might make it possible to get above most of the peaks where the air would be less obstructed and smoother.

He brought the plane closer to the steep sloping side of a peak and found what he wanted. The air acquired a solid feel on the controls and then an up-current pushed against the wings and the plane surged higher. The fountain of air lifted the plane to 18,000 feet where the wind smoothed out. Steve set his course to pass south of Mount Aconcagua, the ruler of this lofty domain. Once beyond it, the long pleasant glide to Santiago could begin.

Steve chuckled with satisfaction. The plane was roaring through the blue quietness, its real speed lost in these wide, high spaces. But in less than an hour it should land at the Santiago field. Barring the unforeseen, nothing could be expected to occur to mar the trip now. He glanced quickly into the cabin. Some of the passengers had a dazed open-mouthed look. They needed oxygen. That was something to be noted for the future. High altitudes caused a few people discomfort, while other fell into a pleasant sleep. The company would have to provide for those who were affected unpleasantly. Perhaps they would install individual oxygen tanks.

"Better pass the oxygen around, Buck," Steve said.

Buck picked up their tank and squeezed out of his seat. He had been gone a few minutes when Steve again felt the wings biting into heavier air. Another second and the plane was in a column of wind rising up with invisible force. "Like flying through a bunch of geysers," Steve said to himself.

What was happening could only be traced by the altimeter needle. Steve stared at it unbelievingly. It swung steadily around the dial from 18,000 to 19, to 20 and then to 21,000 feet! He whistled, respectfully. The Andes were playing a game. Or it might have been music. The wings began to weave and the nose of the ship dipped up, then down, in a crazy dance.

Steve struggled with the controls to keep the plane level. Suddenly, the exertion told. Black dots jumped before his eyes, his collar seemed to tighten around his throat. He needed oxygen!

With an effort he turned his head. Buck was holding the oxygen cup to a passenger's nose. Steve beckoned feebly but Buck didn't see him. He wanted to call but realized dimly that Buck couldn't hear him. He waved again, hopelessly. He thought of a time long ago when he had almost drowned. This sensation was the same, a feeling of tired indifference.

A passenger had seen Steve's plight. He reached over and plucked Buck's sleeve. The movement tired him. He pointed weakly at Steve and his eyes closed. Buck stooped over, picked the heavy tank off the floor and started up the cabin aisle. If he had known the plane was at 21,000 feet, he would have held the tube to his nose. He took three running steps and collapsed on the floor. There were one or two passengers still conscious, but capable of only a dull, sleepy interest in what was going on. The plane sped on its own way, unguided, except by the spirit of the unconquerable Andes that had gripped the controls.

The editor had been right. The Andes were too mighty. But there was an element of caprice in their fantastic power. In erratic courses the plane came down, miraculously missing the peaks, to 16,000 feet. It might all have been merely a playful whimsey of the mountains. The lower altitude brought Steve back to consciousness. Slowly, he became aware of the mountains all around him. On his right the towering cone of Aconcagua seemed to ignore the plane as though spurning an easy victory. Steve reached tentatively for the controls. They were there, responsive in his hands. And ahead the green pastures of Chile rolled out from below the mountains.

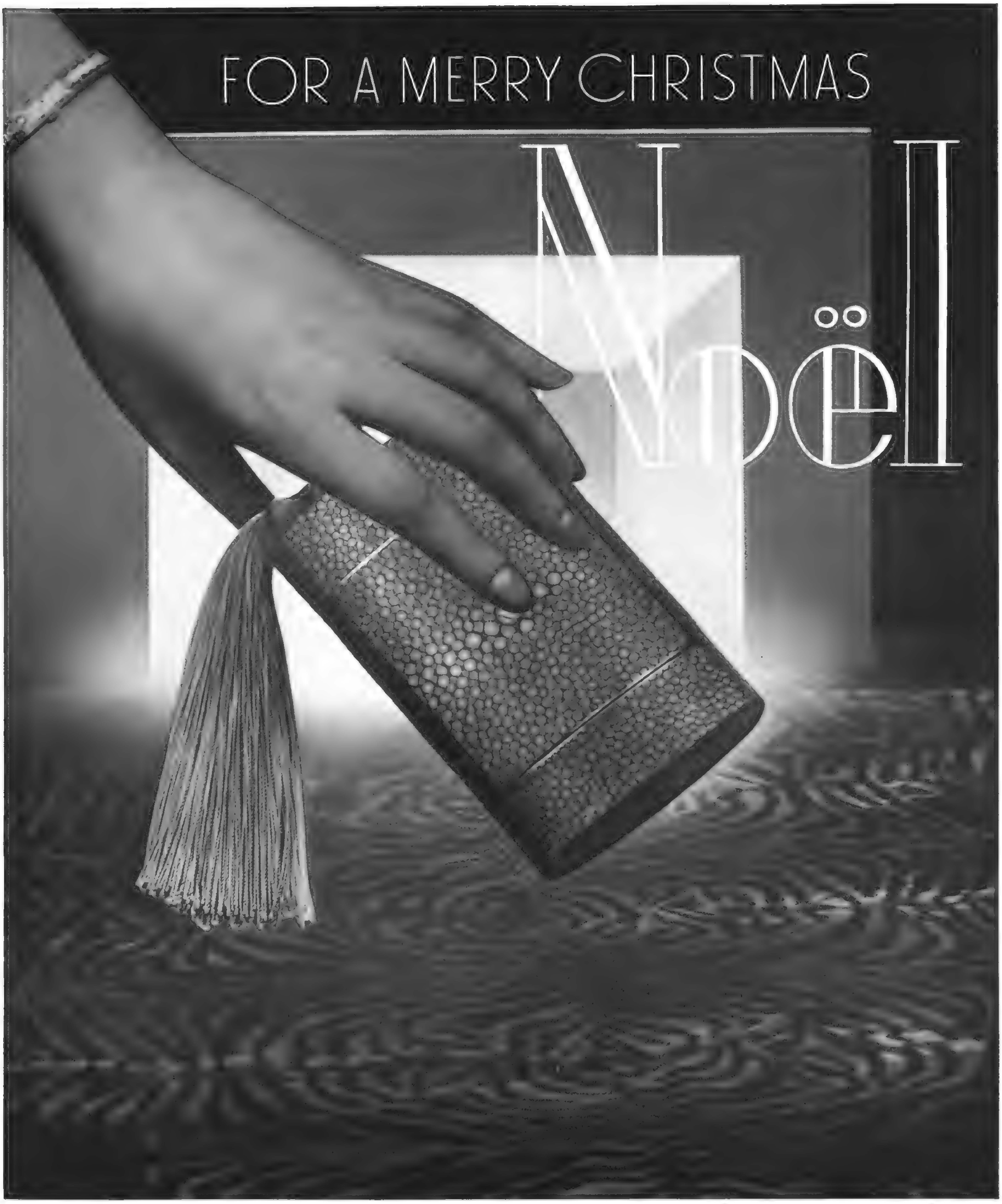
He cut the motors and nosed the plane down towards Santiago. The details of flying the ship he performed with a vague uncertainty. It was as though a part of him had become detached and was watching someone else fly.

He turned to look in the cabin. Buck was lifting himself to his feet. He came up and sat down in a dazed silence. The passengers, fortunately, had not yet regained consciousness.

Steve brought the plane down gradually to a landing in the Santiago airport. He followed the passengers out of the cabin and stepped to the ground. In the curious numbness he felt, the ground was somehow unreal.

"*Marveloso!*" Someone had grabbed Steve's arm and was babbling in excited Spanish. It was the editor. "*Macanudo piloto!* You were excellent. Flying with you is nothing. I look at the mountains once and go to sleep. Then I wake up and I am here." He snapped his fingers. "Like that!"

The editor went on enthusiastically. He was sold on aviation. Steve listened wearily. Disconnected thoughts of chess, traffic problems, and flying the Andes ran through his mind. His eyes contemplated the peaks towering beyond the city. The grim and massive Andes played a game—a game, Steve reflected, that was not yet in the book. ⧺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## Nauja the Desired

*Continued from page 92*

filled with pride. "Nauja, the kidnapped girl was the object of many men's desire . . ."

Then they returned home. Now Nauja, now Seewagak was the favorite and ruled the house. Awala enjoyed it so.

A group of strange young hunters came swooping down on the village one day while most of the men were absent. They came from very far away, on the other side of the sea, so far that their land looked like faint smoke where the sky and the sea collided. They were known to be fierce and strong, and it was said that life in their land was so hard, all girl children were killed at birth; and therefore their young men had to get their women from other tribes.

At night the strangers took women for themselves, including Nauja. No one challenged them, not even Inuitek who had often boasted of how he would defend his woman. Nauja did not weep. She was disgusted with Inuitek and she hated Awala. And she craved a change from the monotony that made one feel old and tired. Life still sparkled within her.

Across the sea in the new settlement she became the wife of two men; for women were scarce and friends shared the pleasures of life. Life was easy here.

Each of her husbands wanted her to turn to his side at night, and so they both treated her well all during the day. One of them, Saglock, was a medicine man and full of wisdom. Although he had a terrible temper, Nauja found him easy to deal with. Once she expressed a desire for caribou tongues. More and more were brought until the house was crowded with them. Saglock had been so anxious to please her he had forbidden the tribe to eat tongues lest the caribous be offended and not come again.

Natark, the second husband, was a master hunter. He was gloomy and feared Saglock's powers.

"If we ran away, could his demons follow us?" Nauja asked.

"He can send them after a man even on the other side of the earth. It was he who told us where to find you when we came to your village."

Suddenly Nauja remembered young Inuitek and told Natark of the boy's bragging. Yes, he had seen the boy in his travels from place to place. But he had given no cause to fight him. Oh, no, the men down there had no courage, he said, they existed only to raise wives for his kinsmen.

Saglock came home tired; he ate another man's meat without any shame and required that his wife nurse him. This angered Natark.

He had been lucky in the past few days and brought in a rich catch of seal meat and liver, while Saglock came home with nothing but caribou tongues! While she removed the boots of the medicine man who lay on his skins, Nauja said:

"One is sick of caribou tongues!"

Saglock looked bewildered. "Has not someone in this house asked for tongues? And has one not promised to supply them? And what other woman eats of caribou tongue in such quantity?"

Natark laughed. Nauja went and tore the liver out of a still warm seal. Saglock merely glanced at her, and understood. He had hurried every step of the tiresome journey home, carrying many tongues to please her. He had expected delight and affection. But now she relished only liver. He lay there and watched her eat. Blood oozed from the warm liver and ran down her cheeks and daubed her little nose, and her fingers clutched the food in a way that could stir up any man's lust.

Days came and went. Saglock grew uneasy as the loud mouthed Sunaq coveted his rank in the tribe. He planned a trip to the land of the white man to gather a new supply of medicine lore. He would learn the teachings of the Jeesai, a great spirit of the white people who was nailed to a pole with his arms stretched out and then climbed down unaided.

When he and Nauja were alone, Saglock told her that the spirits in a dream ordered him to go and gain the truth from the white men.

"A woman who has influence over a mighty hunter may make a journey no woman could hope for," spoke the sage.

And when the time came Nauja spoke of the place of the white man to Natark. And he, being hungry for her because of late she had belonged more to Saglock than to him, came to a big decision. He had heard all Saglock's tales about the white men. Why should he, Natark, not go there? He had a good sled and provisions. He had skins to trade. He was used to long journeys. And why should Nauja not accompany him? Let her see that he alone could make such a thing possible for her, that at the place of the white men he alone could buy her all the woman-stuff she desired!

When they finally started, the journey took longer than expected. Their provisions ran out. Natark had to go out and hunt for food, while Saglock closed his eyes behind his wooden snow-goggles and placated the spirits who controlled the winds. Both men were successful.

They were overawed by the place of the white man when they finally arrived. But Nauja forgot the world around when she came face to face with Inuitek, from the village of Awala! At last he had managed to reach the trad-

*Continued on page 149*

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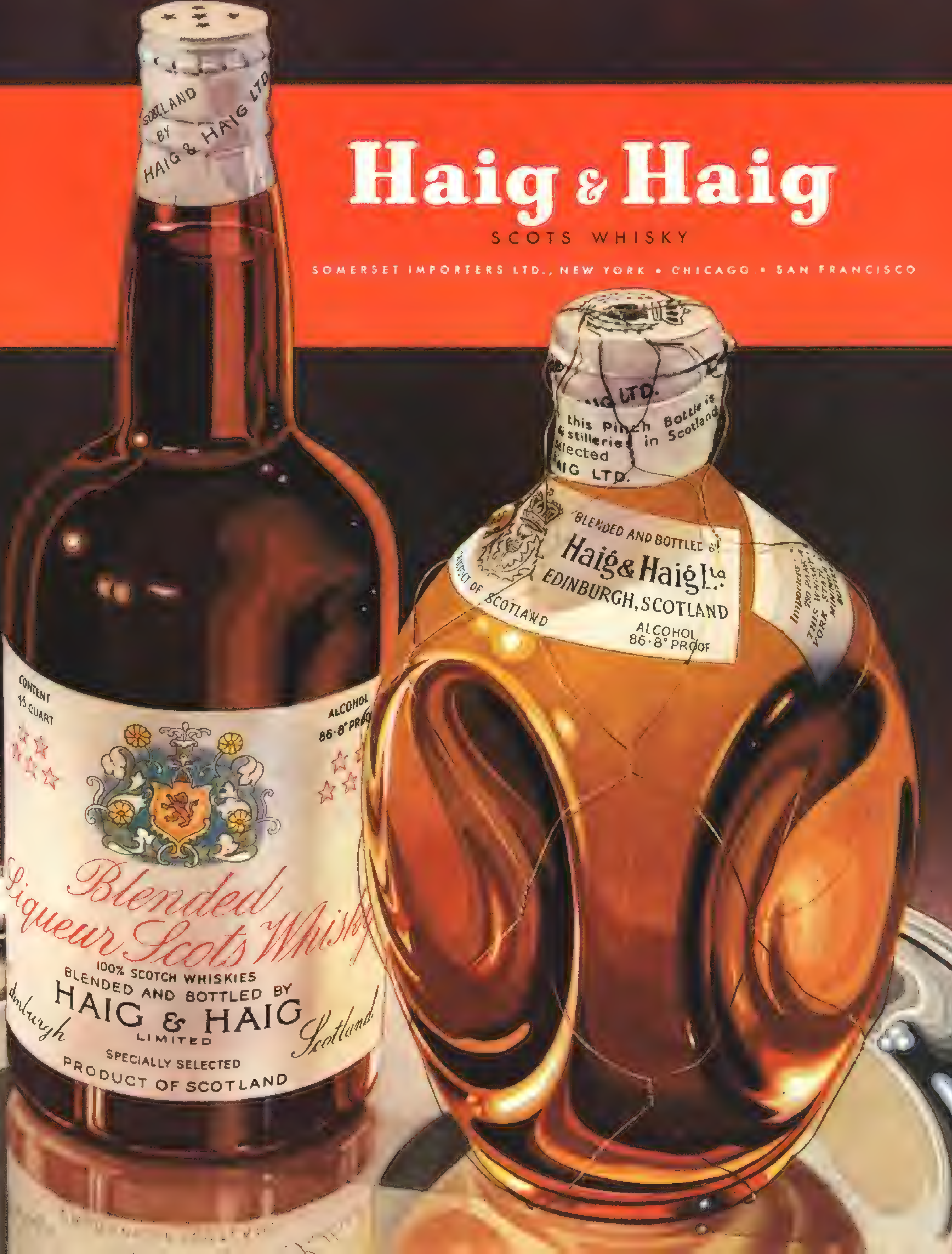
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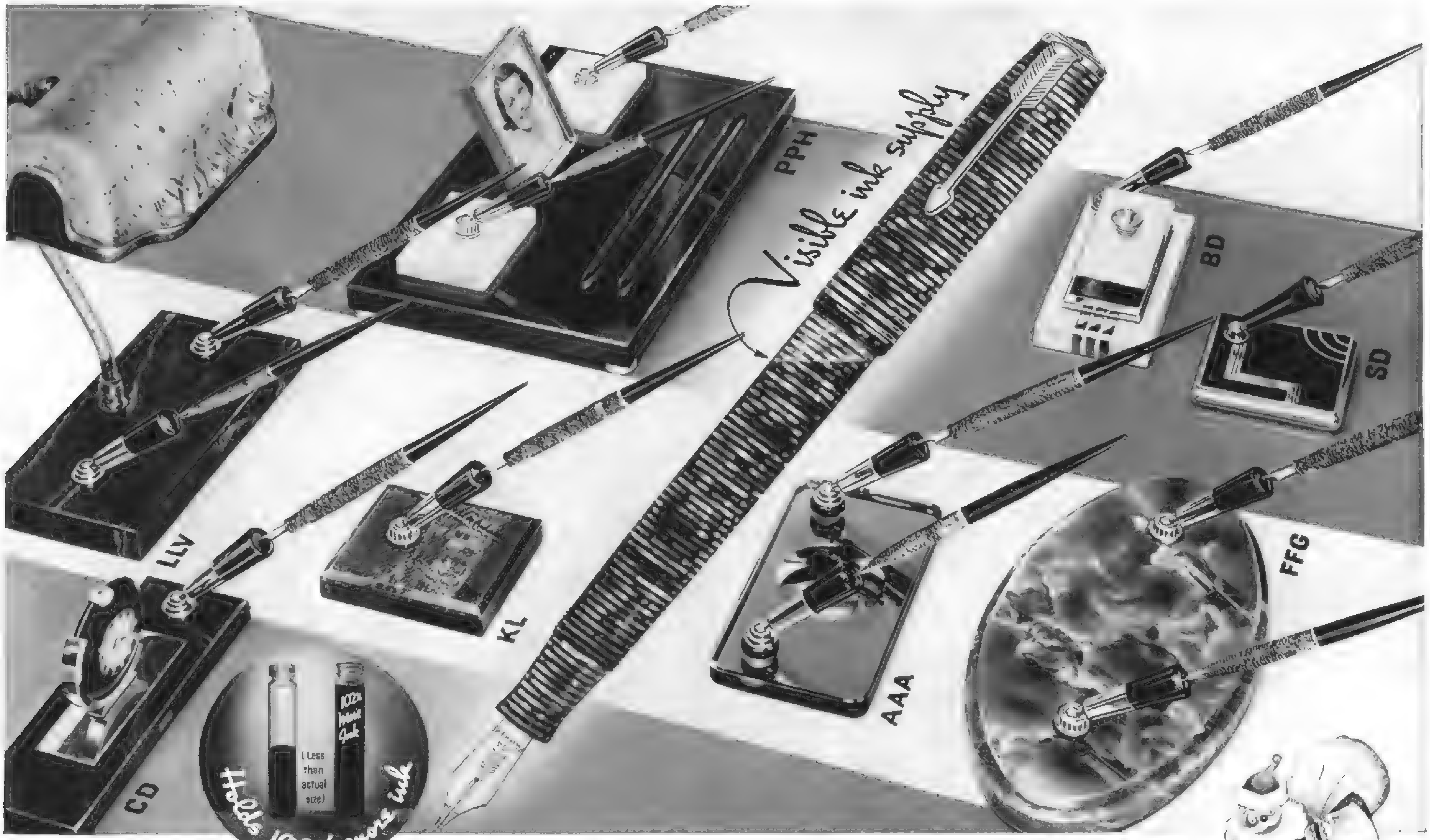

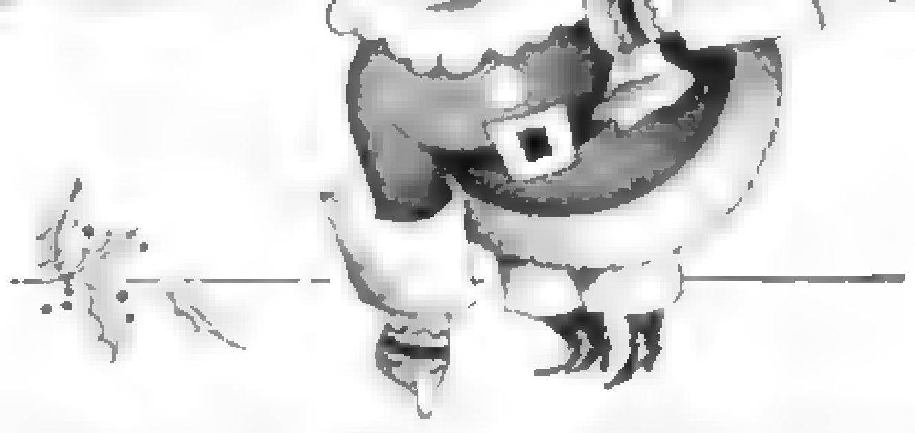

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| **KL, $ 5.00:** | Glass inlaid with Laminated Silver, Burgundy, or Emerald Pearl to match Pen (4" x 3½"). Brocatelle Marble (KB) or Italian Marble (KM), $4.00; mounted in Gold- or Silver-finished frame, $6.00. |
| **AAA, $ 7.50:** | Smart Gunmetal Glass with scoop and 2 sockets (7" x 3½"); or AAL, plain glass inlaid with Laminated Pearl to match Pens and Pencils; or AAG in stunning Green Onyx. |
| **CD, $ 9.00:** | New Circular Clock mounted on Ivory or Black Enameled Metal Base with fashionable Chrome finish (7¼"x 2½"). Same with 2 sockets (CCD), $10.00. |
| **LLV, $10.00:** | Desk Lamp of Black and Chrome or Pearltex, mounted on Marble Base (8"x 4"). |
| **FFG, $25.00 and $27.50:** | Rich Green Onyx (12"x 6") mounted in Silver- or Gold-finished frame $27.50; without frame, $25.00. |
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*Prices slightly higher in Canada*

If you want guaranteed mechanical perfection, be sure to ask for a "PARKER" instead of just "a fountain pen." The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

## Nauja the Desired

*Continued from pages 92-146*

ing store to buy his gun.

Young Inuitek had grown tall and ferocious looking, and he laughed a lot. She spent whole days talking and listening to him. He borrowed her for a night or two from her two husbands who could not refuse after she boasted of her lavish style of life back home; for this added to their fame.

Meanwhile Saglock made friends with the long-robed white men. He soon found out that all was not as he had imagined with the man that was nailed to the pole. Yes, Jeesai was still alive, but he never came around to be seen with the eyes, though he could hear when he was called. Every day the solemn white men gathered together and began yelling at him. This was said to be in his honor.

But one evening Saglock came home sad. Guests were in the house and these he told to go. Then he addressed himself to Natark and Nauja. "The white men will not teach one their medicine so long as one has a wife with two husbands. It would be wise, therefore, for somebody to depart and leave one alone with one's wife."

This Natark refused to do. "One does not pay too much attention to a miserable woman, but Nauja needs a hunter to supply her with clothes and food."

For the first time these two friends quarreled over a woman. Both wanted to keep Nauja, and both wanted this for her sake only. Rather than fight and kill, they decided to let her choose. A woman was to decide.

Never had such a thing been heard of! Nauja was proud that her worth was so great.

Hastily Natark took all his skins to the trading store and bought needles, scissors and a mirror in which Nauja's cheeks looked broader and glossier than ever. As for Saglock he rushed off to the house where all the yelling to Jeesai took place. The white men of Jeesai's house did not have anything to do with the white traders, so it appeared that they were of different tribes. At the trading store, girls were welcome at all times and in all ways, but the unlaughing men in the black robes did not play with women and talked of nothing but dead people and their condition.

Nauja enjoyed visiting the store, for it often happened that Inuitek came there when she was there. Together they would laugh at night to see the white traders grab the girls and hop around the house with them while a box gave out squeaky sounds. The white men seemed to get pleasure out of this, so the girls pretended they did too.

Natark waited for Nauja's decision. He had brought more skins to the store than any other man, and had bought nothing but woman-stuff which he had given to Nauja. She had made a pleasant face, but he had walked right out in order not to give the impression of meaning anything by his action; he had simply wanted to get rid of a few things.

She showed these gifts to Inuitek who had little to give her, for he had paid for his gun with a three years' catch of skins and ivory. But at last he was a man that could kill from a distance! "One now has no wish left. But a mighty hunter needs a woman of his own," he told Nauja.

"You did not put up a fight when some were taken from our village," she taunted him.

"If I had, who would have gotten you?" was his answer. And she was struck by its truth.

"He who desired a woman as much as he did a gun," she flung back triumphantly.

"More," he laughed. "For the gun was only wanted to get me the woman."

Next morning Saglock and Natark awoke and found their friendship whole again, for they had no reason to quarrel any more. They had no wife. She was gone. A young man had taken her away, they were told, a young man with no great fame as a hunter or as a medicine man. All that was known concerning him was that he had long wanted a gun and had gotten it.

"It is wise not to pursue a man who has a gun" thought Natark.

"Jeesai has done this," thought Saglock. "It is his wish that a woman have but one husband and Nauja could not decide between us."

Nauja was gone with all the beautiful things Natark had given her; this showed how much she appreciated them. Natark realized this and was consoled somewhat.

The long-robed white men gave Saglock a little piece of wood shaped like the pole on which Jeesai had been nailed, and told him that with this he could heal the sick, drive away any enemies and make game plentiful.

Natark was his friend since childhood. It was only right, therefore, that Saglock who had the wisdom should help out Natark whose strength was as nothing against the strength of another man's gun.

"Let it be said in our land," he proposed, "that this little piece of wood has been so costly to procure that we had to give all your foxes and our wife as well, to get it."

And since people respect a thing according to its price, they went home and became famous for the crossed-stick which they had acquired on their trip to the white men; so that even Nauja, living happily with Inuitek in a land beyond the sea, heard of them and was proud that such mighty men had once desired her. ⌗

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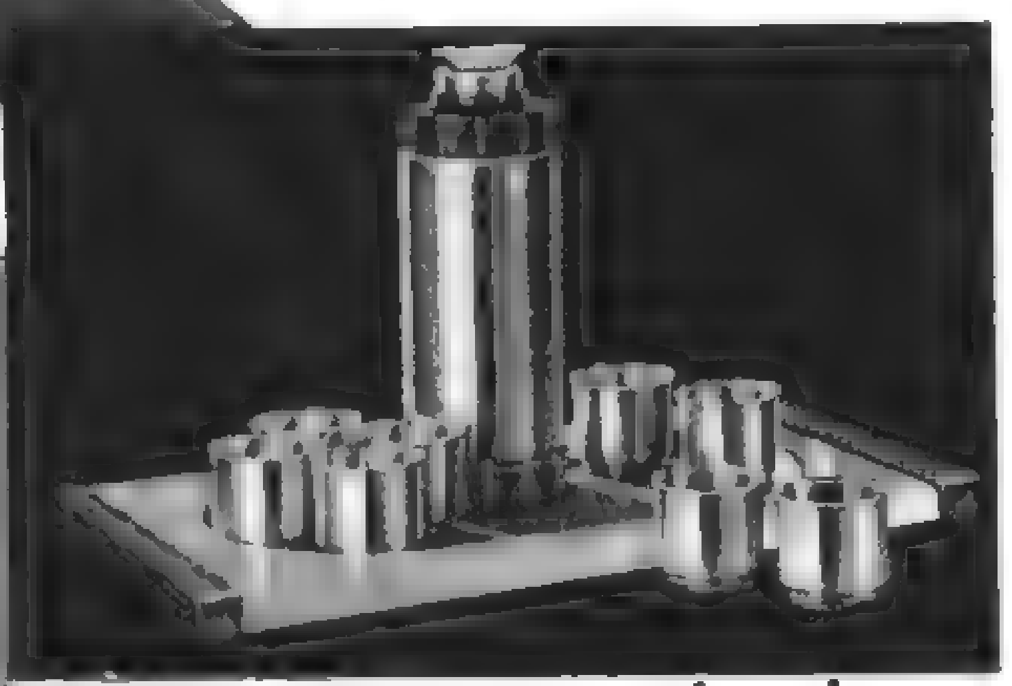

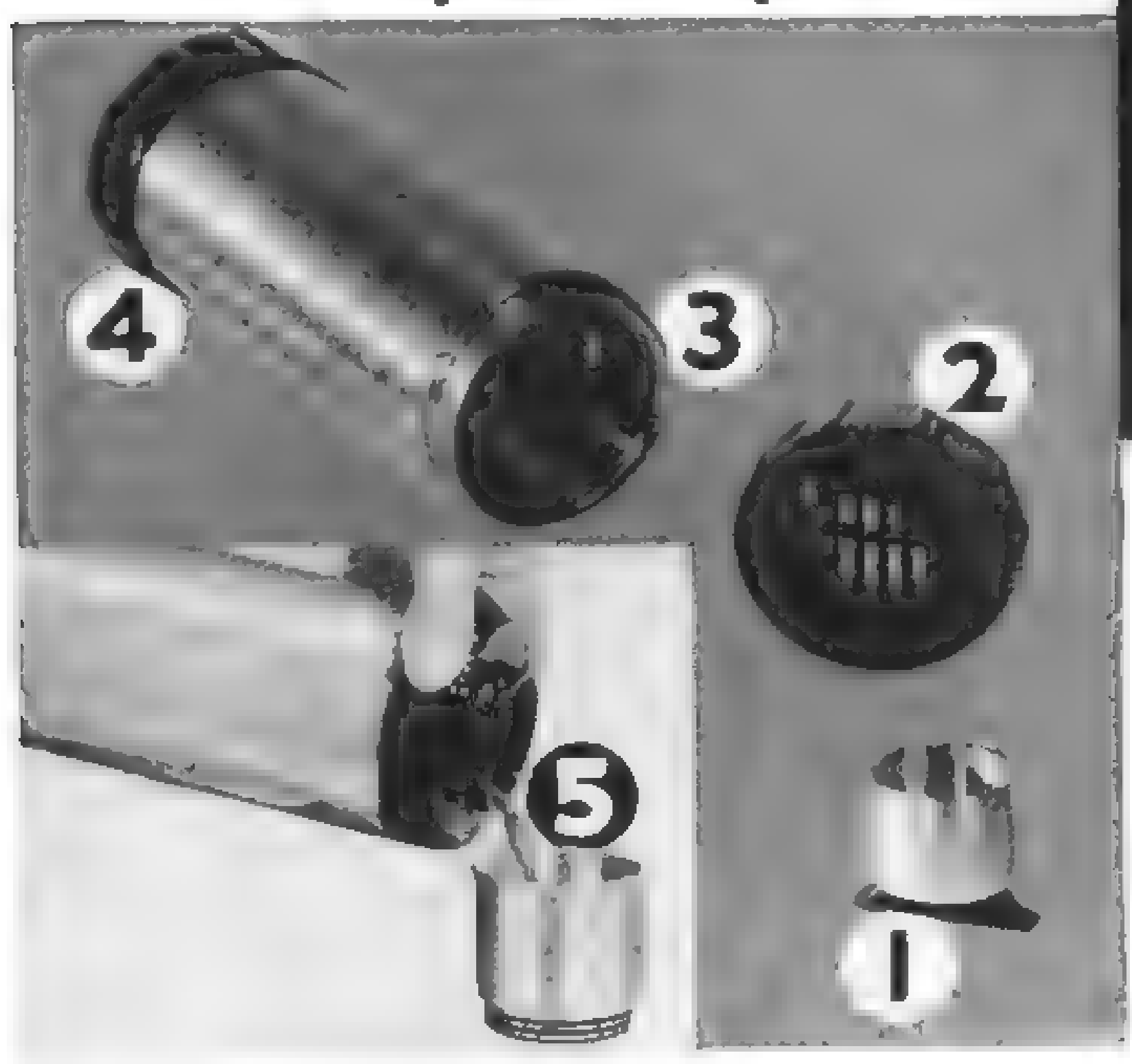

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## The Battle of the Bettas

*Continued from page 85*

duced into the aquatic arena. Glass partitions kept them apart. The hood was lowered over the tank and all other lights were turned out except a shielded lamp over the betting sheet.

The fish seemed dazed for a moment, then one of the males, an albino with pale orchid fins, caught sight of the female. Immediately he was on the make. Fins spread and gill plates ruffed, he darted across his small compartment toward the lady, only to feel the abrupt shock of ramming a sheet of glass. The lady fish shied away but seemed to eye him hopefully.

With seeming indifference, the male turned toward the surface and gulped a mouthful of air. He spit two bubbles and turned again toward the female. He probably said, "See, I can build a cozy bubble nest for your eggs." He made a vicious dash around the circumference of his compartment and pulled up again at the partition, all fins at full mast. "My protective instinct is strong, too," he growled, "In fact, I'd make an excellent father."

The female shied again, then seemed to change her mind and eased herself over to the partition. The male turned away. Fins and gill plates still extended, he blew a few more bubbles and plainly indicated that it was up to the lady to get over the partition if she intended to lay any eggs.

The second male, a beautiful Chinese Red with emerald piping in his fins, until this moment had been nosing into a corner of his compartment and had missed the entire courtship. As he slowly turned into the center of the tank, he caught sight of the first male, who had again pulled alongside the partition glass. There was a streak of dark red across the tank and the second male, with striped fins trembling was straining at his side of the partition separating him from the female.

The female turned coy. With two valiant suitors ready to do battle for her affections, she casually swung around and nosed to the bottom where she began picking at the sand. The two males flung piscine curses at each other and otherwise indicated that they'd give a box or so of the best fish food to have those glass partitions pulled away.

George Hendricks was at my shoulder. "What do you think of them?" he asked.

"Damn fine fish," I grunted, my eyes never leaving the tank where the two vividly colored males were writhing with excitement.

"Ten on the Chinese Red," came a voice from the gloom to my right. George stepped to the wall and chalked it up as another voice hissed out "taken." For several minutes the only sounds were tensed voices calling bets, the indescribable sound produced when hands reached into pockets for money, and the scratching of the pencil on the betting sheet. This died out and left only the silence.

The mute activity on the aquatic battle ground seems to be contagious. Unlike cock fights, dog fights, or similar boisterous encounters, where the spectators add their voices to the sounds of combat, the fish fight audience is unusual for its tense silences and unique in the quality of its nervous excitement.

Betting had ceased. "I guess they're ready," George announced. "Get the female, Chet," he instructed his son.

Quickly the hood was raised and the female was netted out while Hendricks lifted the glass partitions and dropped the hood back into place.

Frightened by the sudden interruption, both males scurried to the bottom and dashed aimlessly about the tank for a moment, ending up in the same corner, apparently unaware of each other.

Someone stretched out a hand and tapped the glass. Immediately a dozen voices bawled, "Let 'em alone. Wanta ruin the fight?"

The fish made a united dash away from the corner and now lay almost motionless near the bottom, fine debris washing back astern from their swiftly fanning pectoral fins.

Slowly the folded fins of the Chinese Red lifted away from its body and with almost imperceptible movement and somewhat feline grace, it edged forward, its head turning gradually sideward until its body had assumed the form of a tightly drawn bow.

The Pale Orchid continued to hug the bottom, pectorals gently fanning, while the slow turning of the dark purple beads, that were its eyes, was the only visible indication that it was aware of the catlike approach of the Chinese Red.

The Red changed the direction of its movement and climbed slowly through the water until its position was above and slightly to the right of its adversary. Its fins were now fully stretched and curled slightly to the curve of its body. Its gill plates stood out until the gill tissues beneath protruded like deep purple lace. Suddenly it dived.

There was a flash of orchid fins and the Cambodia was gone, leaving the Chinese Red with its nose buried in the sand. Not a fin stirred for so long a time that I thought the fish had stunned itself in the plunge. Then I noticed the pectorals swirling just above the sand. Slowly, like a torpedo boat backing away from a dock, the snout was withdrawn from the sand and the fish turned to take stock of its position.

The Pale Orchid was coasting along the bottom at the far side

*Continued on page 152*

★★★

# HENNESSY

## COGNAC BRANDY

Life rolls along today in the Cognac region of France much as it did one hundred and seventy years ago. Today, as then, accepted vinegrowers trundle their choice *crus* to the Hennessy warehouses, where they are skillfully blended and stored to await the magic mellowing of time. And today, as then, the bouquet and "clean" taste of Hennessy make it the preferred liqueur everywhere . . .
Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
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COGNAC

MISTER OTIS
REGRETS
HE DIDN'T USE KREML!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

IS your comb full of hair every time you use it?

Are your shoulders covered with dandruff?

Does your hair refuse to behave unless it is "plastered down"?

Then you should try Kreml.

This wonderful new tonic checks falling hair and removes dandruff.

It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

It makes the hair behave without that gigolo look.

It leaves no barber shop odor in its wake.

The whole country is turning to Kreml.

Try it. You will swear by this tonic too.

TRY KREML SHAMPOO, TOO!
Made with 80% pure olive oil. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

KREML
FOR FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF

## The Battle of the Bettas

*Continued from pages 85-150*

of the tank. With swift undulant movement of its body the Chinese Red was after it. From two inches away, it struck again. The Pale Orchid evaded with a neat side roll and hung threateningly near the Red.

Both fish were threatening now. Their arced bodies, head to the others tail, were scarcely half an inch apart. With fins so taut, I expected each moment to see the webbing rip asunder, they resembled little feathered bows, held tense by a common bowstring.

The strategy and fighting technique of this fish is a combination of the more spectacular features of a spitting cat and an angered snake. When holding each other at bay, they seemed to be coiling, snakelike, preparatory to a strike. In pursuit they seemed to glide through the water with undulation of the body and fins that could be compared to nothing but a snake sliding quickly through the grass. Yet their stealth was decidedly feline.

They hung, slowly circling, for perhaps a full minute, each a potent threat to the other. It seemed that they both struck at once. There was a sudden whirlwind of color, close contact, flying scales and the Pale Orchid shot away to the surface, a wide rift in its anal fin.

The Chinese Red hurtled off in close pursuit. The chase turned and came down into a corner near my side of the tank, where the orchid fish again came to bay. The Chinese Red hung poised, advancing steadily on the Pale Orchid, making short threatening jabs that its opponent seemed able to keep from reaching home. Twisted into a half moon, the Pale Orchid presented the inner curve of the arc to the Red fish, eyes ever watchful for the slightest sign of attack.

The Red continued to pursue, while the orchid fish retreated before it, side slipping through the water like a wary plane in a dog fight aloft.

As the purple finned Cambodia edged toward the far side of the tank, the Chinese Red struck again. This time the Red's opponent suddenly assumed the offensive. As the Red fish darted in the Orchid whirled and slid beneath, clipping off one of the crimson tipped ventral fins of the Red as it passed above. Not satisfied, the Orchid arced up to the right and smashed in at the base of the Red's tail from behind. Maroon scales floated lazily toward bottom, whirling dizzily in the water currents caused by the whip of the Red's tail as he came around to the defense.

There was vicious infighting, jaw to jaw, as the fish swirled through the tank, now near the surface, with small waves churning, and again near the bottom, where the slap of tail fins sent sand spinning in midget whirlpools.

There was a momentary pause. Time seemed to stop and both fish, jaws interlocked, hung suspended, as though suddenly frozen at the moment of head-on collision. Like the note of a siren just dropping back into the range of hearing, time began to move again. Motion seeped back into the picture. Fins curled, gill plates trembled and the fish tugged and glared for a moment before the Chinese Red tore free, leaving a small chunk of its lip behind.

Undaunted the Red flashed again to the attack. During the next few minutes there was no decisive action, beyond considerable fin ripping and when the two fish again came to an impasse, head to tail, their gorgeous finnage hung in ribbons.

After a brief pause, they were off again, into what proved to be the final engagement. The orchid Cambodia seemed to be growing more vicious every second. It struck and snapped with increasing frequency and finally sent the Red flying around the circumference of the tank.

The chase ended in a corner, where the Red came to bay and tried, too late, to launch a hot counter attack. The Pale Orchid was a hurricane of fury and snapped under the Red's guard to reach his extended gill plate. It got beneath and tore away a mouthful of sensitive undertissue, leaving the whole gill structure ragged and bleeding. It was all over.

As I unclenched my fists the hood came up with a jerk. George skillfully netted the victor and transferred it to a medicinal bath in one of the tanks on the shelf.

Chairs scraped and feet scratched on the bare flooring. I became aware of the fact that I was clearing my throat. As the unmistakable feeling of relaxed tension pervaded the room George began paying off the bets, collecting his usual ten per cent for the house. His son was already preparing for the next fight.

Oh, the loser! George dropped him into a tank containing a six inch Belonesox belizanus, the live bearing pike, most vicious of aquarium fish. They can't be used in fights because they never last for more than a second. Snap and the victim is gone. A lively female will swallow a four inch male just like that—if she's really hungry.

Perhaps you are still skeptical about all this. If you think the fish fights are not popular, jot this down. My next reservation for standing room is for two weeks hence. If I get too anxious I can bid in on one tank side seat or one of two standing room admissions that are held open for the highest bidder each week. Tank side seats went at thirteen fifty this week. A bid of five dollars a friend made on one of the standing room admissions did not get it. ⧺

Cleverest of Gifts for Gay Parties

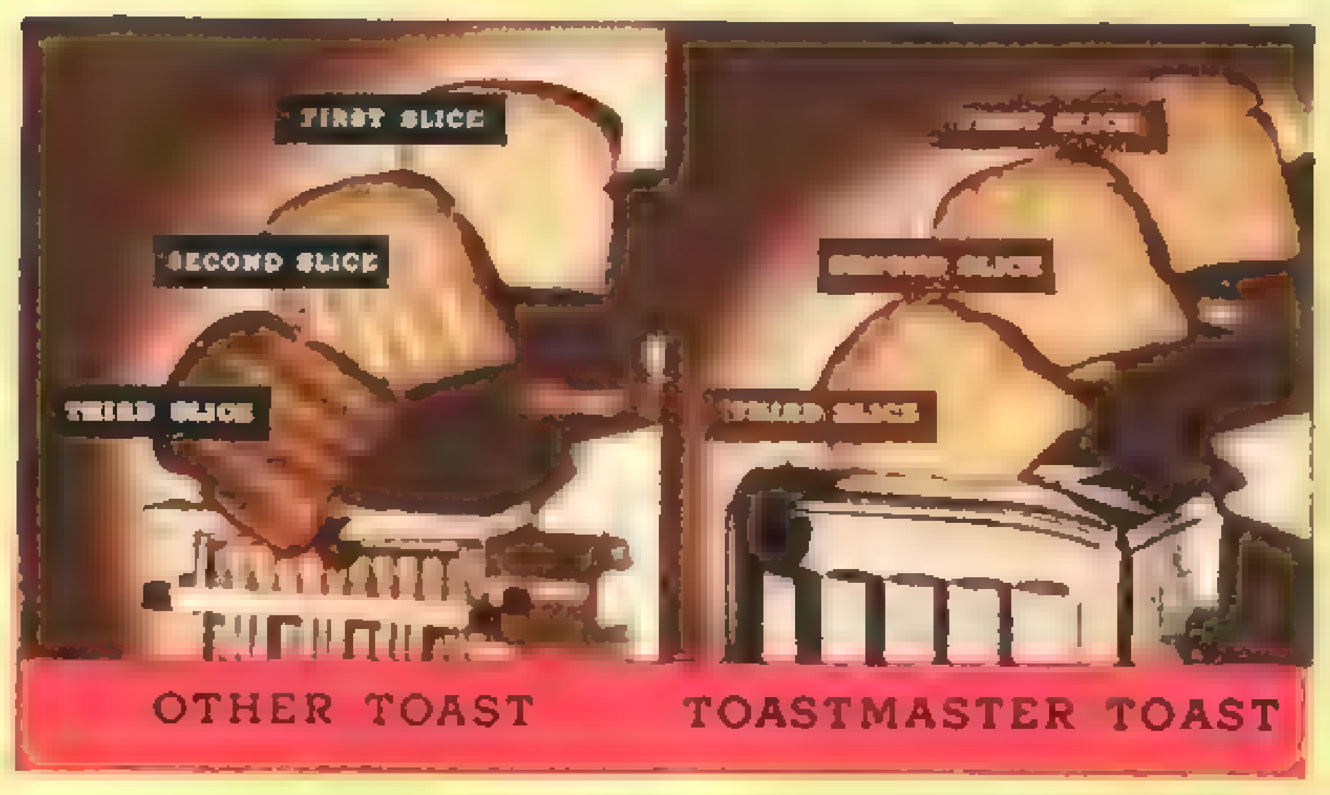
The Toastmaster with its Hospitality Tray . . . it is entirely new. And will it give the guests a rollicking evening, with everybody his own chef and butler! Appetizer dishes filled with tempting snacks . . . Toastmaster popping up slice after slice of beautiful brown toast to be trimmed and spread . . . individual plates waiting to hold your toast tidbits. You can't be a stuffed shirt at a party like that.

**SMART NEW ACCESSORIES**

There are more appointments, smart and modern. Everything you need for informal entertaining, all in one matched pattern . . . and every piece usable in other ways. Tray is larger, handsomer, in choice of walnut, mahogany or antique white. Four individual snack plates, new in shape, recessed for cup or glass . . . in sparkling Fostoria crystal, "The Glass of Fashion." Matching them are two double-compartment appetizer dishes . . . also Fostoria. Of course, there is a wooden cutting block and a knife for trimming toast—most conveniently located, with the block fitting the front of the Toastmaster to hold both firmly in place. And, to make the service perfect, there's a folding stand to match, for only a little more. With the tray, minus accessories, it makes a stunning coffee table.

**THE FLEXIBLE TOAST-TIMER**

Times each slice individually and automatically—longer when the Toastmaster is cool—shorter when it's hot. The degree of heat itself regulates the toasting time. One slice or a hundred—they're all alike—each the same shade of brown. "Only the Toastmaster makes perfect toast every time for everybody."



**TOASTMASTER MAKES the PARTY**

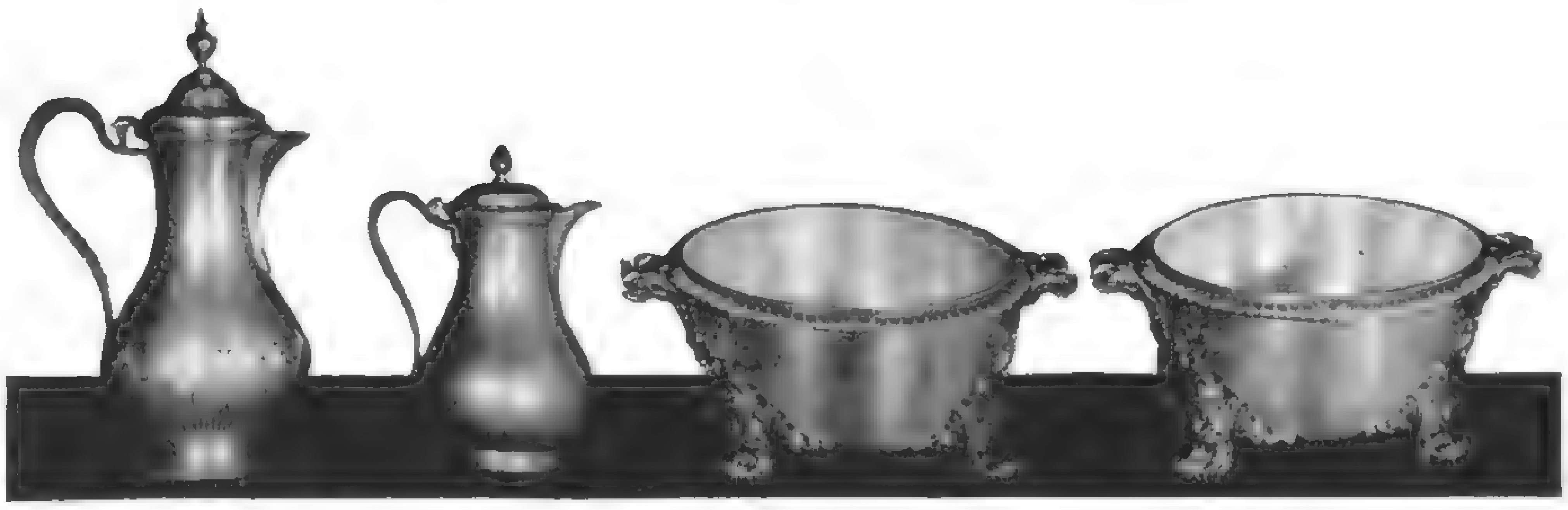
Only Toastmaster can put on a "help-yourself" party with brilliant success, because it's the only toaster with a patented Flexible Toast-Timer to time the toast without watching and to leave the hostess carefree. At the breakfast table, as at Toastmaster parties, it pops up every slice uniform in color. See the Christmas displays of Toastmaster with new Hospitality Tray wherever quality appliances are sold. McGraw Electric Company, Waters-Genter Division, Dept. 1218, Minneapolis, Minn.

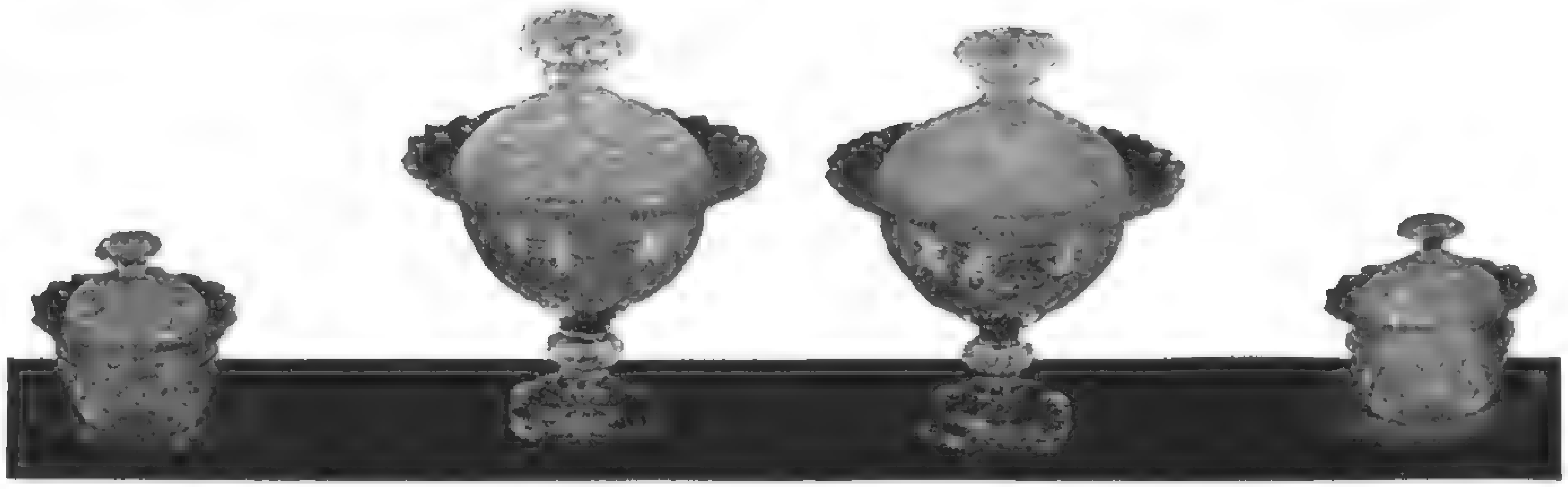
Toastmaster
WITH
Hospitality
TRAY

R. S. V. P. Send for new booklet "Help-Yourself Parties," telling what to serve at Toastmaster Hospitality parties.

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS WITH THE CHARM OF THE AGES

*THE celebrated objets d'art and antiques of Symons Galleries offer the ultimate in gifts of true distinction at Christmas time. The objects illustrated below are part of a comprehensive collection of furniture, decorative figures, silver, glassware, etc. of the 17th and 18th centuries on display at Symons Galleries throughout November and December. A gift from Symons is a superb expression of good taste on your part and a subtle and charming compliment to its recipient. You are cordially invited to visit the Symons Galleries.*





CUT VELVET CUSHION

*The 17th Century pillow illustrated is $25 (Others range from $20 to $200 each)*

REGENCY BENCH AND WINDOW SEAT

*This 18th Century bench covered in red damask is $175 Other fine benches from $200 to $500*

ANTIQUE SILVER PIECES

*The two bowls and liners are $450 the pair. The hot water jug at the extreme left is $275 The hot water jug shown next to the above is $200*

IRISH WATERFORD GLASS

*The large compots and covers are $120 the pair. The sugar bowls and covers are $70 the pair.*

ORIENTAL VASE LAMP

*The porcelain vase mounted as lamp as illustrated, $60 Other lamps $35 to $3000*

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*This fretted mahogany Chippendale table is $200 Other antique tables from $100 to $3000*

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## The Fall of the Sparrow

Continued from page 69

passengers late in arriving at their destination," he said. "But I don't suppose No. 3957 thought anything about *that.*"

"No, he wouldn't," said the Proper Authority. "Class A are not that sort; they are too much eaten up with faith in themselves."

"With faith in *prayer*, Holiness," suggested the Clerk of the Court correcting. "Hm! Sometimes it's very much the same. There's a sort of prayer which is only self hypnotism; but it's very effective; it does strange things."

"In this case," said the Clerk, "it is not only himself he has to hypnotize, but the signals on the train, or whatever the thing is that is going to stop it."

"Which means that if *we* stop it, he hypnotizes *Us.*"

"It almost comes to that," admitted the Clerk. "But it is for your Holiness to decide."

"Well if we do stop it, what is the best way? If we stop it by holding up the signals, will that do any other harm beyond making the train late?"

"It might procure dismissal for the signalman," said the Clerk reluctantly, "since the train is not supposed to stop: if we do anything to the signals, it is sure to be blamed upon the signalman."

"Well, we mustn't do that, then. What about sending a cow onto the line? I've heard that such things do happen."

"Would that be fair to the cow?" queried the Clerk respectfully.

"No, of course it wouldn't: but in dealing with human affairs one often has to be unfair to cows. Indeed, answering this kind of prayer, one has to be unfair to *somebody.* Stopping the train at all will, as you say, make it late for all the rest of the passengers. But perhaps none of them have made punctual arrival a matter of prayer. If anyone here put up a Class A prayer to that effect, we are in a difficulty."

'I think not," said the Clerk of the Court. "I have not heard of any such message coming through."

"Well, that clears the ground at any rate. We no longer live in an age of faith, if we did, I should have more trouble with it, answering prayers that have *got* to be answered. It's a pity we made that rule, you know, a pity, I say a pity! These prayers made in perfect faith are sometimes a holy nuisance; they really are. I've a good mind to give the fellow a lesson."

"By not answering him, Holiness?"

"No, just the other way."

"Well, Holiness, if you could kill two birds with one stone—I mean give him a good lesson, while not breaking the rule—it would perhaps be the best thing to do."

"Very well, leave it to me, then. Send down word that his prayer is going to be answered. The train shall stop."

. . . And as we already know the train did stop. #

## The Tsar Up to Date

Continued from page 76

the adjective "beloved," in particular, is arresting.

But in time the newcomer would realize that to the great millionfold masses of Russia, even to the rank and file of the ruling Communist Party, Stalin is not a flesh-and-blood personality at all. He is a dim figure, an amorphous power of terrible and ruthless benevolence, somewhere far away, at the core of life; an abstraction almost, which not all the adjectives in the dictionary and not all the lithographs can bring to life.

Though they call him Comrade, this Stalin is as distant and unimaginably mysterious to the simple Russian as was the Tsar. The Tsars too were called "little father" in the intimate affectionate manner in which lowly people talk to God. The "greetings" and "reports" constantly being sent to Stalin by naïvely trustful peasants and workers in far-off corners of the realm have this peculiar folk quality of intimacy which somehow makes its object, in this case Stalin, unreal. In Persia I read petitions addressed to the Shah in which this same pathetic note, the legend of children addressing an omnipotent but kindly father, prevailed.

Twice or three times a year the populace of Moscow gets a flitting glimpse of Stalin, as it marches past Lenin's tomb. The marchers see him on the ledge of the granite mausoleum, flanked by Kaganovich, Molotov, Voroshilov and Kalinin, with a dozen or so lesser leaders—Ordjonikidze, Mikoyan, Grinko, Kuibishev, etc.—hovering behind them.

That is the nearest ordinary mortals come to Stalin. Not once has the population heard his voice over the radio. Not once since he came to power has he addressed a popular mass meeting—his rare speeches are proffered only at the most important Party congresses or at gatherings of select specialists on some subject. Always these speeches are delivered behind closed doors, and released to the public long afterwards in carefully edited form.

Occasionally Stalin receives a small delegation of workers or collectivized farmers. They are awed, and charmed. They walk out in bewilderment, a good deal surprised that the man is human after all. But Stalin is not the man to appear at popular gatherings, in factories or army barracks, as Lenin or Trotsky or Zinoviev did. There is nothing fiery or flashy, nothing magical and inspiring,

Continued on page 156

SINCE WE MUST DRESS

We might as well dress perfectly . . . And it is with perfection in mind that we make Fownes Gloves for you. Mochas from Arabian sheepskins and soft as velvet. Pigskins that wash and wear like grandmother's table linen. Capeskins, Suedes, Strings, all made as men like them; cut roomy so that they slide on easily and feel at home. But Fownes don't fold over your hands, *they fit.* They're more supple, soft, sturdy because Fownes, being the world's largest glove manufacturer, gets the pick of the world's skins. They're manufactured in America by super-craftsmen. We use the word "super" on purpose. It may sound conceited, but those super-craftsmen are the reason why Fownes are always finer, smarter gloves.

SUGGESTIONS FOR XMAS GIFTS
(WOMEN LIKE FOWNES, TOO!)

2378—A rich, hand-sewn single button capeskin, correct for all informal wear, and definitely indicated this season when tans and browns are predominating so.

2135—An unusually rich, soft, hand-sewn slate mocha. Those men who do not buy for themselves, usually wish some kind friend would select this style as a gift.

2376—Richly tailored, and hand-sewn with the English stitch, this superb pigskin glove just belongs in every smart man's wardrobe. Your friends would surely like to receive a pair this Christmas.

FOWNES

## The Tsar Up to Date

*Continued from pages 76-155*

about his character. Unhurried, shrewd, manipulating, he possesses none of the pyrotechnic eloquence of speech or person to win masses.

And so the newcomer begins to understand that the fawning exaltation of Stalin is official and in part synthetic. It is—though the idea may sound paradoxical—almost impersonal. Not the real, living, human Stalin, but the figure carefully molded and modelled by Party politicians and publicists is the recipient of the adulation.

The worship of Stalin is exaggerated but not exuberant. It is vast but neither deep nor soaring. The newspapers and orators and poets who sing paeans of praise to Stalin are official newspapers, official orators and official poets.

Nor is this because there is nothing lovable or inspiring in Stalin's character. It is simply that his character is not the sort which makes itself manifest in the limelight. It can be sensed only in personal contacts. I have talked at length to Communists who know him intimately and they conveyed to me a feeling of their personal affection for the man that is beyond political opportunism.

A number of Soviet writers who have met him repeatedly on social occasions, in an informal spirit, spoke to me enthusiastically of Stalin's great charm, his human warmth and friendliness—in short, of those very attributes which the Russian people neither suspect nor believe him to possess.

My own single personal contact with Stalin (and once is a lot when it comes to a foreign reporter meeting the *vozhd*) corroborates these impressions of him in close-up. I carried away a deep sense of his real simplicity and kindliness and earnestness. There was nothing about him to suggest the demagogue or the poseur—no "airs," no flamboyant gestures, no words merely for effect.

The exaggerated idol of the official version, those who meet him find, is all too human under the awesome paint and feathers and factory-made halos in which he has been decked. I was aware, during the two hours I spent in his office, that to the people around him—G. P. U. guards, secretaries, interpreters—he was not an omnipotent potentate but a friendly and likeable "boss."

I should not be surprised to learn that the synthetic flattery with which he is inundated is not to his taste. Perhaps he feels frustrated by this artificial exaggeration, knowing that if he could meet his subjects face to face, one at a time, they would like him of their own volition instead of pretending to like him by ukase.

Possibly this glorification is not his own doing. His fault, if any, is that he allows the seas of adulation to roll up and lick the hem of his military greatcoat when with a single word of command he could freeze the waves. And even in that, it may well be, he is only demonstrating his devotion to his chosen cause. He may be convinced that to the Russian masses, conditioned by centuries of autocracy at one end and slavery at the other, power must be symbolized and personified in an individual. Stalin and The Cause are one and inseparable, he may feel, and he is but its servant.

* * *

To Western, democratic ears, as I have said, the extravagant eulogy sounds fantastic. To Russian ears it sounds natural enough. The brief flirtation with freedom, and then with equalitarian ideas, from the downfall of the Romanoff dynasty to the rise of Stalin, is no more than a drop in the ocean of Russian history.

Prostration comes with infinite ease to a peasantry which was accustomed to prostrating itself for centuries before every policeman and priest and overseer and tax-collector.

It does not come too hard to a young proletariat, with its roots still in the peasant countryside.

The Tsars, like Stalin and his colleagues, were always luminous but unapproachable figures, to be placated with flattery and wooed with hyperbole. The wording of petitions to Nicholas, Autocrat of All the Russians, was deeply Asiatic, every bit as magniloquent in its humility and glorification of the ruler as the petitions and editorials now placed at Stalin's feet.

The effect on the more enlightened minority in Russia, including thousands of faithful Communists, is another matter. The swing back into the letter and spirit of the old autocracy goes against their grain. I know Communists who have lived in the West or in some other way acquired a vague but disturbing inkling of democratic ideas. They are both distressed and embarrassed by the excess of zeal in praising Stalin. It seems to them a curious and inexplicable climax to a revolution based on collectivist slogans.

Without minimizing his achievements, such men regard the worship of Stalin—and for that matter the worship of Lenin's corpse—as an unfortunate and possibly unavoidable development. They accept it because they have to, and because they are ready to forget smaller dissatisfactions in the interest of major objectives. ⧺

Gilbert Bundy

"It feels just like a hundred dollar suit, Jimmy!"

*Note:* Women are great judges of value--but even in their coolest moments they'd be fooled about a Middishade. It looks and feels a lot more than the $35 it costs. Blues--grays--browns--all lined with pure Celanese. See your Middishade dealer or write The Middishade Company, Middishade Square, Philadelphia.

## That Blowzy Goddess Fame

*Continued from page 66*

walls are quite something. The gas comes through from next door every time. . . . There were three suicides in the twenty years and Ben pasted strips of old canvases over the cracks and when he did so he remarked very cheerfully to a friend who happened in: "Gee, a fellow is never safe, for when they kill themselves next door they want to kill you too." And with that he slapped the paste on good and heavy and sealed up another crack.

Now about that dried fish that he kept in a sketch box, that is also true and ten years from today that sketch box will still give off a lingering odor of smoked fish rather than turpentine. The fish and the turpentine and the old hole were all part of him and this you can multiply by twenty years. Twenty years of a meagre existence. Twenty years of living with the expectation of a sudden glory to come. Twenty years with stretcher-frames, carpet-tacks, turning old canvases over, scraping off the palate. Twenty years of that demon temptation that attacks every poor painter. The demon that whispers in the artist's ear: "Go easy on that Cadmium Yellow, it's two dollars a tube. There's a substitute for thirty-five cents a tube, but then it might turn black. It's not permanent. Don't you dare! How about posterity!"

Ah, yes. Posterity, the great future after life. Yes, that is the glowing coal in the heart of the poor artist. And he tries to cover it up and act indifferent to it. He is modest. He waves his hand in a let-the-future-take-care-of-itself manner, but secretly he sees his name engraved on the great tablets of all-time and he may starve and not feel the hunger and outside he may be cold but inside he is warm.

And you probably noticed when Ben Ross referred to the Museum he called it a mausoleum. But that was not quite what he really thought. There was also a note of bitterness when he spoke of Charlie Lister and the fact that he had to copy "that piece of cheese" that now hangs in the Metropolitan.

And so twenty years have gone and some of the boys—he named them—have come forward in a big way and are recognized and hang in the Metropolitan. And there is no doubt about it, when you hang in the Metropolitan then you have arrived. And no jokes about the "mausoleum" or the "cheesy stuff" can brush aside this popular recognition.

And so Ben Ross, who did not believe in luck, went on year after year with a conviction that both he and his paintings were great and recognition was just around the corner. But in the meantime it was ten dollars a month for the studio, and dried fish, and two-fifty once a year for the express company and some copying work in the museum for an interior decorator. Well, try it yourself for twenty years and you will forgive Ben Ross his crime. Twenty years of industry should count for something. And not all crimes are guilty ones.

Soon after he spoke to me and told me about the wreck of the freight car going to the Pennsylvania Academy and his bad luck at not having sent anything that year, he conceived a plan to bring himself proudly to the front rank. He got out an old canvas, dusted it off and gave it a coat of retouching varnish. It was a little picture of a dish and some apples done in the modern wooly Cezanne manner; a small study about twelve-by-sixteen inches, not any larger than his sketch box.

Well, the varnish was soon dry and he nailed it back into its frame and wrapped it up in a paint rag and strapped it to his paint box. In this manner his picture entitled *Sad Apples* arrived at the Metropolitan Museum and into the copying room. Then he got his easel and climbed the steps to the Modern American section and went to work copying "that cheesy" picture of Charlie Lister's. And all the time he was copying, he was looking around the room at the pictures of the boys he knew in the old days and also at the spaces between the pictures.

At last, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the great moment had come. He watched for his chance and at a time when the guard was in the other room, quick as a flash, he unwrapped *Sad Apples* and, with a little hook that penetrated the cloth of the wall, he hung up his picture in the space between two large paintings of his contemporaries. Then he closed down his work for the day and put his stuff back into the copying room and left the Museum with a step livelier than his old shoes had known for years.

He obtained an advance of five dollars from the interior decorator and with this he bought wine and sandwiches for a party.

"Well a fellow has got to have a party once in a while," he said.

"Did you sell a picture?" he was asked.

He smiled broadly. His face glowed. "Sell a picture" he said with contempt. "Any nut with money can buy a picture, but . . . Come along about eight o'clock and you will hear the good news."

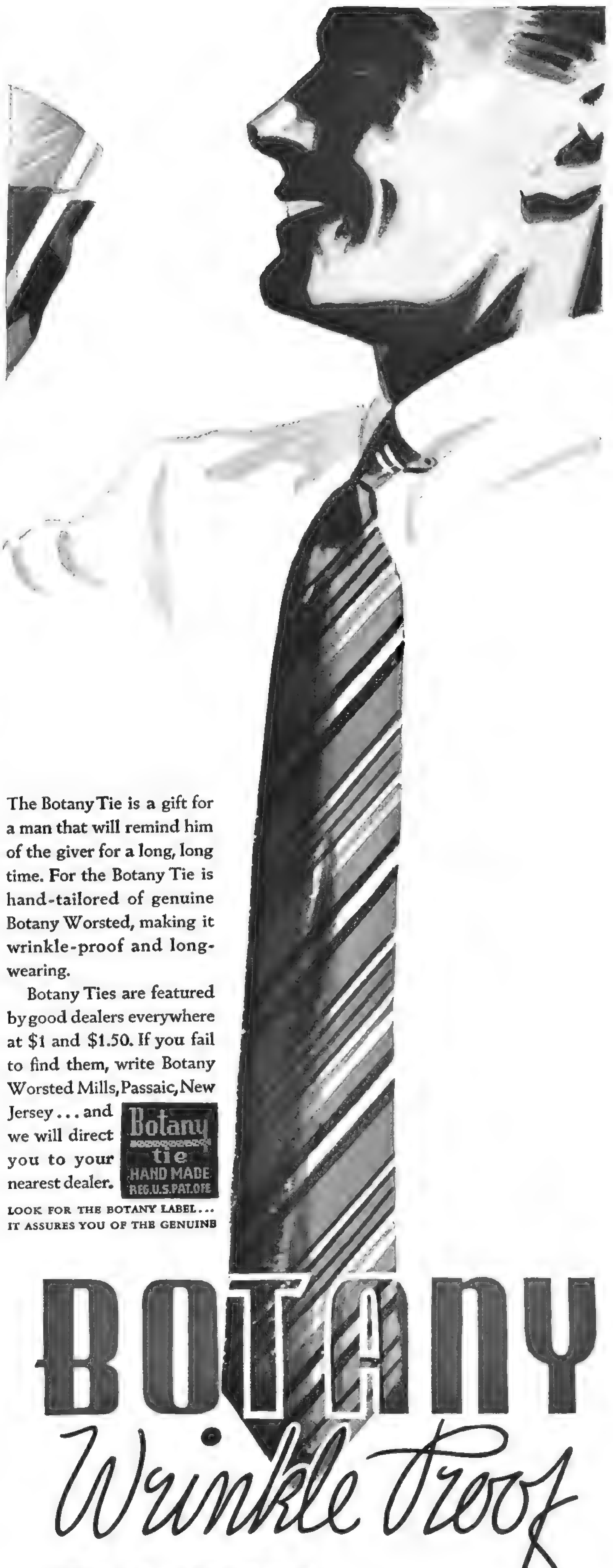
And the good news rang out from one end of 14th Street to the other.

Ben Ross hangs in the Metropolitan! Our own Ben Ross hangs with the masters in the Metropolitan!

"Which one did they get, Ben?"

He smiled: "A funny thing. You know the little study of apples. The one the Pennsylvania jury rejected, well it wasn't good enough for Pittsburgh but it's good enough . . . Well, I don't believe in luck."

*Continued at top of page 158*



The Botany Tie is a gift for a man that will remind him of the giver for a long, long time. For the Botany Tie is hand-tailored of genuine Botany Worsted, making it wrinkle-proof and long-wearing.

Botany Ties are featured by good dealers everywhere at $1 and $1.50. If you fail to find them, write Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, New Jersey . . . and we will direct you to your nearest dealer.

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Preferences differ as to
TASTE... all agree as
to MODERATION
D&B
BLACK LABEL
WHISKEY
A BLEND

If you would get true enjoyment from the liquor you drink . . . be moderate . . . be moderate and insist on quality.

For more than a quarter of a century . . . I have studied the distillation of legal liquors as to their taste . . . their bouquet . . . their quality. Thus, as a distiller, I take great pride in the perfection of the production of the James Clark Distilling Corporation. With us this is a traditional art where quality precedes everything else and substitutes can find no place.

For example, the liquors mentioned here, taken from our complete collection, are all products of this rich and mature distilling experience.

**OVERLAND** Straight Whiskey is an exceptional, genuine Kentucky Bourbon. 95 Proof.

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**D & B BLACK LABEL** is a Blend of Whiskies combining 3% 17-year-old whiskey, 17% 4-year-old whiskey, 40% 1-year-old whiskey, scientifically balanced and blended with 40% of fine neutral spirits made from specially selected grain. 90 Proof.

**JOHN L.** Straight Bourbon Whiskey is our volume favorite because of its popular wholesome appeal. 90 Proof.

I am sure that you, too, will most heartily approve these products, which are endorsed and procurable wherever legal liquors are available.

Samuel Ungerleider, *President*
James Clark Distilling Corporation
Executive Offices — 26 Exchange Place
Jersey City, New Jersey

## That Blowzy Goddess Fame

*Continued from pages 66-157*

"Well, Ben, you were due for a break. Congratulations old man."

"Sure," he said proudly. And in that moment he forgot all about those long bitter twenty years that went before. It all did not matter, for now . . . Now there was a seal of approval on all Ben Ross canvases. And on himself also there was the stamp of glory, the hall mark of posterity. And his life was justified and the dried fish O.K., and the use of Cadmium Yellow at two dollars a tube instead of Chrome, that also was justified.

"And where does it hang?"

"Well, you know as you come up stairs and then you turn to the right and you walk in and you see the big Winslow Homer and then on the other wall are the . . ." here he named the pictures on the wall. "Well, right there you will find my little study. Size don't make any difference. You don't measure art with a yard stick."

It was a good party and everyone promised to go up to the Metropolitan and see how Ben's picture looked on the wall.

At night before he closed his eyes he smiled contentedly. He reasoned with himself: "Where is the crime? Sure it's a crime to steal a picture like the *Mona Lisa* once was stolen. A rich man like Morgan gives a picture to the Metropolitan and it's no crime. Well, and so I give them a Ben Ross and it's no crime. And isn't my picture as good as some fake old master that is presented by a rich man? Sure it is. And does it hurt the museum any? No, not a bit of it. It's no crime to be where a fellow belongs to be. In fact it's no crime to be if you have a right to be. And every man has a right to be. Think of some of the cheesy pictures that hang on the walls. Well maybe I'm not a Renoir or a Rubens but . . ."

And so he closed his eyes and fell asleep in the little ten-dollar-a-month studio and he was warm and slept as though he were in the soft comforting lap of that fickle Goddess Fame. And I believe that Fame is a cock-eyed bitch without much reason or judgment and without much regard whom she embraces or whom she casts aside. She's just a giddy blowzy blonde. And now if she wants to lift up Ben Ross and raise him to dizzy heights—well I can't say I care so much for his pictures—but it's all right with me. Twenty years should count for something.

That night Ben slept in the warm lap of Fame but in the morning when he got back to his work copying in the Metropolitan he took a quick glance about the room and alas! the apples were gone. His little picture had been taken down. Removed. Rejected. Not even the little brass hook remained in the wall.

"Well, the hell with it," he said to himself. "I don't believe in luck." ⌗

## Around the Corner

*Continued from page 99*

family. The father is heartbroken. His hopes of marrying his daughter to a poor but honorable son of a learned father are dashed. The whole village knows now what has happened to his daughter. He called her to him and talked to her gently. She answered him insolently. Suddenly Schildkraut was transformed into a fury, and grabbing Esther by her braids he slapped her face again and again.

"So that's how you answer me! I have treated you all my life like an angel. From now on I'll treat you as one of your kind should be treated." And he smacked another resounding slap and threw her on the floor. Frightened by the fury of the man the actress did the most realistic bit of acting of the whole performance. Her cries of pain were genuine. When she tried to run away from Schildkraut she acted like a mouse in a trap. His long hands were at her all the time. She screamed. His slaps resounded like thunder claps.

Suddenly the curtain came down. The applause was tremendous. When the curtain rose Schildkraut took the bows alone. Mrs. Rosenbaum was in a faint on the floor. He pointed at her. When the curtain rose for the second time, Mrs. Rosenbaum had been dragged away in the wings.

I hurried back stage with Mrs. Schildkraut. Ruddy was pacing up and down and talking to the irate Mr. Rosenbaum.

"I am a realistic actor. When I get into a part I become the man I am playing. When I slap a face I slap it. When I throw somebody to the floor I do it genuinely. On the stage, I am not Rudolph Schildkraut, the actor. I am the truck-driver. Do you understand? Who plays with me has to be prepared for everything."

"Mr. Rosenbaum, Mr. Rosenbaum, the doctor is here," Esther's maid called.

Back in the dressing room, while taking off his makeup, Rudolph was still repeating: "I am a realistic actor, I am," but he caught my eye in the mirror and winked at it. And that was the last time Esther Rosenbaum played opposite Schildkraut in *The God of Vengeance.*

### II. "Hello" Charlie

A dozen years ago Charles Chaplin swooped down upon New York in the blaze of the first flash of his fame. The little man with the big feet and the funny mustache, who was in reality a charming gentleman who wore his clothes well and talked intelligently, was instantly swamped with invitations to the homes of the great and the socially elect. Two secretaries were kept

*Continued on page 160*

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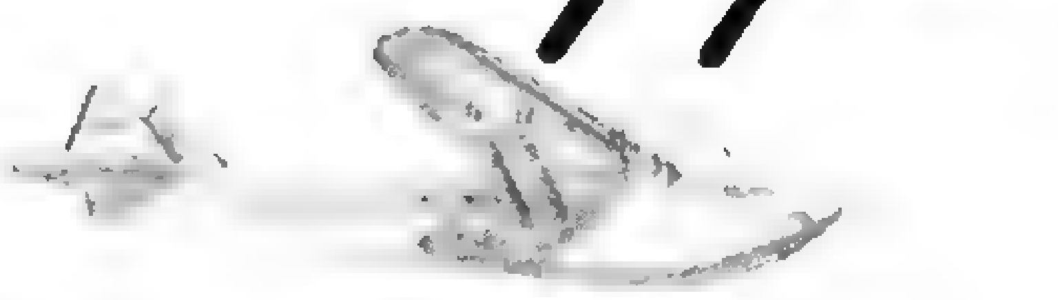

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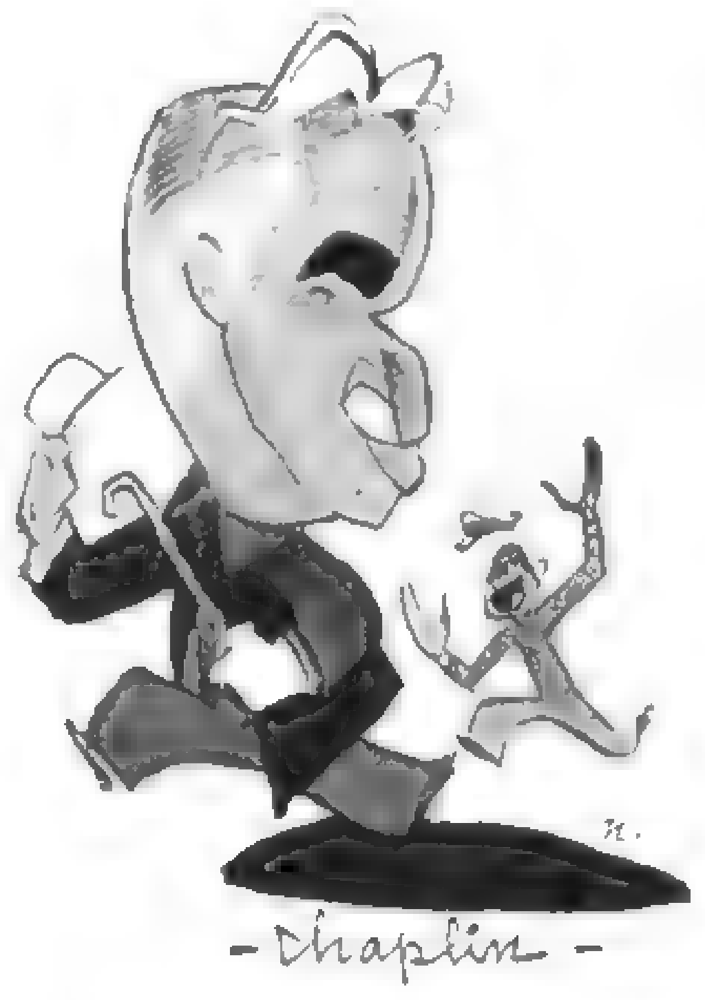
## Around the Corner

Continued from pages 99-158

busy accepting and refusing invitations. The reporters were at Charlie's door, in his rooms, in his hair; and followed him day and night. Publicity seekers hovered about him and hogged themselves in whenever a newspaper camera was set up. Day after day, for two weeks, the comedian's hours in the city were described and reported in the papers as minutely as had been those of the Prince of Wales when His Highness had paid a visit to our country.

Charlie liked it, at first. He ate it up. Then the horror of living in a glass case descended upon him one morning. The flash of a camera frightened him out of his wits. The sight of a reporter jagged his nerves. He felt like a tracked beast when mobs dogged his footsteps.



I found him in a pitiful state when I came up to his room one afternoon. He was in bed. Pale. Feverish. Trembling. Forlorn.

Crowninshield was there, to ask him to his party that evening. Dudley Field Malone pleaded that he should come to his party. Chaplin pleaded that he be left alone for one evening. Crowninshield and Malone assured him, each separately, that he wouldn't have to stay long; just a minute or so, and could then go back to his hotel. Charlie promised. When they were gone, he said to me:

"I want to go somewhere where we can be alone and where I won't be recognized."

"I have it," I said. "If we could only get away from here unobserved."

We did. Via the backstairs. Hopped into a taxi and went downtown, to a little restaurant in a cellar on Rivington Street, where the food was good and where a gypsy cymbalon player played marvelous melodies without knowing how well he played them.

Charlie was happy. An hour later a young lady reporter came in and looked at us. Charlie withered under her eyes. . . . Then he jammed his cap on, excused himself, and fled the table.

"Who's your friend?" the lady reporter asked me.

"Oh, an old friend of mine."

"For a moment I thought it was Charlie Chaplin."

"Oh—no!"

I waited and waited. Charlie didn't come back. And then the young lady knew. She was furious. "Why didn't you tell me?" The other guests began talking all at the same time. "He was here with Chaplin and didn't tell us." The gypsy player stood over me with raised fists. I had cheated them. Charlie Chaplin had been there and they hadn't known it! When I walked out, twenty people followed me. The mob grew with every step I took. I jumped into a taxi and drove away.

Late that night there were "extras" on the street telling of Chaplin's disappearance. The morning papers were full of the mysterious disappearance and hoped the great comedian hadn't met with foul play. At noon the papers carried photographs of Charlie in the home of a taxi driver with whose family he had spent the night.

Upon leaving me, Charlie had jumped into the first taxi and asked to be driven through Central Park. After the first tour of the Park the chauffeur had asked: "Where do we go now?"

Charlie told the chauffeur to go wherever he pleased.

"What will you use for money?" the taxi man demanded.

Charlie gave him a five dollar bill on account. By the time the meter had clicked off the last nickel of that bill, the comedian and the driver were on the best of terms. Charlie told him his life story (not the real one, of course!) and the driver had told him of his wife and son up in the Bronx flat.

Daylight found the comedian and the taxi man before a cup of coffee in a little one-arm lunch bar. And now the driver, who had a glass of something, insisted that his new friend come up to his place to sleep an hour or so and meet the missus in the morning.

Charlie agreed and was put to sleep beside his host's twelve-year-old son. Two hours later Benjy, the taxi man's son, crawled out of bed and went to the kitchen where his mother was already preparing his breakfast, to complain about finding a stranger in his bed.

"Where'd pop pick *him* up?"

The missus had a look at the sleeping guest and shook her head. "Your pa musta had a load to bring *that* up here."

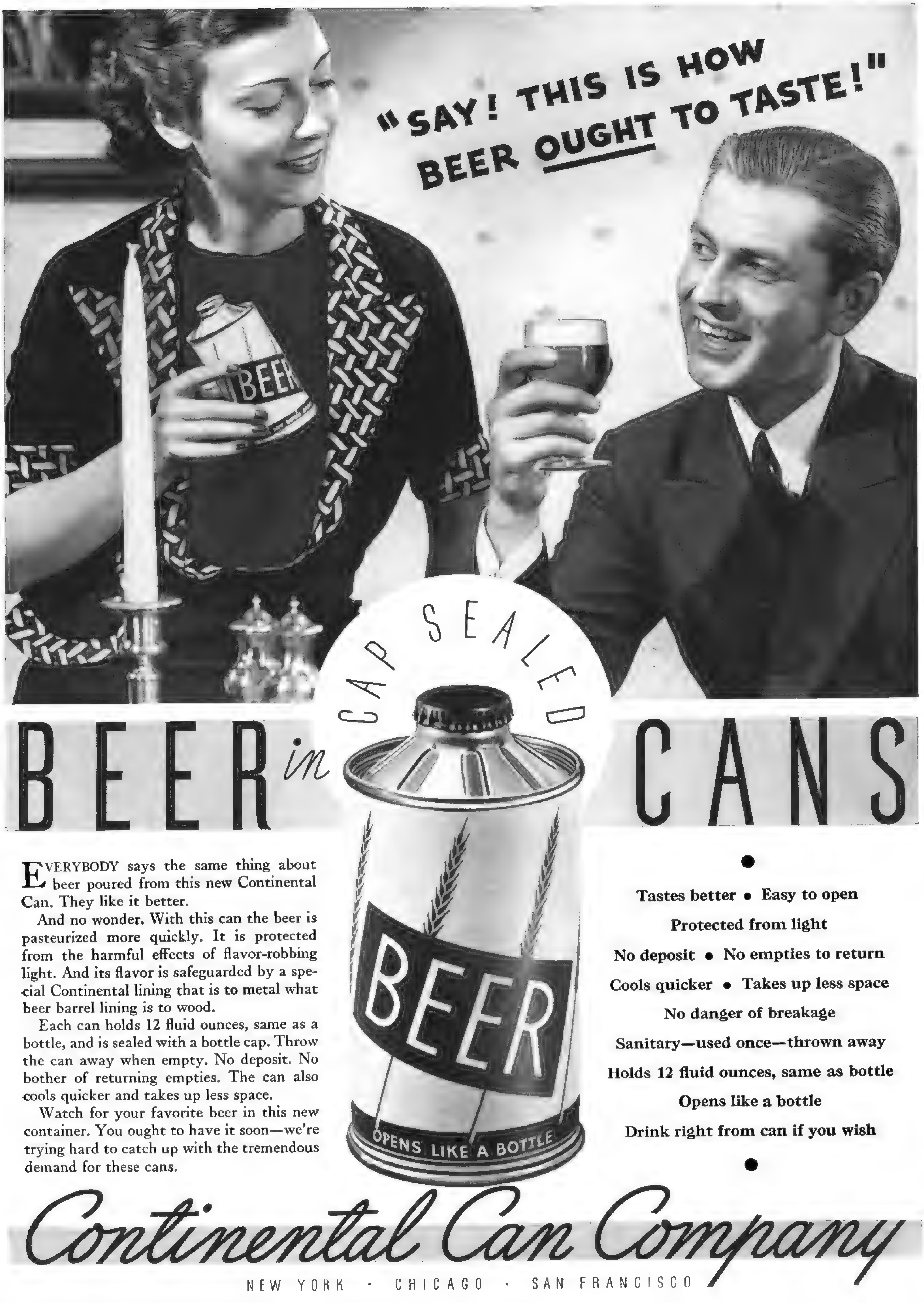
Benjy then picked up the morning paper and read all about Chaplin's disappearance. Upon seeing the photograph of the comedian, he left the breakfast table, ran into the next room, and after a glance at his sleeping partner, he yelled:

"Ma, that's him!"

Without waiting for more confirmation he ran down and out into the street to impart the news to his playmates. Five minutes later a thousand people gathered in front of the tenement house. The police came running. Newspaper men and camera men followed.

Charlie was still sleeping peacefully when a clamoring throng of friends and neighbors and strangers and policemen broke into the apartment.

Continued on page 162



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## Around the Corner

*Continued from pages 99-158-160*

The taxi driver, awakened by the noise, ran into the room where his guest slept, and thinking that he had a criminal with a price on his head, he pounced upon Charlie, to hold him down, and shouted:

"I got him!"

Benjy led the crowd in.

"That's him. I spotted him first."

Charlie opened his eyes and acknowledged his identity. The taxi driver and his family had an hour of triumph, and posed together and separately, with and without their guest, before a battery of cameras. Standing up. Sitting down. Eating. Laughing. Later Chaplin returned to his hotel.

He left for Hollywood that very day.

Benjy became a celebrity in the neighborhood. The children worshipped him. He was asked to tell his story again and again. The neighborhood youth was divided in two; those who were asked up to Benjy's home to see the framed photographs of Charlie Chaplin with the family, and those who were not. The taxi driver and his wife became celebrities and had to behave as such. The taxi was kept cleaner than before. Affairs took a turn for the better. The following year Benjy went to high school. He carried the news clipping with the photographs in his breast pocket and showed it again and again. The boys began to kid him about it.

"Let's see the pictures."

Benjy was willing. In his mind he saw his future assured. He spoke of Chaplin as Charlie. Whenever one of the comedian's pictures was shown, he watched for the little man to pop up.

"There—Charlie."

And to his friends he said, "See, when he comes back he won't stay in no hotel. He'll stay with us. See, we already got an extra bed for him."

And it was the best bed in the house. No one was allowed to sleep in it. The whole neighborhood knew about that bed and friends went up to look at it from time to time. The Zunsers were somebodys. . . .

Six years later Chaplin returned to New York. The taxi driver got into his best clothes, bought his wife a new dress, slicked Benjy up from head to foot, and went to the hotel.

"Who is it you wish to see?" the clerk inquired politely.

"Mr. Chaplin."

"Have you an appointment with him?"

"That's O.K. Just tell him the Zunsers are here."

"Have you an appointment?" the clerk asked again.

"Look here," Benjy said, pulling out the clippings and the photographs. "I'm the kid that slept in one bed with him, see?"

At that moment Chaplin, followed by his secretaries and a dozen newspaper men, passed the desk.

"Hello, Charlie," the taxi driver called out, blocking his path.

"Hello," Charlie grinned and looked vacantly at the man.

"Hello, Mr. Chaplin," Benjy's mother said, taking a step forward.

And then Benjy edged in between his pa and ma.

"Hello, Charlie . . ." And as Charlie didn't respond enthusiastically, he added: "I'm the kid in whose bed you slept. I'm Benjy. Benjy Zunser. Don't you remember?"

"Glad to see you," Chaplin said noncommittally and walked away.

The Zunsers looked at each other, crestfallen. Then they went home in silence. Benjy didn't go to school the following day. He was a big boy. He was eighteen. Why should he go to school, why? He took the wheel of his father's taxicab to drive it in the daytime.

He is a grown man now, Benjy. One rainy day while riding in a taxi the chauffeur said to me:

"It's always good to look at the name of the driver on the pasteboard inside. Does the name Zunser, Benjy Zunser sound familiar? No? Well, well."

Plunging his hand into his breast pocket he handed me over his shoulder a bunch of newspaper clippings pasted on squares of silk.

"Well, maybe that'll help you freshen your memory."

But the older Zunsers have long since taken down from the wall the framed pictures.

### III. The Big Voice

It was Billy Gard who introduced me again to Caruso. Tall, thin, stooping, gray-haired and mustachioed, in clothes of the nineties, the press representative of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, was like a relic of the days when opera was the highest form of entertainment in this country.

Caruso, the great Enrico, was Gard's idol. When a newspaperman had been particularly kind to the House Billy always promised:

"I'll introduce you to Caruso."

He said this with the tone of one conferring the highest gift. Whether you wanted to be introduced or not you didn't dare disillusion Billy.

"That's a go."

Billy usually kept his word and managed to have Caruso in his little office when you arrived.

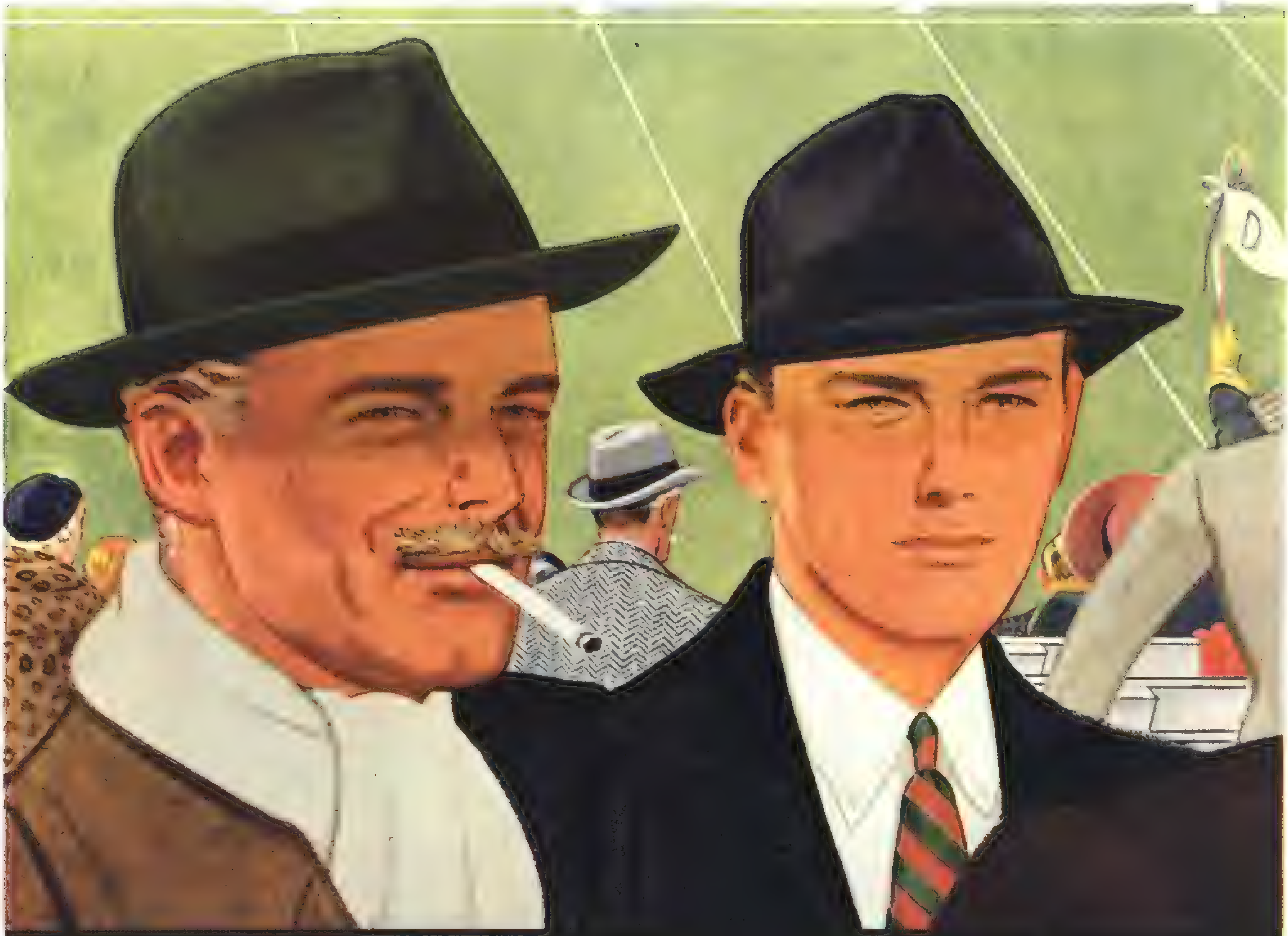
"Signor, this is Mr. So . . . . , a great writer . . . and one of your greatest admirers."

Caruso would then grin a professional grin, say, "Veree, veree nice," raise the fur collar of his coat and disappear by a back door to his dressing room.

Then Billy would beam.

"Great. Ah! What an artist! Write down in your diary, boy. I met Caruso today. We shook hands. Boy! Your grandchildren and the children of your grand-

*Continued on page 165*



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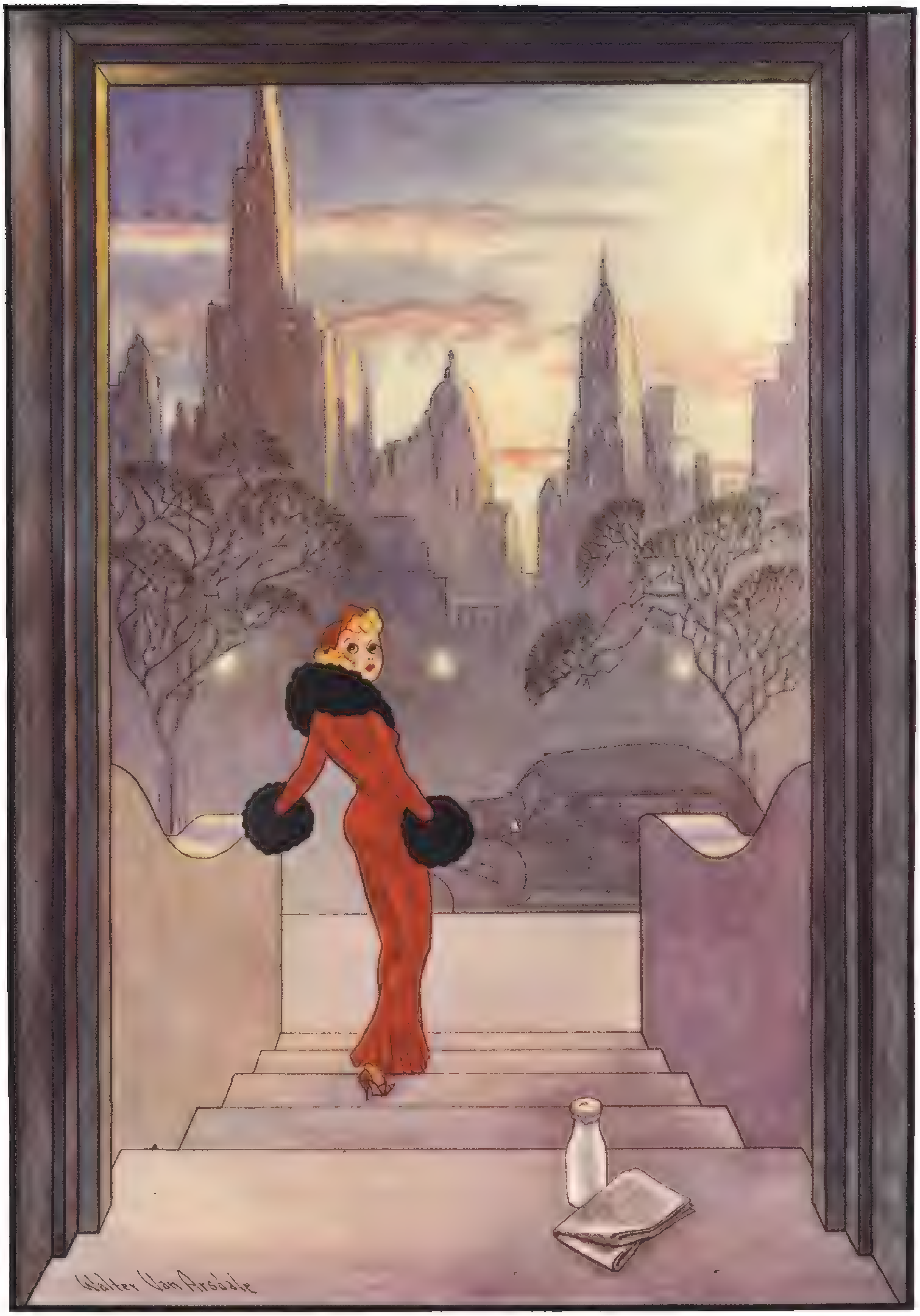

Walter Van Arsdale

*"Oh, Mr. Engelman! . . . you forgot to show me the etchings!"*

## Around the Corner

*Continued from pages 99-158-160-162*

children will be proud of you. You met Caruso. See."

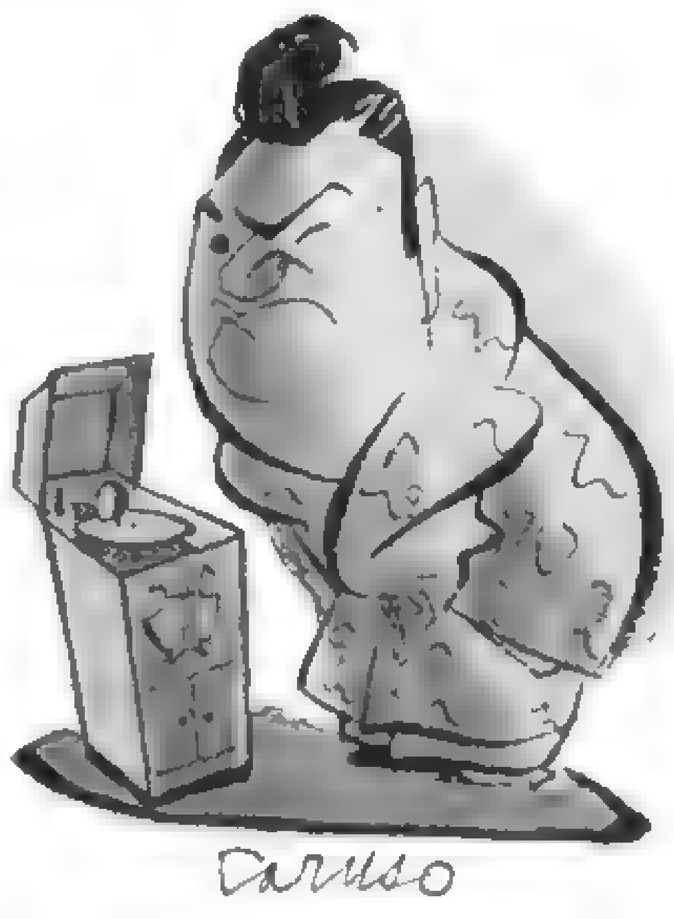
But Billy forgot, he was an old man and his memory wasn't serving him well, and he often promised the same gift again.

"I'll introduce you to Caruso."

I was reintroduced four times in one season, though I had met the great tenor in Paris, years before. These introductions had become a joke between Caruso and myself.

Caruso, the idol of opera-goers was a Falstaffian figure. He loved to eat, drink, laugh and loved to sing.

To him singing was not an art, it was a physical necessity. Just as he would frequently say, "Now I must eat," he would also say, "Now I must sing!" He was as hungry for song as he was for food. When he wanted to sing he sang . . . unrestrainedly, like a child, like a savage. It didn't matter where he happened to be at the moment.



One of Caruso's major expenses in connection with his work was the maintenance of a professional claque of twenty men whom he paid for applauding him whenever he appeared on the stage and at the end of every aria he sang.

The leader of that claque, Herman, travelled with him everywhere; from Italy to France, from France to the United States and to Cuba and Brazil and Australia.

I found Herman on the carpet once, in Caruso's room.

"You entered too late," Caruso reproached him. "You waited until I had finished the high note before you gave the signal. I waited for you. You are as bad as B..........." and he mentioned the name of a celebrated conductor.

And then Caruso sang for Herman.

"How is my voice? Do you think you ought to let me finish the high C before you come in?"

"Better not."

"Use your own judgment, Herman, but be careful and don't make me repeat the last aria. I have a party on after the opera."

I went to see Caruso at his hotel the morning of one of his concerts in Montreal. Stepping out of the elevator I heard his magnificent voice. It filled the hall with waves of rich golden sound. He was singing a Neapolitan song. And though it was a cold and wintry Canadian day I thought myself in sunny Napoli again . . . lazying on the shore and listening to the songs of the boatmen lying asprawl on their rocking broad-bottomed fishing smacks.

I stood outside the door until the song was finished and then rang the bell.

Herman let me in.

"Grand. Beautiful. Magnificent," I cried out going towards Caruso with outstretched arms. He was dressed in a silken houserobe wide open at the neck.

"Grand. Beautiful. Magnificent," he repeated in a sorrowful voice. He was very depressed. Herman and the accompanist seemed to be in the same mood.

The more I praised the singing I had just heard the more depressed they all became.

"Tell me," I asked Caruso, "have I come at the wrong time? I will not be offended in the least."

Caruso grabbed my arms.

"No. No. I am happy you have come. And please listen carefully. Herman, put on the record of *Peccavi.*"

I hadn't noticed the phonograph until then. "That's what you have heard," Caruso explained. "The Caruso of five years ago."

It was a beautiful record. One that had treasured his voice most magnificently and was now pouring it out to our ears.

When the last note had been heard, the great tenor turned to me.

"Now listen again," and beckoning to his accompanist he sang the song we had just heard.

I didn't tell him, but he was too much of an artist not to know, that Caruso was imitating the Caruso of five years before . . . badly. The golden voice was still there, more magnificent than the voice of any living tenor, but not as rich as the voice of Caruso.

He had one look at me and laughed a bitter laugh. "Ha ha ha . . . there, on this plate is the original, and I, in the flesh am the imitation."

I was on the point of telling him to smash the record when I remembered how superstitious he was and kept quiet.

Suddenly he turned on Herman and asked:

"Herman, how old am I?"

"Forty . . . not yet forty," Herman lied.

"Now leave me alone, all of you. I want to work alone." And taking me to the door he said, "With a little more work I will sing as well as I sang five, ten years ago. I know more about singing now that I ever knew, *Dio mio.*"

That night, at the concert, he burst a blood vessel in his throat trying to imitate the Caruso of five years before.

I saw him backstage. The fire had gone out of his eyes. They looked at me as if to say: "It can't be done."

A few days later, when he was feeling better, he said stubbornly: "There won't be two Carusos. One is enough." ⧺

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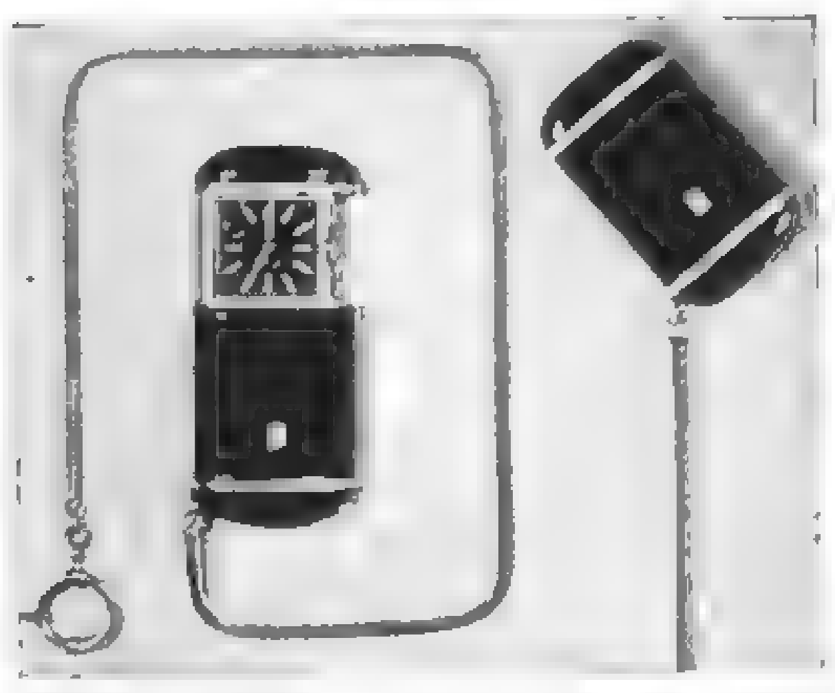

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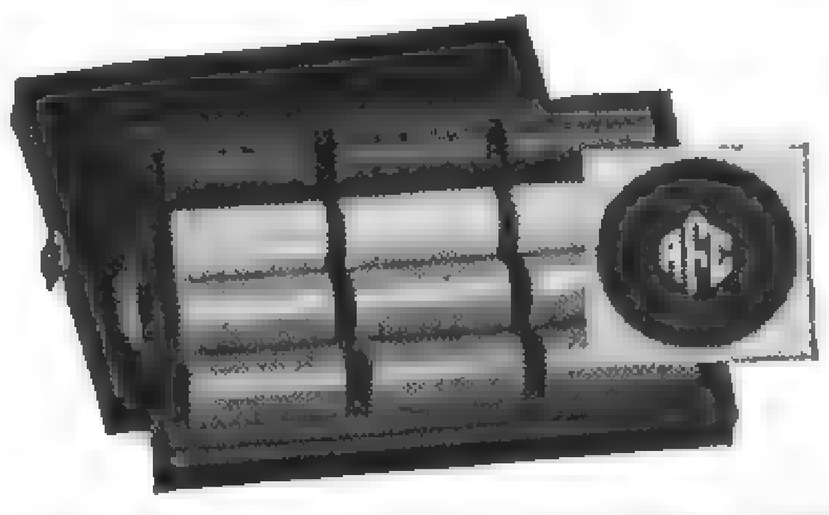

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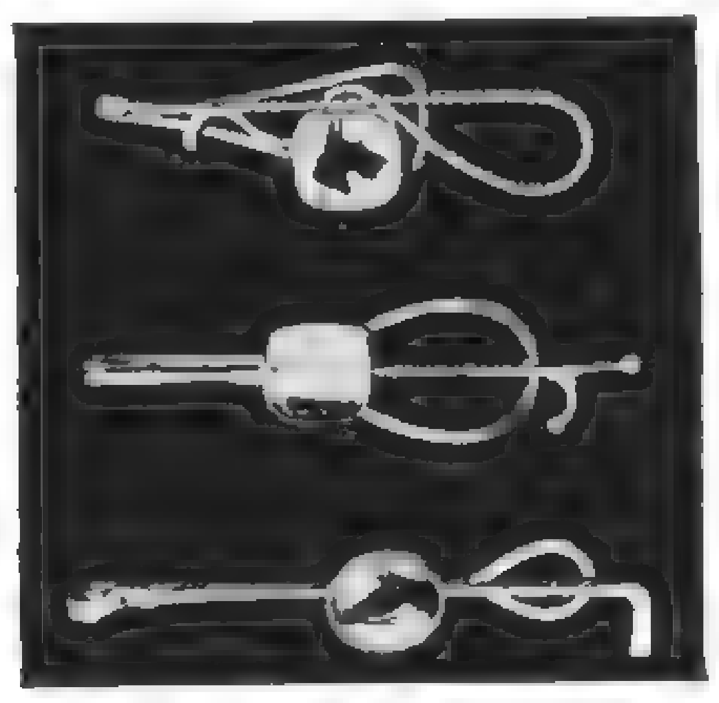

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## A Numerical Adventure

*Continued from page 83*

ber 9 would belong to number 11 if our scale had been the duodecimal instead of the decimal system. In fact, these properties are possessed by any number which is the last number in any available series of numbers, that is by 3, 5 and 7 in the quarternary, senary and octary systems respectively.

II

The properties of this magical number 9 are not purely mental gymnastics; they have a very real practical application to the simple arithmetical processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. It will be readily observed that the answers of problems in these fields can be rapidly checked by the elimination of number 9 or its multiple. Thus in addition

$$\begin{array}{rl} 6843 = 12 = 3 \\ 9728 = \phantom{1}8 = 8 \\ 4387 = 22 = 4 \\ \underline{1465} = \phantom{1}7 = 7 \\ \overline{22423} \quad \overline{22 = 4} \\ = 13 = 4 \end{array}$$

If the digits of the columns of figures are added horizontally, with the obvious 9's being discarded, and their results then added and reduced to one digit, it will equal the summation of the digits of the answer, if the latter is correct.

In subtraction

$$\begin{array}{rl} 87365 \quad = 20 = 2 \\ \underline{49671} = 18 = \underline{9 = 0} \\ 37694 \quad = \overline{11 = 2} \end{array}$$

If the sum of the digits of the subtrahend (the second line) is subtracted from the sum of the digits of the minuend (the first line), and this can always be done as long as the minuend is greater than the subtrahend, the result will equal the summation of the digits of the answer, provided the latter is correct.

In multiplication

$$\begin{array}{r} 416 \\ \underline{27} \\ 2912 \\ \underline{832} \\ 11232 \end{array} \quad \text{and} \quad \begin{array}{r} 643 \\ \underline{132} \\ 1286 \\ 1929 \\ \underline{643} \\ 84876 \end{array}$$

If the digits of the multiplicand (the top line) are added together until they form one digit, and then are multiplied by the summation of the digits of the multiplier (the second line), the resulting digits, after they have been added into one digit, should equal the sum of the digits of the answer, after they too have been reduced to one digit. When these digits are similar, the product of the multiplication is correct. Thus

$$\begin{array}{rl} 416 = 11 = 2 \\ 27 = \quad \underline{9} \\ 18 = 9 \end{array}$$

The answer 11232 equals 9 also.

Again

$$\begin{array}{rl} 643 = 13 = 4 \\ 132 = \quad \underline{6} \\ 24 = 6 \end{array}$$

The answer 84876 equals 33 = 6 also.

And finally in division

$$\begin{array}{r|r|l} 183 & 6994 & 38 \\ & 549 & \\ & \overline{1504} & \\ & 1464 & \\ & \overline{40} & \end{array}$$

If the digits in the divisor are added, 183 = 12 = 3, and this result is multiplied by the summation of the digits of the quotient, 38 = 11 = 2

$$3 \times 2 = 6$$

and if the sum of the digits of the remainder, 40 = 4, is added to this result

$$6 + 4 = 10 = 1$$

this answer should be the same as the summation of the digits of the dividend, reduced to one digit.

$$6994 = 28 = 10 = 1$$

These observations on the problems of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division are so practical as a check on the answers that it seems possible that such should be of value in grade school arithmetic. Certainly this method of checking answers can be of real assistance in business operations which deal mainly in figures.

The explanation for these observations is that the sum of digits over 9 revert back to one of the numbers of the original series, 0 to 9, and that the elimination of number 9 is effected in any of the problems, since, as previously stated, the digits of any number divisible evenly by 9 will always add up to be 9 or a multiple of 9.

III

Revolving numbers are obtained by dividing a prime number (a number divisible only by itself and unity) into unity. Thus

1.000,000 ad infinitum ÷ 7 = .142857142857 ad infinitum.

My first effort was to see where number 9 fitted into this scheme of things. I added the digits of this perfect revolving number, .142857, which is the circulating decimal of 1/7. Eureka! 142857 adds up to be 27, a multiple of 9. Likewise other revolving numbers, .076923, the decimal fraction of 1/13 and .0588235294117647, the revolving decimal of 1/7, add up to be 27 and 72 respectively, both multiples of 9.

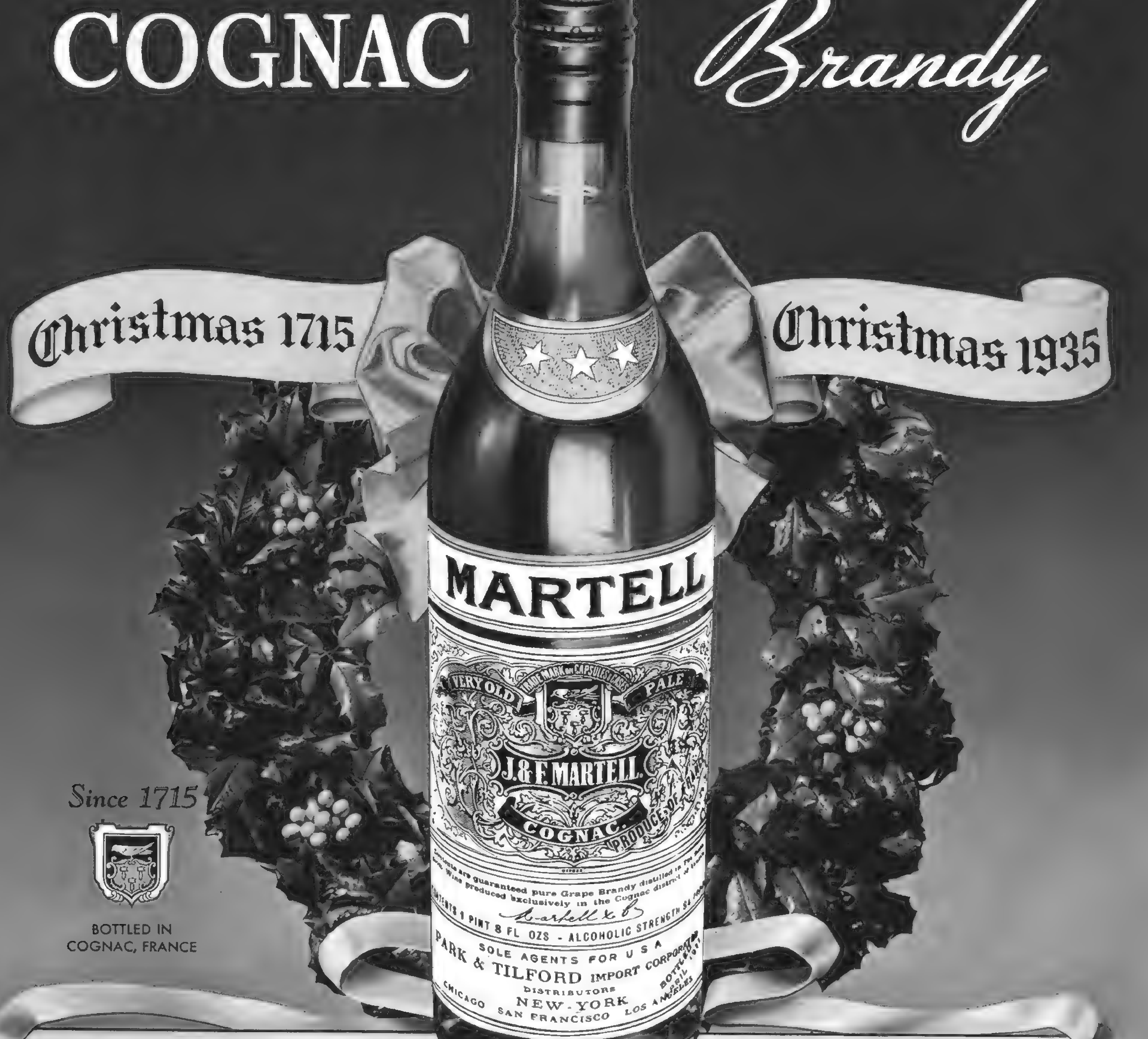
Can we, therefore, formulate a law that any revolving number is a multiple of 9 and that its digits add up to be 9 or a multiple of 9? I think we can, and the explanation for such is based upon the fact that revolving numbers repeat themselves when 1, unity, is the remainder. If we subtract unity from 1,000,000 ad infinitum and we get 999,999 ad infinitum. There can be no doubt that this latter figure is a multiple of 9, and since there is no remainder, the revolving number will go into .999,999 ad infinitum as many times as there are units in the prime number from which the revolving number was originally derived. Thus

.142857 is the decimal fraction of 1/7, and is divisible into

*Continued at top of page 168*

# MARTELL

## COGNAC *Brandy*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TO CHEER HIS MORNINGS FOR MONTHS TO COME

SEARCH the gift counters—hunt for hours in the jostling Christmas shopping crowds and you couldn't find a more thoroughly acceptable gift at anything like the price of this attractive package of 50 Gillette "Blue Blades." Here's a gift that will cheer a man's mornings for months to come—assure him hundreds of clean, easy shaves.

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GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

## A Numerical Adventure

*Continued from pages 83-166*

.999,999 seven times, the same number of units as the original prime number, 7.

IV

If the reader is still interested or tenacious enough to continue for one last observation, his effort may be amply repaid by presenting before his horizon a new field for mathematical speculation.

If the digits of numbers divisible evenly by 3 are added together, the result is

3=3
6=6
9=9
12=3
15=6
18=9
21=3
24=6 etc.

A repeating series of 3, 6 and 9 is found to be effected.

Adding our magical number 9 to the original 3, making 12, the sums of the digits of numbers divisible evenly by this latter figure, give the same repeating series. Thus

12=3
24=6
36=9
48=12=3
60=6
72=9 etc.

Again, if we use 8 as the original number

8= 8
16= 7
24= 6
32= 5
40= 4
48=12=3
56=11=2
64=10=1
72= 9
80= 8 etc.

Increasing the original number 8 by 9, making 17, the result is the same. Thus

17= 8
34= 7
51= 6
68=14=5
85=13=4
102= 3=3 etc.

The summation of digits of a series of other numbers divisible by a given figure also results in interesting observations, and these are left to the reader for experimental investigation.

V

How delightful it would have been to have travelled these numerical adventures with one who knew the way, yet how thrilling it is to explore the field of numbers alone. I have not emptied my "handbag of tricks" of the magical number 9, and I have offered only one "feeler" in its application to circulating numbers. I hope sufficient has been said, however, to stimulate the reader to do a little numerical experimenting on his own. The field is fertile, the acreage is boundless and the discoveries are many. ⵌ

## Our Lady of Mercy

*Continued from page 89*

going to see his tree.

We came with the rickety sled the three of us had made out of old box-wood and stood around the square before Our Lady of Mercy. The church was of brick painted over, but now the old paint had scaled in spots and the gray seams between the bricks showed. Some of the narrow boards of the wooden belfry that rose above the gabled roof were missing, and from the square below we could see the great iron bell rocking to and fro when it was rung.

The old father watched us and then he came over and looked at the sled.

"It is a good sled," he said and picked it up. "It is too bad it has no runners."

I explained that we could not get any iron for the runners but had done the best we could with the wood alone. Father Thomas smiled and shook his head and said it was really too bad. But we were all very proud he thought it was a good sled because he was a handy man himself and did all sorts of things in the workshed behind the priests' house.

Father Thomas was short and stout and all bald except for a little skirt of hair below his crown, and always real cheerful about things. The parochial kids said they liked him best of all the fathers in the school.

But they weren't the only ones who enjoyed the tree. Even we enjoyed it. In the middle of the square with the Church of Our Lady of Mercy all snowed up behind it and frost on some of the branches, it certainly looked good. The tree swayed in the cold wind and the ornaments tinkled like little bells ringing.

The parochial kids talked about the stockings they were going to hang up and the presents they were going to get, and so did the other kids. Neither Harry or Dave or I said anything.

Christmas Eve we went to the square again but we returned home early. It was very cold outside, the street lights were dim, the sidewalks were white and nearly all the stores were closed.

At midnight the bells tolled. All three of us slept in one big bed, so we awoke, listened and went back to sleep again. Early in the morning the bells rang again but the ringing meant nothing to us. We never got any presents anyway.

So its was nearly noon of the day after Christmas before we went out again with the sled. The snow was packed hard and the sled rode on pretty good for a sled without runners.

*Continued on page 171*

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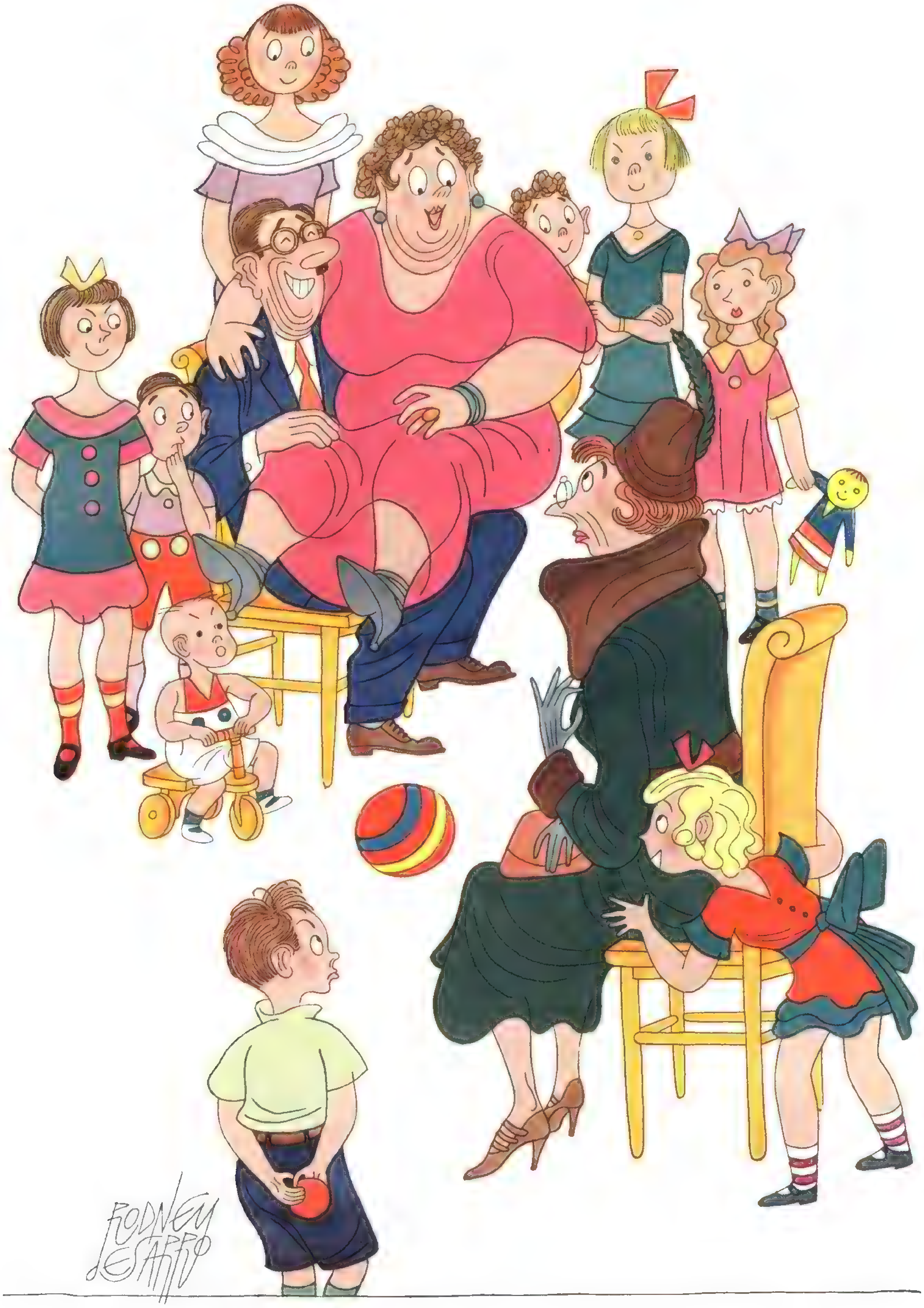
RODNEY DESARRO

*"We're not getting a divorce—we decided to start all over again!"*

## Our Lady of Mercy

*Continued from pages 89-168*

But we had not gone more than a block or so when a parochial fellow came up and said that Father Thomas was looking for us, had been looking for us for two days now. Father Thomas looking for us? We wondered what the old priest could want. And then we remembered that we had bumped into the iron fence on the church sidewalk one day and perhaps someone had told.

Finally we decided that probably the old undertaker or the druggist had snitched again and made Father Thomas order us away. But we went down to Our Lady of Mercy. We were pretty sure the old priest would listen to us, at least. It was swell sledding ground, and would be hard to give up without saying a word. . . .

It wasn't long before Father Thomas came slowly down the high stoop of the priests' house.

"A fine day, boys," he said and we said a fine day, too.

Then he thought a moment.

"I'd like to have your sled for a while, boys," he began. He looked as though he had planned to say much more but had changed his mind. Then he added, "You can wait out here or come with me, as you like."

We looked at each other. But we were relieved it was nothing about bumping into the church fence and so we waited outside.

With the sled under his arm. Father Thomas walked slowly down the path at the edge of the priests' house up to the workshed that stood behind it. We edged up close to see what he would do.

We saw him put on a long leather apron over his coat and stoke up a fire in the little forge standing there in the yard. Then he worked a bellows with both hands and a fire blazed up under the hood. We saw the yellow flames coming out lazy and then blowing fierce and hard with a hissing sound.

Then he turned his back on us and we heard a banging on the anvil. We looked at each other again. Harry said he hoped the priest would not break the sled hammering. Dave thought we should go into the yard and take the sled back. But finally it grew quiet and we waited.

We waited and waited and waited and then all three of us began to worry. After all, we didn't know the old priest so very well. He was a good old man but after all—Perhaps he did mean to break it up. . .

But there he came down the path, carrying our sled in his arms.

"There," he said and set it down, "and I haven't hurt it any at all."

It was queer how he knew what we were thinking of but he only smiled.

"Try it," he said. "You'll see it's all as sound as can be."

So Harry took the sled and ran a couple of feet—and then took a bellywop. The sled rode and rode—at least a dozen yards. That was better than it had ever done before. Had the old priest tightened the sled up somehow? But just then Harry turned around, swooped down again and rode all the way back.

"We got runners!" he hollered. "We got runners!"

Runners!

He lifted the sled and showed us. The bottoms of the wooden sides of the sled had thick, iron strips fastened on with countersunk screws. Dave ran his mittened hand over them and I put my glove on them. Runners! And the runners were curved to fit the sled just like the runners on bought sleds are. We just stood there and stared at them.

"A merry holiday, boys!" the priest said and smiled.

I said a merry holiday to him, too, and so did Harry and so did Dave, but we didn't know just what else to say. It was all right to say a merry holiday just so we didn't mention Christmas. It was not right for us to say Christmas or anything like that.

Then the old father turned to walk away. But Dave spoke up quickly and called him back.

"Father Thomas!" he said. "Father Thomas!"

And I called him, too.

"Father Thomas!" I said. "Father Thomas!"

The old man turned around and looked at us kindly. That was the first time either of us had ever called him "Father Thomas."

"Father Thomas," Dave asked, "is this a Christmas present—is this a present for Christmas—is it?"

"Yah, Father Thomas," I asked, too, "is this a present for Christmas?"

We just stood there and the cold crept up from the snow and ice into our feet and legs, up into our hearts. We weren't allowed to take presents for Christmas! My father and mother would never stand for that. It was almost as bad as crossing yourself or eating pig.

Father Thomas looked away and wrinkles showed in his forehead. He squinted his eyes as though the light from the snow hurt him.

"No, children," he said and his lips were round and red, "this is a gift—a gift but not for Christmas."

He mumbled something to himself.

"No, not for Christmas.

"You can say," he went on slowly, "a man named McKenna gave them to you. Yes, a man named McKenna. Thomas McKenna."

"Thomas McKenna," Dave said and Harry and I repeated it after him, "Thomas McKenna." For we were very glad that the gift was not for Christmas and that the old priest had had nothing to do with it. ⌗

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⅓ Bénédictine D.O.M
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**Bénédictine Liqueur** . . . one ounce to each liqueur glass . . . the traditional climax to good dinners everywhere.

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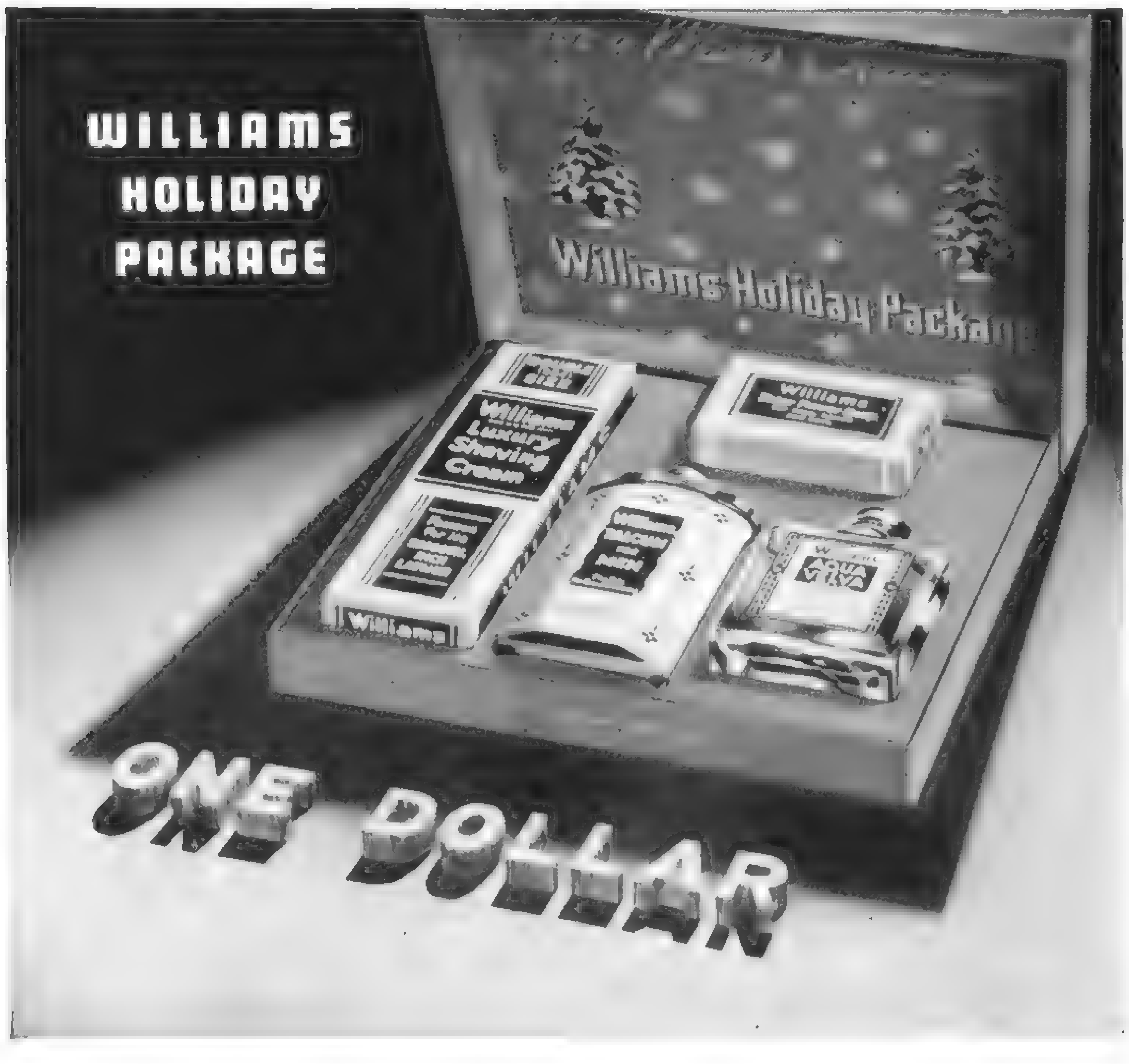


## World's Greatest Gamble

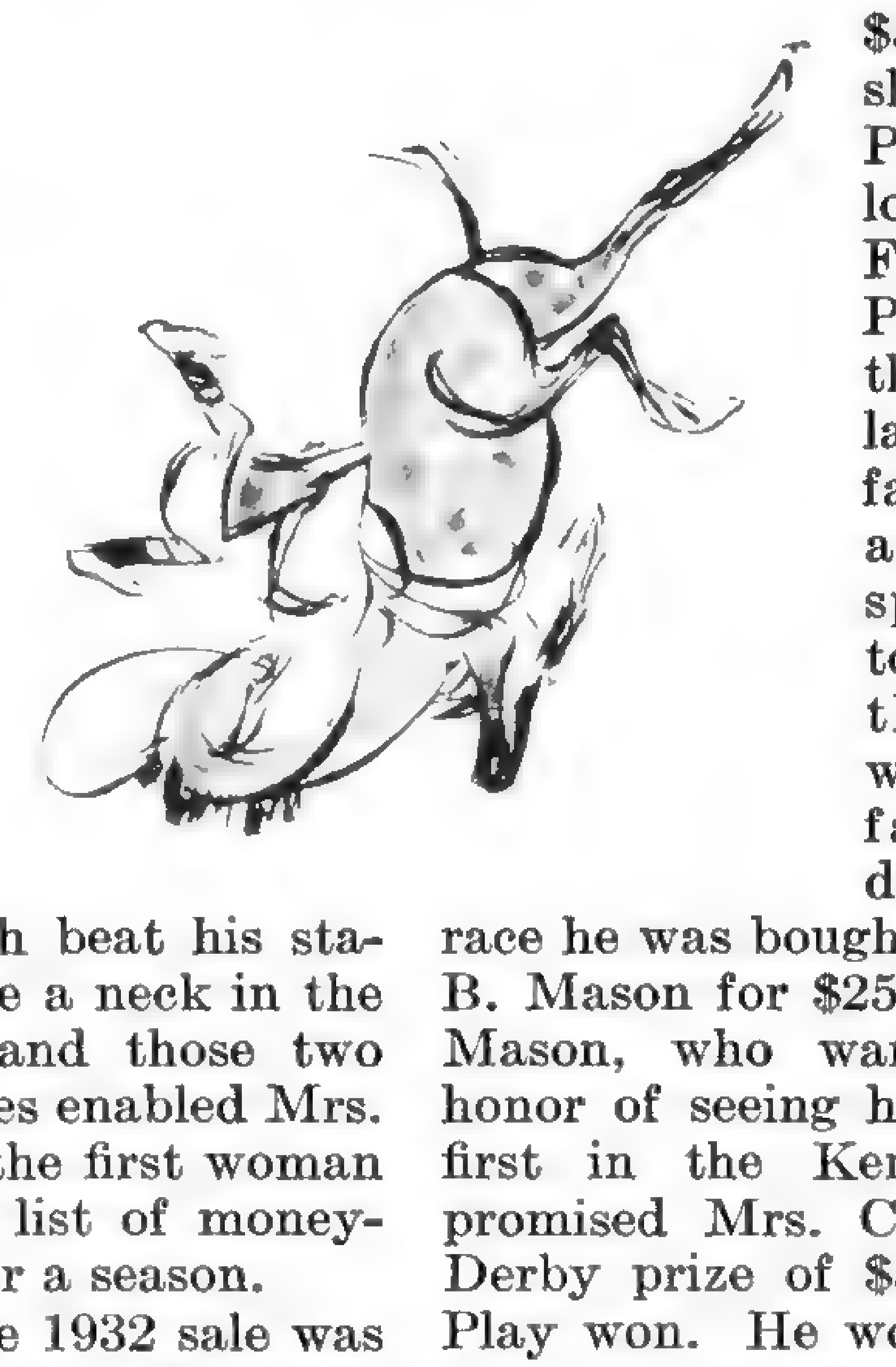
*Continued from page 91*

$152,050, an average of $4,904, and it has been many a year since a Saratoga auctioneer smiled so sunnily or perspired so profusely.

The noise and excitement about the ring on the night of the Bradley sale were reminiscent of the Coolidge era, and they reached a peak when a bay colt sired by Blue Larkspur and out of imported Knockany Bridge elicited bid after bid, leaping five hundred and a thousand dollars at a time before being sold finally for $20,000, Saratoga's highest price since Waggoner paid $30,000 for another lemon I forgot to mention, a colt called Texas Knight which he bought in 1930. This year's sales bore out in full the optimistic hopes of breeders born as state after state, seeking new sources of revenue and none too finicky about where they found them, legalized racing and opened up new fields for the thoroughbred horse business.

Even so, the breeding industry is far from a get-rich-quick field of endeavor, for the cost of bringing a colt into the sales ring at Saratoga is just about $850. There are stud fees and veterinary fees, feed, care, and finally shipping expenses so that a colt's price must reach a thousand dollars before his breeder can reach for the black ink.

The low price levels of the 1932 sales produced some rare bargains, with enough of what horsemen term "lemons" to provide striking contrasts. It was in 1932 that Mrs. Sloan liked a couple of yearlings that everyone else seemed to overlook, with the result that she was able to buy them in at $1,200 and $3,500 respectively. The $1,200 purchase was Cavalcade, winner of a quarter of a million dollars and still going strong. The other was High Quest, which beat his stablemate Cavalcade a neck in the 1934 Preakness, and those two fortunate purchases enabled Mrs. Sloan to become the first woman ever to head the list of money-winning owners for a season.



Top price of the 1932 sale was paid by Mrs. Payne Whitney, owner of the Greentree Stable, for a colt she named The Triumvir. As a two-year old the following season, The Triumvir proved a thorough disappointment, and repaid only $550 of the $14,500 he cost. Mrs. T. J. Lewis bought Maine Chance at the same sale for $10,000, second highest price of the year, and he achieved only slightly better financial success than The Triumvir as a two-year old, with total winnings of but $750. Yet look at the other side. In that same sale a bay filly by Emissary out of The Reaper sold for $11; another out of Lynrose, by Quince King, brought $5, as did a colt by Vandergrift-Lafaula. None of the three became winners of any important stakes, but all did become useful racing tools and each returned its original cost many hundred fold.

There is a Saratoga sales tradition, certainly borne out by the cold figures in the record books, that a colt which brings a top price will invariably turn out to be a lemon. Take The Triumvir, Broadway Limited, Hustle On, New Broom. The sales of 1931 added to the list Carry the News. Bought for $16,000 by Mrs. John Hay Whitney, that son of The Porter won only $1,600 for her as a two-year old. The same charming and turf-wise lady drew another blank the same year when she gave $13,500 for Roman Holiday, for he returned only $1,750 into her bank account during his first year at the races. In striking contrast is the plater Mike Reynolds. Mike was unfashionably bred and unprepossessing, and he sold for only $35. The following year as a two-year old he returned $1,950 on the modest investment, $1,150 the year after that, and today at the age of five he is still plugging away, a useful meal ticket although he has changed hands many times since that mid-summer night under the trees at Saratoga.

It was at the same sale that Mrs. Willie Crump, wife of an ex-jockey, paid $500 for a colt she named Head Play. The following winter in Florida, Head Play added thousands of dollars to the Crump family treasury, and the next spring, shipped to Kentucky for the Derby, he was one of the favorites. The day before the race he was bought by Mrs. Silas B. Mason for $25,000, and Mrs. Mason, who wanted only the honor of seeing her colors home first in the Kentucky classic, promised Mrs. Crump half the Derby prize of $50,000 if Head Play won. He would have won, too, perhaps, had not Jockey Herb Fisher neglected the business at hand to indulge in an exchange of personalities and jabs with Don Meade, astride Colonel Bradley's Broker's Tip, the ultimate winner. Taking second money that day, Head Play subsequently won much more than his purchase price for Mrs. Mason.

Once more in the 1933 sales the axiom that a top priced Saratoga buy is never a bargain was justified when Warren Wright, Chicago sportsman, gave $13,000 for

*Continued on page 174*

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**KODAK**
**Six-16** (f.4.5)

## World's Greatest Gamble

*Continued from pages 91-172*

Calumet Dick. Calumet Dick won only a meagre $150 as a two-year old, and although he has shown some improvement in his three-year-old campaign this season, has never reached the front rank. Wright's luck was all the way out that year, for he paid $10,000 for a colt by Sir Galahad 3rd and $4,000 for another by Toro, neither of which even reached racing condition as two-year olds.

The usually lucky Mrs. Sloan had her ups and downs in the 1933 lottery, for it was in that year that she bought Psychic Bid for the relatively insignificant sum of $1,500 and saw him win races the following season that netted her $37,800. Yet the very night after she had added Psychic Bid to her string, Mrs. Sloan bought Shining Jewel for $10,000. Shining Jewel turned out to be entirely paste, for he managed to win only $50 during his campaign as a two-year old.

Largest return on a 1933 Saratoga investment went to Joseph E. Widener, when he bought Chance Sun for $2,200 and with him won $83,985 the following year. Chance Sun was a heavy favorite for the 1935 Derby, but went amiss a few days before the race and had to be withdrawn. One of Widener's fellow-millionaires of the turf, the young and enthusiastic Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, landed a lucky buy that same night when he took Motto for $800 and the following season netted $28,936 with the colt.

The several hundred colts and fillies that went under the hammer at varying prices in this year's sales remain unknown quantities. Even now their training is well under way however; optimistic buyers have begun the tedious and costly developing process which will determine whether or not they made wise investments. None of the babies will race until January 1, the date upon which all yearlings automatically become two-year olds, and when the first baby races are carded at New Orleans, in California, in Florida, and at the other winter tracks. From that time on the ranks of those Saratoga graduates will thin. Costly ones and cheap ones alike will fall by the wayside, and begin the downward way that may lead to the shafts of a milk wagon. Others will race on to fame. Still others, a great majority, will find their levels in claiming races, and spend their days laboriously trying to win an occasional race to pay some hopeful owner's feed bill.

Of all the baby racers which went under the auctioneer's hammer in the 1933 sales—to use as an example a group the achievements of which have by now been tabulated—seventeen which sold for an aggregate of $96,650 failed to withstand the rigors of training sufficiently to even get to the races. That is the element of chance that lends to the fascination of the Saratoga sales, but aside from the purely dollars and cents feature, the sales themselves present a spectacle comparable in interest and color to the most picturesque event on the racing calendar. After a day's racing at the beautiful old track, when the August heat has given way to the cool of evening, groups of correctly clad Mayflower descendants mingle with groups of nasal Broadwayites in pinch-backed suits and purple polo shirts in the pleasant drive out beyond the mid-Victorian buildings of the racing plant to the sales ring. Bronzed, hard-bitten turfmen rub elbows with millionaire owners, fired with the democratic zeal of the bargain hunter. There is much of the Broadway opening night in the tense gayety of the assemblage as women in bright evening gowns and their escorts in formal black and white find their way to the reserved seats through the crowds of lesser lights gathered in the rear.

The auctioneer and his assistant, both in evening dress, enter the ring. They speak deferentially to wealthy clients in front row seats, men whose nods are good for millions of dollars. The first of the night's consignment of yearlings is led in by a uniformed groom, and the night's drama has begun. The colt minces about the roped off ring as his pedigree is read, and then the bidding begins. Slowly, haltingly at first, its tempo changing as the excitement mounts. The voice of the auctioneer drones, now persuasively, now peremptorily. His practised eye sweeps the crowd from side to side, from front to rear, for the bids are not audible. A bidder merely nods as the auctioneer calls a figure. The highly trained auctioneer unfailingly sees the nod, and goes on.

Sometimes the bidding will start at a thousand dollars, yet try as he will, the auctioneer will be unable to elicit an advance. Sometimes the opening bid will be one, two, or three hundred and then helter-skelter, by hundreds, two hundreds, five hundreds, even thousands it will soar to dizzy heights before the startled object of it finds a new home. On rare occasions the patently manufactured enthusiasm of the auctioneer's opening patter will fall on discouragingly disinterested ears with the silent thud of a stage comic's gag gone awry. Then the spindly-legged little colt will be led back whence he came in disgrace.

"I'm offered five hundred . . . who'll give six?" A nod. "I'm offered six . . . who'll give seven . . . seven . . . and eight . . . eight . . . and eight fifty . . . eight fifty bid . . . do I hear nine? . . . nine . . ."

On and on. Higher and higher. "Sold!" A profit. A loss. Who can tell? That's the gamble. ⌗

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**AT LEFT, BELOW PANEL**
Set containing Brushless Shaving Cream and 5 oz. After-Shave Lotion . . . $1.50; same set with Lather Shaving Cream and 5 oz. After-Shave Lotion . . . $1.50.

**AT RIGHT, BELOW PANEL**
5 oz. After-Shave Lotion, Lather Shaving Cream (Large), and After-Shave Powder in Ivory-toned Plastic Gift Container . . . $2.25; same set with Eau de Cologne instead of After-Shave Lotion . . . $2.25.

**CENTER OF PAGE**
After-Shave Lotion in pinch bottle with sprinkler top, 5 oz. . . . $1.00; 16 oz. size . . . $2.50.

5 oz. Eau de Cologne in pinch bottle with sprinkler top . . . $1.00; 16 oz. size . . . $2.50.

Brushless Shaving Cream . . . 50¢.

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Shaving Bowl and After-Shave Powder in matching Ivory-toned Plastic Containers . . . $1.75 Set.

**LOWER LEFT**
Ivory-toned Plastic Shaving Bowl and 5 oz. Eau de Cologne . . . $2.00; same set with After-Shave Lotion instead of Eau de Cologne . . . $2.00.

**BOTTOM OF PAGE**
Genuine Black Leather Travel Kit containing 5 oz. After-Shave Lotion, Travel Size Tube Lather Shaving Cream, and After-Shave Powder in Ivory-toned Plastic Container . . . $2.75.

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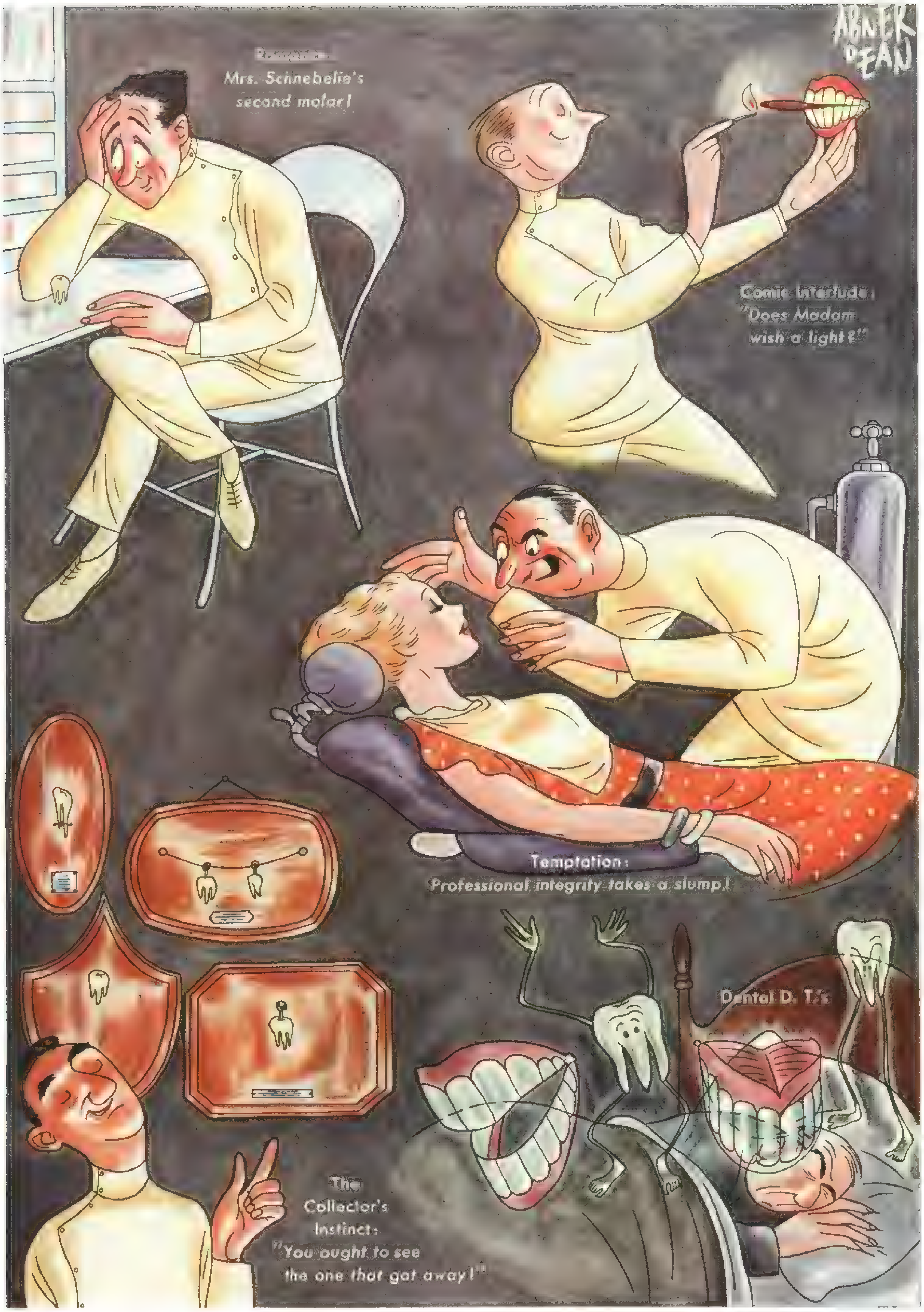
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Temptation:
Professional integrity takes a slump!
Dental D. T.'s
The Collector's Instinct:
"You ought to see the one that got away!"

INCIDENTAL ATTITUDE

## Autumn the Seventeenth

*Continued from page 63*

a hat. That was expensive, too. No doubt an unwarranted luxury. A nice wide grey felt hat was what he had wanted for years, however, and he spent the money for it. He took a street car. He just rode around on it. An unutterable sensation of freedom welled up in his body. In the afternoon he went back to the park. He wanted conversation.

"Politics is what's behind it all," said a man in a faded green sweater. "Politics. In Russia they got a system. In Russia they lop the heads off grafters, that's what. Now what I wanna know is what right has J. P. Morgan got to own million dollar yachts when you and me is starvin'."

"I am not starving, exactly," said Adams. "I had a good breakfast."

"The people here in this country ain't got no guts, that's the trouble. The time is comin', however. They have been tellin' us to eat cake too long. There will be a upheaval greater than the French Revolution, mark my words. There will be blood runnin' in the streets. You cannot make fools of the people forever. Our forefathers settled this nation, fought and died so that the wealth might be concentrated in the hands of a few bankers and politicians. If we had the courage of a one-legged gnat we would rise up in our wrath and take what's rightfully ours. You got a nickel, by the way, fer a cup o' coffee?"

"Yes. I guess it is politics," said Adams. "Here is five cents. I wish it was more. I do not know why J. P. Morgan has got million dollar yachts. His father had a railroad or something. We didn't bother much with money where I lived the last sixteen years. I tried to steal some money once. It doesn't pay. Crime doesn't pay. Not that it's bad in prison. They treat you all right, considering everything. You get your chow and so forth. We had a minstrel back in '29."

"Well, I tell you there'll be blood running in the streets. Mind if I run along and git me that cup of coffee?" said the man in the green sweater.

"Not necessarily," Adams speculated. "We are a liberty-loving people, but a peaceful people," he said after the retreating figure. "The trouble-makers are the ones who want to gather up a bunch of people to help them solve their personal problems. Each man has a personal problem. I've got a personal problem. I could look in a laundry for a job. They would ask me where I worked before. I would say, In the Big House. There ain't nothing open here, they would say. It is no use for me to worry about politics or Mr. Morgan's yachts. If blood runs in the streets it will have to run in the streets. That is my philosophy. I know what I am going to do. It is Autumn. I'm old and a little conservative, you know how a fellow gets. And maybe a little too talkative. I . . . Mm."

Adams let his thoughts drift into silence. A dirty, jittery, ancient rag-bag sat down on his bench. He rose and began to walk again. Walking was a magnificent occupation, the very purest kind of pleasure; it stimulated the brain and the eye and the heart, put movement into stationary things, color in the imagination, accentuated the sensation of freedom. It brought all the world's splendid goods into vision, smart people, the golden wealth, mad hustle and excitement.

A sudden tearing crash of metal and glass slammed into his ears as two cars banged together. The drivers looked blankly astonished. A crowd gathered. No one was hurt. An officer took some names and untangled the mess. He walked on. Street cars kept clanging their gongs. Adams envied the people who had occupations which carried them about their business intently. It wasn't necessary for them to think so much. Now he had to talk to himself. Softly, of course, so that no one could hear. The merest mumble. He moved his teeth but slightly.

"It's a madhouse," he said, looking furtively at those around him, doubly cautious about being heard. "The darnedest madhouse ever I saw. I mean, it's all right, I don't want to give the wrong impression. Just a point of view. You see, I been away so long. I ain't used to it. Wonder what old Peg-top would have thought of it all. This reminds me of the time me old man wuz a rustler down in Texas, he would say, beginning a long story. Peg was a card. Lord, times sure aren't what they used to be. Nobody could run my washers like I did. At night we have peace and quiet, too. Here it's funny. A lot of people are poor and a lot of people are rich, and nobody seems to give a damn which the other fellow is. Up in the Big House the crummiest guards'd see that a guy got pretty near a square deal. You aren't sure just where you're going to sleep, either. The town's a wonderful place just to look at, but I guess it's kinda hard to get along in. You take this fellow who's going to have the blood run in the streets, and that fellow who has to eat maggots. Oh, there's no doubt what I ought to do, but it's puttin' off, like gettin' a tooth yanked out."

Tired, he stopped, leaning against an elevated pillar. "You got a dime, mister?" said an unsavory-looking youth.

"Here is ten cents," said Adams "I wish it was more."

The youth looked him over. "You got a racket, mister?" he asked politely.

"I don't think so," said Adams.

"Pardon me," said the youth. "Woikin' guys don't wish it wuz more. I t'ought maybe you had a

*Continued on page 178*

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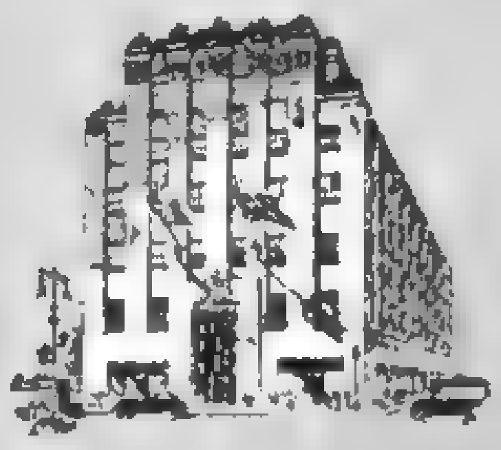

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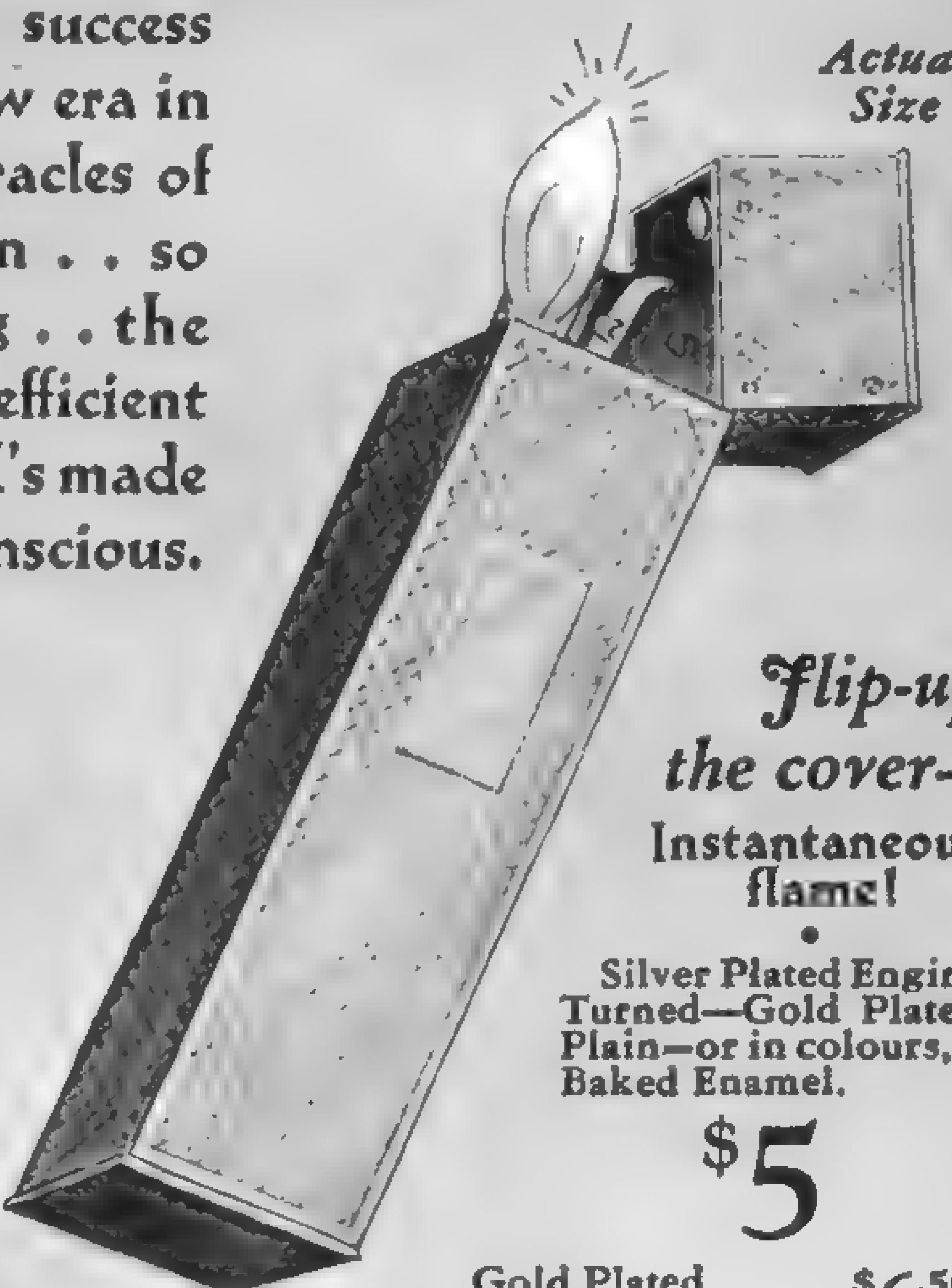

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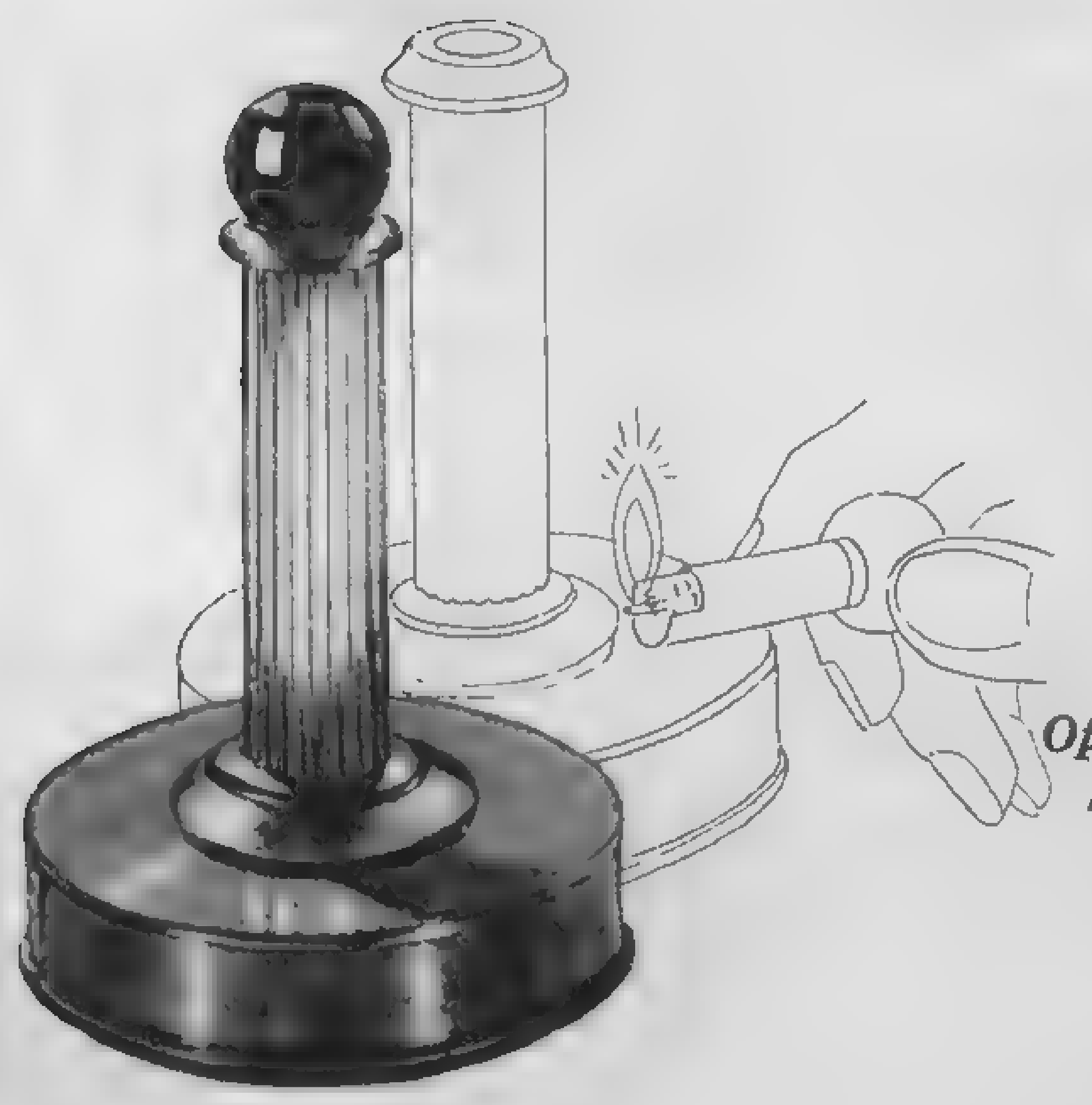

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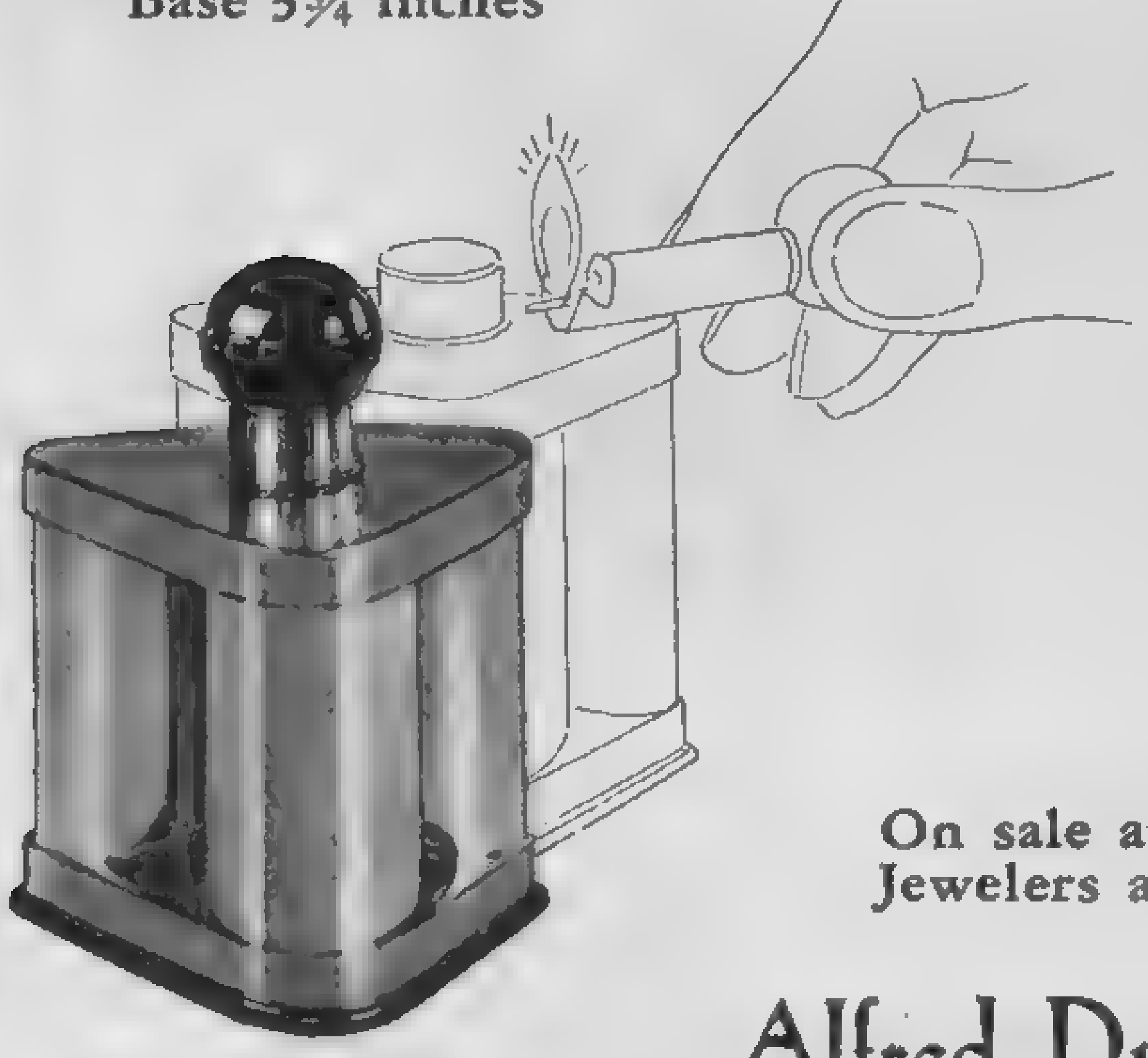

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## Autumn the Seventeenth

*Continued from pages 63-177*

racket. Some guys is got a racket where they might need some help or somethin', a job easier than stemmin'. That's why I ast. Didn't mean to be inquisitive nor nuttin'. T'anks fer the dime."

"Could—" said Adams hesitantly; "er, could I find a racket, do you think? I would like to have a racket, too."

Suddenly the youth snapped his fingers. "Hey, I got you mister!"

"What?"

"You been in stir."

"Sixteen years," Adams nodded his head. "I just—"

"Couldn't place you right off. Damn few guys I can't place right off. Old Jerry Goodman had that there funny look, all grey and never crackin' a smile no matter how dopey he talked. Jerry wuz a stir-bug fer fair. Anyway, t'anks fer the thin. Times ain't so hot. Luck t' you, pal."

So a smart lad could place him as out of stir. This was an unpleasant thought to speculate upon. It was too bad that he did not have a racket. They were easier than stemming, the youth said. The only racket Adams was fit for was the laundry racket, merely rotating dirty clothes in washers, not too much acid. He knew what he ought to do, but somehow the quality of the sunlight in the autumn afternoon put a different purpose into his stride. He bent his head erectly, tried to shake some of the confusion out of his brain. There was nothing to be confused about. Acclimated. That was what you had to get, acclimated. He hunted for a laundry.

"The manager ain't puttin' nobody on, bud."

"Can I see the manager?"

"He ain't puttin' nobody on."

"I can run washers."

"We don't need nobody."

"I can operate the new centrifugal wringers, too. I can run the dryers. I've handled the mangles. Believe me, sir, I know how to run soap through. I'm no acid fiend, you understand. I've got to have a racket. May I see the manager?"

"He ain't in. Girls run the machines. They ain't puttin' on nobody. Mister, I'm busy."

One satisfaction. He hadn't been turned down because he was a jail bird. They hadn't even asked him if he had ever been in prison. This young man didn't know he was a stir-bug . . . that is, not a stir-bug. Just done time. That's all there was the matter with him. No harm in just doing time. In fact, there were compensations in stir. You didn't have to kiss the—kiss a guy to get a job, one sure thing.

He knew what he ought to do. There was practically no question about it. Yet he thought it was only justice to himself to stretch out this experience as long as possible, absorb the warm happy colors of autumn, wander with freedom, spend one's thoughts upon the pink sky, absorb the noise and confusion into pleasant memory, add up excitement for future dreams. He was not so young as he used to be, autumn himself if you wanted to let the imagination put it that way. Ambition was like a grit, a foreign substance that got into the system by mistake. He hardly wanted a racket any longer. Anyway, he couldn't stay in his clothes forever. There was no use to spend good money on a lodging place. And he didn't want to miss any of the night, either. He hadn't been out of a cell at night for sixteen years. Nobody could blame him for trying to take with him just a little more of it. Nobody could blame him. Why, nobody could blame him for anything. He was free—in a sense.

A little talking before the night came. There would be sunset, a long sweet evening, night that slowly turned the lights out and brought calm sleep, then dawn. Tomorrow it would be all over. The coins would buy one more breakfast. It would be over. The best way was to buy a newspaper. Someone would always come over to borrow it. Then he could talk.

"I don't know what's come over the world," said the man in the shadows. "Here we are, hungry, no place to sleep, no place to go."

"That is very true," Adams agreed peacefully.

"Hard to figure out what's happened to you. I had a job once. I had kids. My wife had all the money she wanted, for food and clothes. I never interfered. I worked in a box factory. They *made* boxes in them days, first-rate wood, no knots, mind you. Now they pack in cartons. I just went to work, came home again, everything went nice and smooth. Kids goin' to school. Had it fine during the war. Fifty a week. Kitty never was much for savin', though. You know how women are."

"That's the way women are, all right."

"This stock market crash did a lot of harm. I didn't have any stocks in the stock market, but the boss got hit. Well, you know how the depression come along. The kids got sour about never havin' no money to spend. Kids is human. And Kitty didn't understand what it was to make your way in the world. She just kinda folded up. I wasn't doin' so bad, either, gettin' my relief steady every week and all. But things happened, like. I got sort of mixed up, drinkin' and walkin' around after Kitty died. Now it's pretty hard. You ask for work and the people take one look. They know you haven't got much left. Not at our age. There ain't the stren'th, there isn't much in the old heart left. Yet it seems wrong when men is hungry, with no place to sleep, no place to go. Somethin' funny's come over the world. It's like it don't make sense no more. Nobody seems to give a damn any more—pardon me." His voice choked up, so that

Adams knew there were maudlin tears in his eyes.

"It sure is a fact," said Adams. There was a long silence. The man had tired himself out with his recital and fallen asleep. Adams hoped the cops wouldn't come along for a while. It was peaceful. The noises died down. Finally the air grew too cold to sit still any longer. He got up and began to walk again.

The morning, luckily, was fine with color. Adams fortified himself handsomely in the restaurant. He felt strong, courageous for the task ahead of him. There was stuff in the old carcass yet, he smiled. The adventure was done. It had been a fine thing, but it was over. And how glad of it he was!

Now it was careful, clever, right timing, delicate touch; he would brook no failure. He waited for the precise moment. The blue-jacketed officer was only a few yards away. He moved. He pushed in the door, strode boldly up to the man at the cashier's window, thrust up his coat pocket with his hand, and said sternly: "Don't move. I've got you covered. Hand over every dime you've got."

The cop should be passing by now. He twisted his body so that his intention could not be mistaken. A long minute passed while the cashier fussed, white-cheeked, with his money bags. Suddenly Adams felt the pressure of something hard shoved in against his ribs. A cold voice prompted him to drop it. He sighed, a little relieved. The policeman might have fired from the door. They did that, sometimes, and Adams had had to take the risk. Cuffs clicked over his wrists neatly.

The official in the blue serge suit at headquarters seemed to be angry with him. "Getting smart, eh, Adams, working without a gun. Well, it won't do you any good. You fellows are incurable. How long you been out, a couple of days?" He shook his head. "The D. A.'ll hang life on you for this."

Adams grimaced sorrowfully, hoping the while that his expression was convincing. Now they'd have somebody up there who could really *run* washers, a man with a light hand on the acid. Soap was what you wanted for clothes. Soap and plenty of good honest rinsing. Autumn was almost over. Tough cold winter ahead. But it was always warm in the laundry. ##

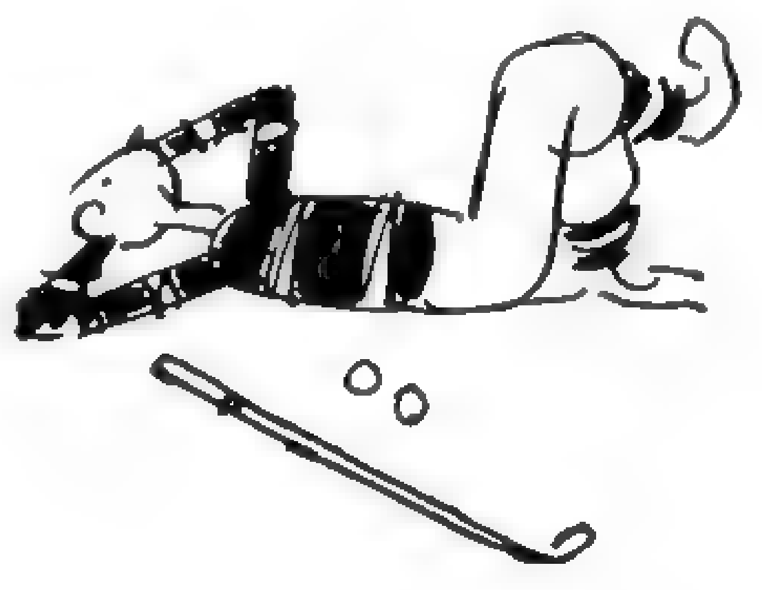
## It's too Wonderful

*Continued from page 75*

acquired greater experience I began to appreciate that when a fellow makes good at any game he must expect to be slugged by people who are pros at slugging or who naturally gripe at success or who don't know the circumstances.

Other fellows quit college or take leaves to do what they think will be helpful to them in gratifying a perfectly proper ambition and they arouse no critical moans. I take a year, or less, to do what I want to do, and to hear some folks you'd think I had burned down every schoolhouse in America. I'm old enough to know what I want to do. My parents happen to be situated so I can play in some championships if I am content with travelling at very moderate expense, and in the meanwhile I can—and do—talk with businessmen and get a good idea of the kind of business I can make good at by applying the same policy I have applied to my golf.

Now is that a stupid and unamateurish thing to do? If it is then any individual who censures me, I think, would be doing better for the country spending his breath and effort trying to make jobs for the fine, brilliant young men who finish their college courses in the regulation time only to look vainly for work.



Perhaps I should not have written that. I don't kid myself into believing that because I have won some championships at a sport I am smart enough to solve national problems. I'm certainly not smart enough even to suggest how amateur sport ever will become an affair for the amateurs without the nuisance of the pro and semi-pro fault-finders. So I go along my way having learned that you can't please everybody, and that's something that maybe I'm lucky to have learned thus early in life.

There was a good case of not being able to please people that came up during the amateur championship semi-finals at Cleveland. Johnny Goodman and I had been places a lot together ever since we had gone to England together for the 1934 Walker cup matches.

For a couple of weeks before the Amateur at Cleveland we had been in Chicago, rooming together, playing together and having our games polished up by Tommy Armour. I think Johnny is one of the very finest fellows in the world, but if I'd ever ease up in a game with Johnny he would be off of me for life and I never would be able to square myself with my own conscience. Johnny and I have played, I don't know how many times, but never for one hole has he eased up on me or I on him.

So we go into the semi-finals and under conditions that surely were ideal for a good match in the finest, purely amateur spirit.

*Continued on page 180*

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## It's too Wonderful

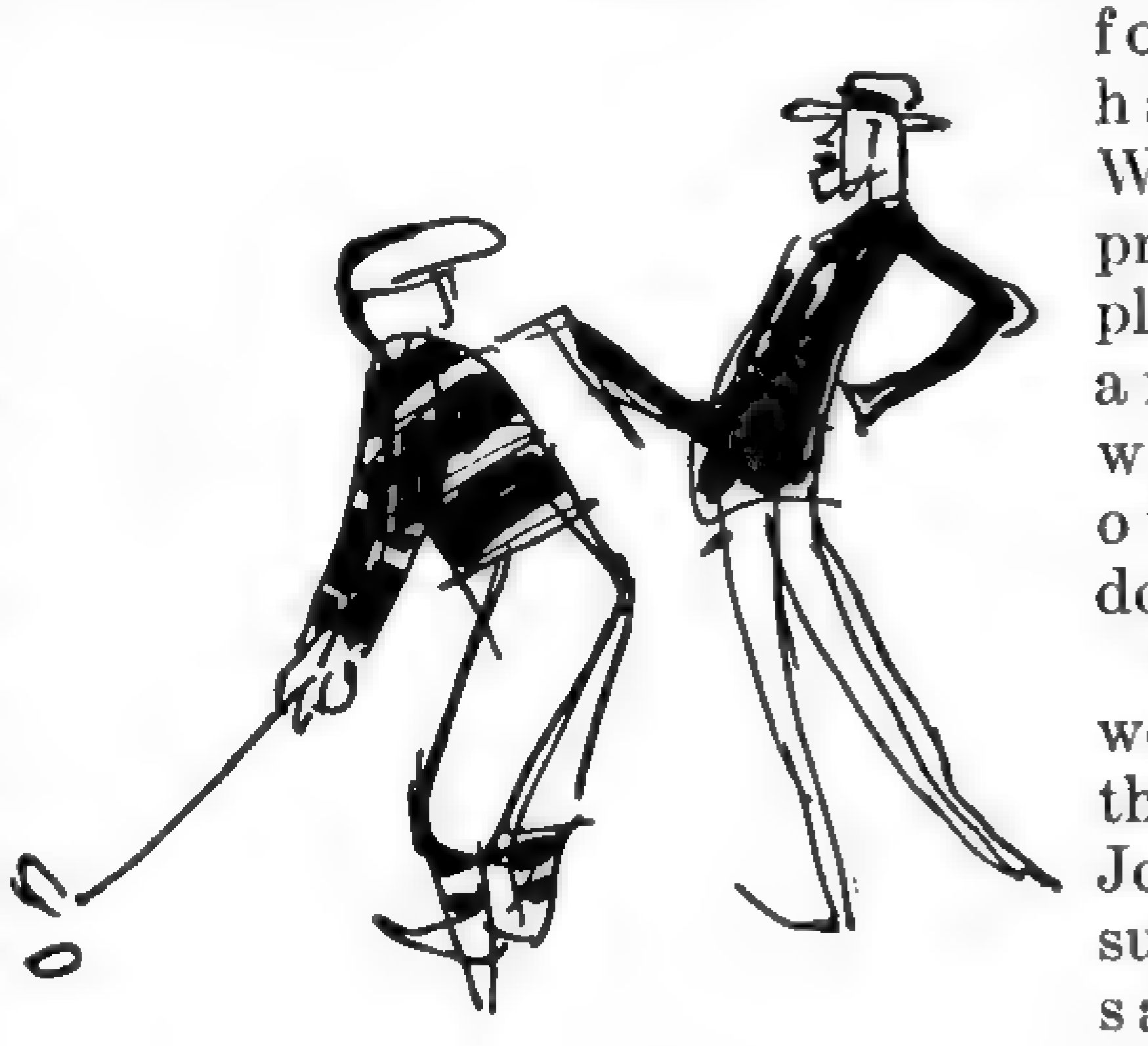
*Continued from pages 75-179*

We were friendly competitors of the kind I think amateur sport would like to have for a pleasant, interesting match. Then I read that we were engaged in the Emily Post championship and in hoaxing the public that came to see a golf competition.

Johnny and I were pretty tired inside after the strain of that match but we felt refreshed when we learned that we had just been putting on a polite exhibition. Johnny said to me, "The fellows who wrote that dope about us easing up on each other were writers and not mind-readers. If the public doesn't know it, we can't do anything about it."

When I got experienced enough to get over the stings of things I read and overheard about myself I began to marvel that people could learn so many things wrong about someone they didn't know at all. Of course the people who do the slugging will keep on and they will say that I am egotistical because I am doing quite well at making myself immune to the tiny but irritating unpleasant things. But there are so many agreeable and helpful sportsmen in the vast majority that I'd be untrue to the ideals they and I hold to, if I concerned myself seriously with the chronically sour minority.

A fellow like Old Doc Sunshine is only one in a hundred thousand and one of those old meanies who not only wants to open up a wound but leave the operating tools in it, and I'm not going to keep thinking about him so that I neglect pleasant thoughts of the other 99,999 pleasant persons. The young amateurs in football, tennis and golf all have the same problem when they get a little better than the average. I've talked with enough of them to know. They are true amateurs and get so much fun out of their games they don't mind the bother of the folks who make it a business to boss and censure the amateur players.



Truly amateur critics are fine. They want to help with constructive, kindly advice. They are earnestly and openly interested in encouraging amateur sport. I like them and some of them have been blunt with me in a way that's done me good. They've pointed out to me some mistakes that I won't make again. Sometimes their criticism hasn't been well founded because they haven't known the circumstances but even then, they've gone at criticism in the amateur spirit.

I've found that when you get reasonably good at a sport, things are made up about you that may make good stories but aren't facts. These stories may get around so that fellows you'd like to have as friends get the wrong idea and being an amateur you just have to take it and hope that things will get squared away.

One old story that's wrong, but which still haunts me, is that about the 1929 amateur championship at Pebble Beach. Some hurried and lively newspapermen made up the story that I went to Bob Jones after Johnny Goodman put him out, and said, "Mr. Jones, I'm sorry Goodman trimmed you because I wanted to do it myself this afternoon."

If I had said that I wouldn't have wondered at fellows having no use for me as a fresh, stuck-up kid. But I didn't say it. For two years I had prayed that sometime I would get a chance to play with Jones to study his game. After Jones lost I did go up to him and say, sincerely and regretfully, "Mr. Jones, I am sorry you didn't win because I've always wanted to play with you."

It's things like that that are bound to bother me and from that one experience I think that I have trained myself to be careful about what I do and say, but I sometimes have to wonder why must I go to any trouble to be careful? Why not just be myself and then if I do something dumb, people will know it isn't the first time anyone has done something clumsy or wrong. I'm in this golf for fun or I'd have been in West Point, probably, a couple of years ago and have my worrying about other people done for me.

Then I quit worrying when I think about what Joe Kirkwood is supposed to have said: "Being dumb doesn't hurt anyone as a golfer." Kirkwood's remark is a little too rough to be acceptable to my vanity so I revise his line as my own philosophy and make it read: "Being numb doesn't hurt anyone as an amateur." So I forget Old Doc Sunshine's merry message of cheer to the defending amateur champion and begin to figure on how I can repay my dad and mother for the help they've given me.

Maybe they're fairly happy about the results to date. Parents seem to get a great kick out of having their boys achieve ambitions. Anyhow I still am at an age when I put considerable trust in my father's judgment and if he figured I'd get out of successful competition in golf a confidence that I'd be able to make good in other lines I took up, I'll give him this message: "Dad, you're right." ⧺

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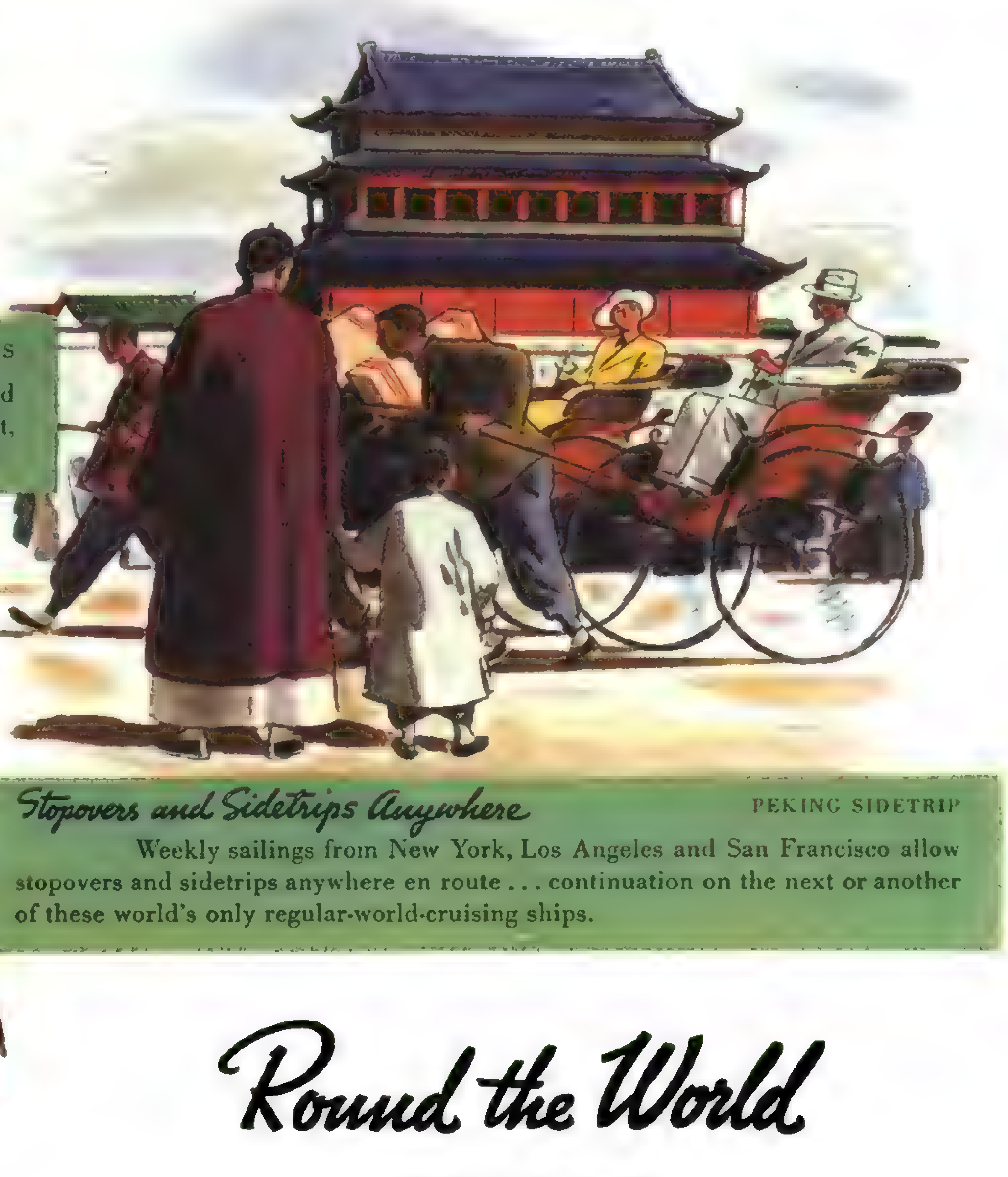

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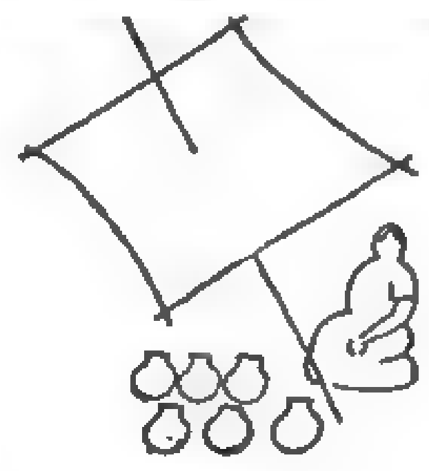

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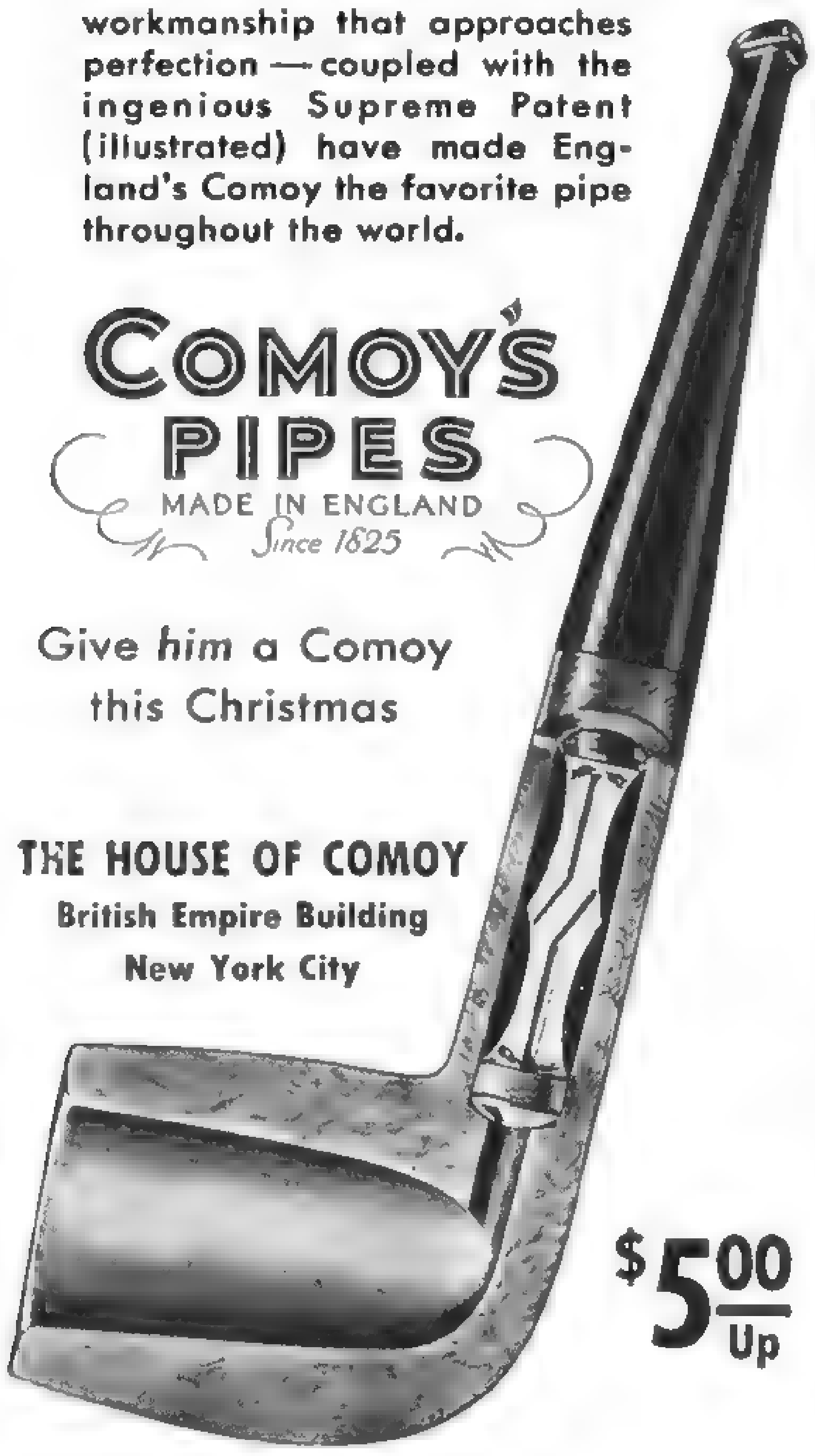

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## Fun in the Third Dimension

*Continued from page 102*

in the flow of fluids—nothing more. Two liquids with strong chemical affinity are sprayed into a blast chamber; they react in a kind of continuous explosion and the hot gases are jetted out through a nozzle. The prolonged recoil of the blast of gas (*not* its impact against the air) develops a thrust which drives the rocket forward and that is all.

There is a price to be paid for this simplicity, however. First, all organs of the system must be designed and proportioned with a very just physical and mathematical understanding of the behavior of the fuels which pass through it. The blast chamber must be of a certain shape, the two fuels (*combustible* and *comburant* as the French term them) must be injected at certain points, angles, pressures and proportions; the exhaust nozzle must have a certain length, flare and expansion ratio. As someone remarked the word "certain" usually means *uncertain;* these factors can only be established by painstaking experimentation and much is still to be learned. Second, the problem of high temperatures must be solved. The fuels used—generally liquid oxygen and gasoline—liberate far more energy per pound than the so-called high explosives and the temperatures generated rival the oxy-hydrogen torch. In some of the German experiments motors of the finest Krupp heat resisting steel have been burned away in ten seconds of time. However, promising lines of attack on this problem have been opened up and firing periods of several minutes are now practicable; but again: much is still to be learned. The five hundred ground tests and close to a hundred test shots of the German Rocket Society and others performed in this country and abroad are not sufficient to solve all these questions. But the problem is simplified by the fact that even for the most extreme use to which a rocket could conceivably be put—a passage to the moon—a firing period of only nine minutes would be necessary.

The third price of simplicity is —*speed*—speed exceeding that of any vehicle *and* projectile so far devised. This requirement is inherent in the mode of operation of the rocket motor. It must move forward as fast as its gases shoot backward before it reaches maximum efficiency. Already experimental motors eject their gases at two thousand meters a second; to work effectively they must drive rockets at the same speed—that is to say between three and four thousand miles an hour. And considerably higher velocities of exhaust are contemplated.

It is this tremendous appetite for speed which has limited the rocket motor's use in the past and which will probably hinder its application to ordinary aircraft. But for real command of the third dimension velocity in prodigious amounts is absolutely necessary. Nor is this simply because the distances to be covered are great—rather, it is because motion in the absence of any supporting or resisting atmosphere is the only counteractant to gravity. A rocket does *not fly* into the stratosphere, neither is it shot. There is no word in the English language that exactly expresses its mode of locomotion. The Germans say it *throws* itself, and this is an ingenious way of putting it. The "throwing" is done on a titanic scale, of course. The period of acceleration from zero velocity to a maximum, instead of lasting a fraction of a second as it does in the instance of a tossed ball or an arrow shot from a bow, is spread out over a period of minutes, so long as the motor is firing. This not only causes an enormous final velocity to be built up but permits a rate of acceleration low enough so that apparatus carried by the rocket can stand the strain. Another and very important advantage of this elongated acceleration period is that it provides a means of side-stepping the effects of air resistance. Not much is known about the aerodynamic laws of bodies moving faster than sound except that the stream-lining to which we are accustomed does not apply in these speeds. But a rocket accelerated at the rate of three gravities (that is to say, which a motor whose thrust is four times as great as the weight of the projectile so that it is driven upwards three times as fast as it would fall downward) requires, say, forty seconds to reach an efficient working speed. By that time it is 80 kilometres high, the dense air of the troposphere is long ago left behind when the speed was still low and only the rarefied gases of the true stratosphere oppose its mounting velocities.

The behavior of such a rocket at this stage (fuel exhausted) would approach closely the physicists "ideal case." It would become merely a point in the earth's gravitational field, its status mathematically determined by the amount and direction of its momentum. Under the simplest condition—pure vertical motion—it would continue straight upward for an additional 240 kilometres, before falling back to earth. In this moment the torpedo shaped metal body of the rocket would separate into two parts, both of them throwing out their parachutes which will not allow the descent to become too rapid. One of these parts is the empty and therefore light rocket itself; the other, the compartment with the scientific instruments which begin their recording of altitudes, wind directions, wind forces, air humidities, air densities, cosmic ray intensities and so forth. It may be added that both parts will be equipped with small radio devices which make it possible to trace

*Continued on page 184*

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## Fun in the Third Dimension

*Continued from pages 102-183*

the path of their flight and to find them after they have landed.

This scheme of flight is that of the altitude rocket which, once perfected, will become an immensely powerful instrument for probing into the ocean of atmosphere and even beyond. We are awakening rapidly to the fascination of what goes on in the various levels of that ocean. Radio transmission has revealed an entirely new world of etheric phenomena; vast currents and movements of electrical and radiant energy have been discovered recently. Surely they are not without influence on the atmospheric conditions upon which we depend, but as yet we do not know their influence. Recently it became probable that the troposphere is not the only layer where "the weather is brewed" and an exact knowledge of all the factors of meteorology and climatology will be very desirable not only for agriculture but also for transportation—aviation and shipping.

Many means of exploring this new world have been pressed into service by resourceful investigators.

Balloons have been sent up to the limit of their buoyancy, equipped with recording instruments, the actions of radio waves have been analyzed. The spectroscope has been used to dissect the kind and quality of visible and invisible light that filters through the atmosphere to the earth's surface. Meteor paths are observed, and charted; and the mysterious aurora studied from lonely arctic outposts.

Ingenious and helpful as these methods may be they fail us at a certain point and do more to show us the unsolved problems than to enlighten us. Our instruments will not be able to yield their full information until we send them to the sources of the phenomena they are designed to report. Our air ocean is stirred and troubled by cosmic forces; it is drenched with a ceaseless rain of powerful radiations from outer space. We and all other living things are subject to the end-results of these mighty processes we know nothing about except for a few startling hints gathered, that are equally interesting and doubtful.

With the latent possibilities of the rocket developed, we will be able to reach up into this world of the third dimension to sound and chart and study it, to acquire a knowledge and a mastery fit for beings who were created to understand length and breadth *and* height! ⧺

## Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

*Continued from page 106*

rest of the show is better than so-so. Dietz and Schwartz have contributed no songs up to their standard, which leaves Ethel Waters in a dark spot. But Eleanor Powell hoofs amazingly, and Paul Haakon evokes spontaneous cheers for his ballet-work. Once again, however, oh, ah and oh, Lady Peel!

Shakespeare, as predicted, is having his inning, but so far I fear he is getting not much better than a Mexican stand-off. First, Philip Merivale, the gaunt favorite of the ladies, has done him a scurvy service with a rather shoddy production of *Othello.* Soft-pedalling the poetry, Mr. Merivale made his Moor seem unfortunately like a homey Briton who, having spent several sun-burning years in Poonah, returns from Injia to find matters in a vexing state. Miss Gladys Cooper's Desdemona appeared more resigned than naïve. While Kenneth MacKenna achieved a novelty as a skittish Iago by getting—I cannot believe by intention—loud laughs on three distinct occasions. The *Macbeth* is better, though not quite a treat. Played at a fast clip, with a potfull of comic witches and a cardboard cut-off head, it again presents Mr. Merivale as more worried than moved. Miss Cooper's Lady M. kept reminding me of some charming suburban matron who is quite set on pushing her husband into capturing that County Council contract, even if it does involve a bit of dirty work. I think I hear the gong being tuned up for these two efforts.

The long-awaited *Taming of the Shrew,* however, has definitely clicked. It's a merry brawl, lusty and almost spontaneously gay. If you like *The Shrew* at all, here it is at its loudest and funniest, what with the magnificent gusto of Lunt's Petruchio and the roaring harridanism of Miss Fontanne's Katharina, plus the hearty folly of Richard Whorf's heckler-in-the-box. I missed the element of growing physical attraction which it seems to me Shakespeare intended to introduce with the melting kiss and hints of hay-nonny-nonny. I felt that this Shrew remained unconquered, and that shortly after the curtain fell she would get revenge for hardships and humiliations by beating the hell out of her spouse. But that's one interpretation, and certainly the audiences love it. Only—perhaps it should be billed as *The "Taming" of the Shrew.*

Ticket-buyers also like *The Night of January 16th,* a complete murder-trial, with a jury nightly impanelled from the audience—the evening I was there, Jack Dempsey and Edward (Hauptmann-defending) Reilly helped render a verdict of "Not Guilty"—and were bawled out by the judge for a "disgraceful finding." I understand the same censure takes place when the verdict is "guilty." It's good fun. A capable cast delivers testimony, notably Walter Pidgeon, Arthur Pierson and—when-

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ever he can remember his words—Edmund Breese. The accused young lady tells of some strange doings on the part of the murderee, among which were the forcing of his attentions upon her at their first meeting, and a subsequent addiction to encasing her in a platinum-mesh dress, which had to be heated before application. "And he loved to kiss the burned spots," she further, in substance, deposeth. I'm sure we're all just as glad that such a peculiar fellow—reputedly suggested by the late Swedish match-king—was knocked off.

An even more uncommendable miscreant is the gunman in *Blind Alley*, who is psychoanalyzed into defeat—apparently the first time this slightly dubious science has been applied clinically to drama. The author has chosen an open-and-shut case of mother-fixation, and before the baby-faced killer is destroyed with the silver cord by the cunning professor whose house he has invaded, a pretty mess of incest, sadism, perversion and other criminal manias is exposed. The stage is eventually well littered with corpses, including that of the gun-moll and the bad-man, a suicide. Roy Hargrave is a satisfactory thug, endowing with credibility some of the phoniest dialogue ever set down. Ruth Fallows gives a fine, honest performance as the moll. George Coulouris is a first-rate psychoanalyzer, though he worried me by a strange and startling resemblance to a certain Mr. Knopf. *Blind Alley* is sensational, and, if you're not too squeamish, a recommended course.

*Most of the Game* is a bright, civilized but not very staunch little comedy by John Van Druten. It has many moments of quiet charm, particularly in the conversation which, as usual, glows with deft humor. An adept cast interprets it perfectly, special awards being due Miss Dorothy Hyson, whose touch of diffidence will soon disappear with more experience and who is quite the prettiest newcomer we've had in some time; to James Bell and to Robert Douglas. The play just misses being a "must"—and is certainly worth your while.

Don't bother about *If This Be Treason*. The fact that it seemed somewhat eventful last summer in its country tryout only shows what the heat will do to one. It's a creaking, unfortunate attempt at a pacifist sermon, badly written and indifferently played.

*Remember the Day* is a naïve little load of sentimentality about childhood loves. It's well played, quite nice, and deserves a kindly pat on the head. You might like it.

*Winterset* is Max Anderson's effort to set sinister and romantic events to formal verse in the American Language. For very much of the time the experiment comes off beautifully, and the few lapses into self-conscious bardism and elegance are not deeply annoying. Here is indeed a noteworthy step forward in approach and technique, and one which often moves and thrills. How much of the credit is due to the spectacularly right performance of Burgess Meredith, the visual beauty of Mielziner's scenery and the cunning direction of Guthrie McClintic is a question—but you must not miss this, if you care about important changes in the theatre. Richard Bennett was excellent the night I saw it. They say he often is.

The Monte Carlo *Ballet Russe* has returned, even better than last year, and with some charming novelties. Lichine and Massine are tops in the trade, while Baronova and Riabouchinska keep alive all the exciting tradition of beauty and skill associated with the Russians at their best. The troupe will tour extensively. ⋕

## Return to Lavinia

*Continued from page 50*

All at once the fan seemed as if it were going faster than ever. The draft became stronger, the whirring sound rose in volume to an ear-splitting pitch, and her shoulders shook involuntarily in the fan's chill breeze.

"I thought I would have a hard time of it," he said, "but now that it's over, it wasn't half as bad as I thought it was going to be. We'll get along all right."

Lavinia reached out and found his hand in the dark. He sat down on the side of the bed while she tried to think what to say.

"What's the matter, Lavinia?" he asked her. "What's wrong?"

"Let me go, Phil," she begged, beginning to cry in her soft deep voice. "I want to go."

He shook his head unmistakably.

"I couldn't let you go now, Lavinia," he said earnestly. "We agreed about that before this business took place the other day. You promised me. If I hadn't believed you would keep your promise, I wouldn't have gone ahead and done it."

"Please, Phil," she begged, crying brokenly until her soft deep voice filled the room. "Please let me go."

He kept on shaking his head, refusing to listen to her. Suddenly, there rose once more the bedlam of crowing that lasted for an hour in intermittent bursts every midnight. Neither of them tried to say anything while the crowing was at its height.

After several minutes the drone of the fan and the sobs in her breast drowned out the roosters' crowing.

"I've got to go, Phil," she said, holding back her sobs while she spoke.

"I can't let you go," he said. "I just can't let you go, Lavinia."

She stopped crying and sat up more erectly, almost on her knees. He gazed at her wonderingly.

"I'm a nigger, Phil," she said

*Continued on page 186*

*To see the world*
OR
*for a winter holiday!*

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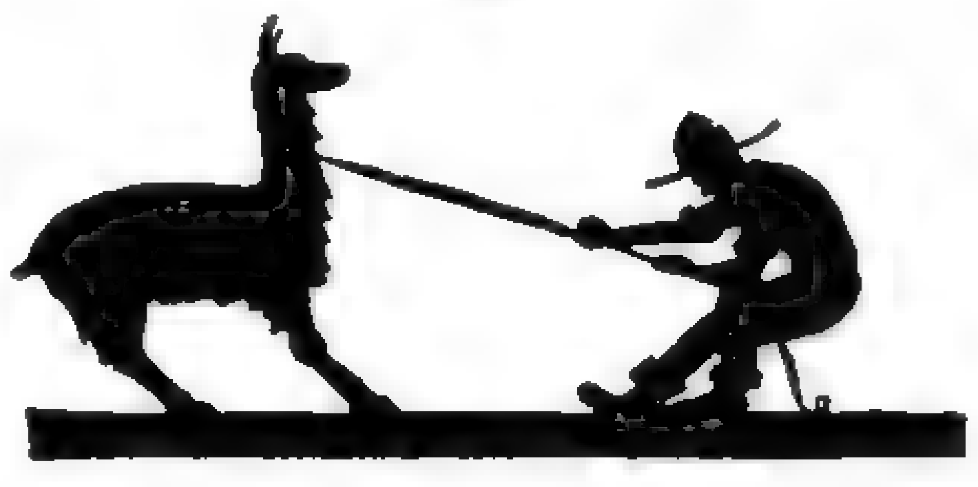

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*in the "Columbus"*

Sailing February 11, 1936

The first cruise from New York completely around South America since 1930.

On the famous 32,000-ton liner "Columbus," the largest ship ever to make a Round South America Cruise.

Through the Panama Canal; down the West Coast of South America; through the Straits of Magellan, and up the East Coast. With visits to the southern continent's great ports and historic cities.

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Sailing January 21, 1936

The fifth Raymond-Whitcomb annual cruise to the romantic islands of the South Seas, and then onward round the world to Monte Carlo. The only cruise of its kind this winter. Visiting, among other places:

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## Return to Lavinia

*Continued from pages 50-185*

slowly. "I'm a nigger—a cooking, cleaning, washing nigger."

"Shut up, Lavinia!" he said, shaking her until she was in pain. "Shut up, do you hear?"

"I am, and you know I am," she cried. "I'm a nigger—a cooking, cleaning, washing nigger—just like all the rest are."

She brushed the tears from her eyes and tried to look at him clearly in the half-light. She could see his deep, serious expression, and she knew he meant every word he had said.

"You'll get over it in a few days," he told her. "Just wait a while and see if everything doesn't turn out just like I say it will."

"You know what I am, though," she said uncontrollably.

"Shut up, Lavinia!" he said, shaking her some more. "You're not! You're a white girl with colored blood—and little of that. Any of us might be like that. I might have colored blood in me, for all I know. Even *she* might have some."

He jerked his head towards the front of the house. Forgetting everything else momentarily, they both listened for a while. There was no sound whatever coming from that part of the building.

"She'll order me around just like she would anybody else," Lavinia said. "She'll treat me like the blackest washwoman you ever saw. She'll be as mean to me as she knows how, just to keep me in my place. She'll even call me 'nigger' sometimes."

"You're just excited now," he said. "It won't be like that tomorrow. You know as well as I do that I don't care what you are. Even if you looked like a colored girl, I wouldn't care. But you don't look like one—you look like a golden girl. That's all there is to it. If she ever says anything different, just don't pay any attention to her."

"She'll keep me in my place," Lavinia said. "I don't mind staying in my place, but I can't live here and have her tell me about it a dozen times a day. I want to go. I am going."

Phil got up, went to the door, and closed it. He came back and stood beside her.

"You're going to stay here, Lavinia," he said firmly. "If anybody goes, she'll have to go. I mean that."

Lavinia lay back on the pillow, closing her eyes and breathing deeply. She would rather have heard him say that than anything else he had said that night. She had been waiting five days and nights to hear him say it, and at last she could relax with the relief he had given her.

"I got married for a pretty good reason," he told her, "but I'm not going to let it ruin everything. I thought you understood all about it before it happened. You even told me to go ahead and marry her, so it would put a stop to all the talk about you living here as my housekeeper. It was hurting business at the store. We had to do something like that. And now you say you are going to leave."

There was silence for a long time after he had finished. Only the drone of the electric fan could be heard, and that for the first time sounded subdued.

"I won't leave," Lavinia said slowly, her voice so low he had to lean closer to her in order to hear. "The only way to make me leave is to throw me out. And I'd come back even if you did that. I want to stay, Phil."

As she lay on her back, she felt herself dropping into unconsciousness. For a while she made no effort to keep herself awake. She lay with her eyes closed and a smile on her lips.

She knew nothing else until he got up from the side of the bed. She opened her eyes as wide as she could in order to see if he were still there.

"I've got to go now," he said.

She sat up, shaking her head from side to side in the breeze of the electric fan. The air that blew through her hair was warm and clinging, and it began making her drowsy once more.

"Phil," she asked, "will you tell me something before you go?"

"Sure," he said, laughing. "What?"

"Phil, did you have a good time on your honeymoon?"

He laughed at her for a moment. After he had stopped there was a pause, and he laughed again.

"I had a great time on the beach," he said hesitatingly.

She laughed at him then, with motions of her head, in her soft deep voice.

"And with that old maid schoolteacher you married, too?" she said, her words trailing off into soft deep laughter that filled the room.

He did not answer her. He went to the door to open it, but for several moments he did not turn the knob. He turned back to look at her again, her laughter filling his ears.

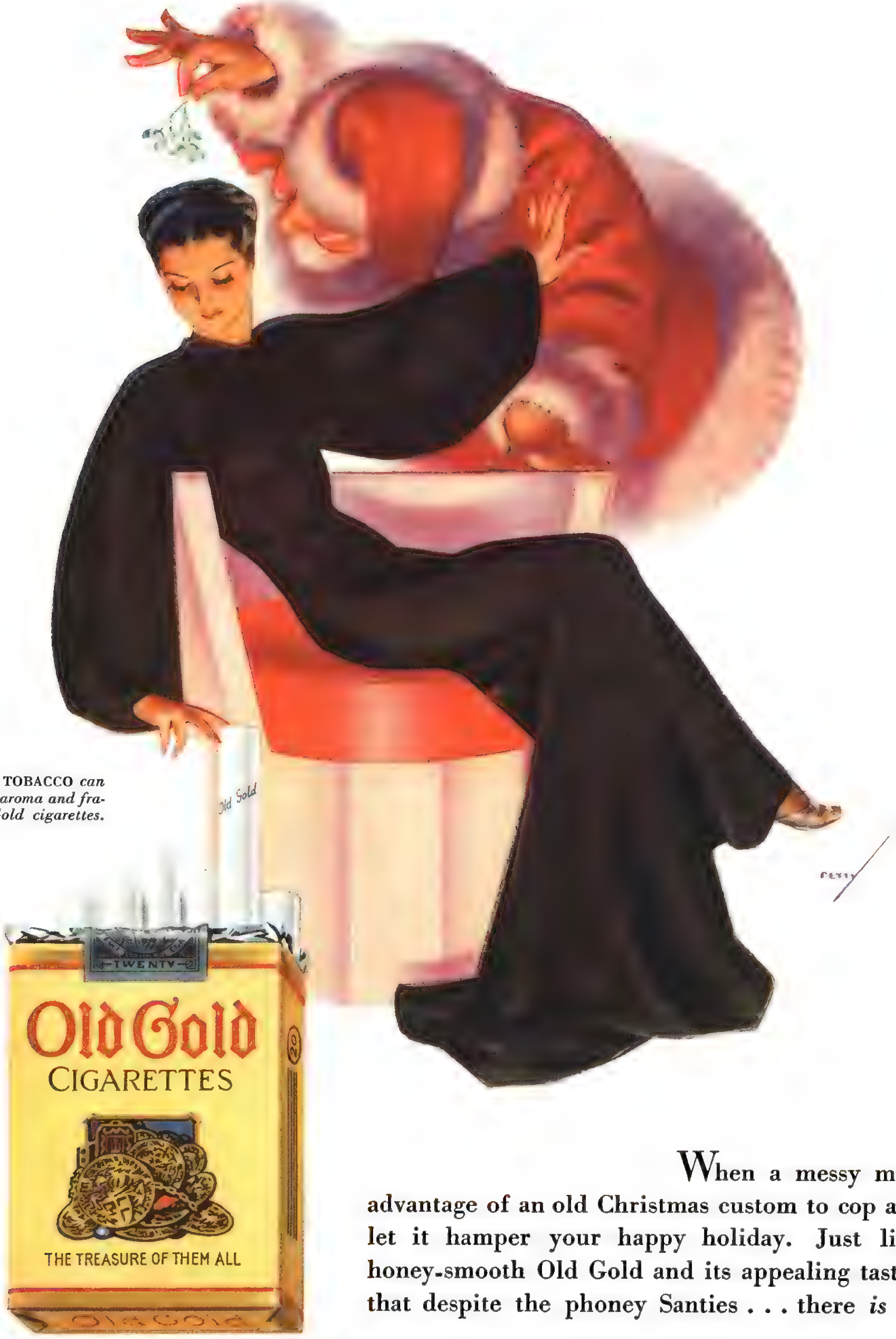
After a while he jerked open the door, stepped out on the porch, and closed the door as quickly as he could. He waited there for a moment to find out if Hannah had heard the laughter in Lavinia's room. When she did not come out into the hall after that length of time, he walked quickly down the porch to the hall door.

Lavinia's laughter swam through the hot night air, pouring into his ears until he could not even hear the sound of his own footsteps. The soft deep notes followed him like a familiar sound that was so close to him he could not find its source. #

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This was a problem story around our shop. Some found it confusing in the early portion, some found it repellent toward the end. We found it beautiful enough to make these defects, even if admitted, seem slight. Right?*

**Smacked by a Sappy-Santy?**

*. . . light an Old Gold*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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
PETTY

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO *can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes.*

When a messy mistle-toad takes advantage of an old Christmas custom to cop a kiss . . . don't let it hamper your happy holiday. Just light a mellow, honey-smooth Old Gold and its appealing taste will tell you, that despite the phoney Santies . . . there *is* a Santa Claus.

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FOR MERRY TIMES . . . LIGHT A *MERRY* OLD GOLD

Adagio assai
pp sotto voce

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*The Library consists of 460 records in 94 albums...including 47 symphonies, 7 complete operas and scores of other fine works. These albums are arranged in a distinguished cabinet designed to harmonize with the D-22. A comprehensive index makes it easy to select the music you wish to hear.*

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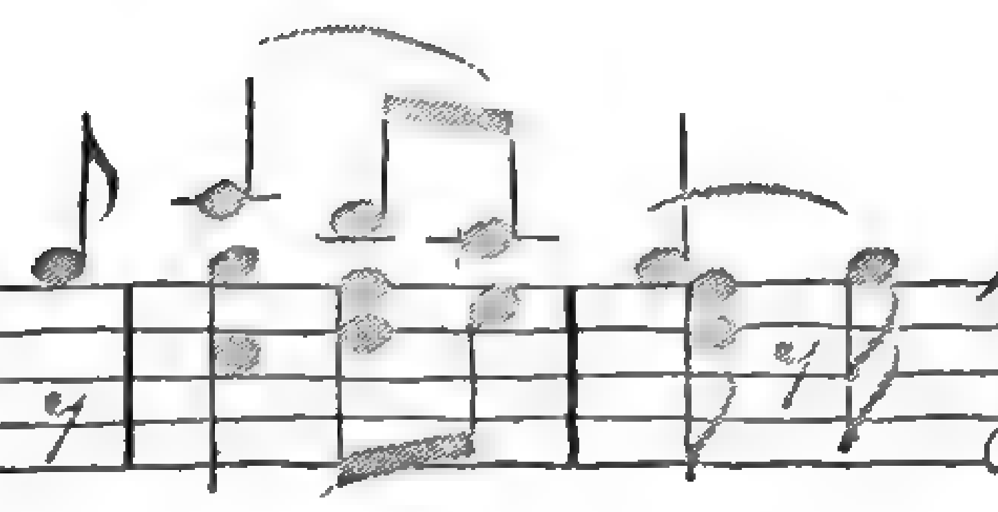
# of all Time



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field, from ancient to modern tunes. Perhaps you feel gay — or perhaps reminiscent. You turn to an album of jazz, and in a moment the volatile rhythms of the best jazz that ever put America on the map set your feet to tapping, your memory skipping backward to happy occasions the music recalls. A natural step from there is to an American plains song by John Charles Thomas. Ancient music, sonorous and churchly, is ready to your hand, should you feel like turning back the pages of musical history to its beginning. Chamber music—violin—'cello—the voices of the great singers—all are here in the Victor Library of Recorded Music.

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*BEVERLY HILLS*
Hansen Music Co.
*HOLLYWOOD*
Barker Bros., Inc.
The Music Shop — Hollywood
Platt Music Company
*LOS ANGELES*
Rogers & Rice Music Co.
Barker Bros., Inc.
Birkel Music Co.
The May Company
Platt Music Co.
Rogers & Rice Music Co.
Southern California Music Co.
*MONTEREY*
Abinante-Palace Music Store
*OAKLAND*
Jackson Furniture Co.
Sherman, Clay & Co.—
(*The H. C. Capwell Co.*)
*PASADENA*
Hancock Music Company
*SACRAMENTO*
Sherman, Clay & Co.
*SAN DIEGO*
Thearle Music Company
*SAN FRANCISCO*
Sherman, Clay & Co.
*SAN JOSE*—Sherman, Clay & Co.
*SANTA BARBARA*
Santa Barbara Music Co., Inc.

**COLORADO**

*COLORADO SPRINGS*
Colorado Springs Music Company
*DENVER*
The Chas. E. Wells Music Co.

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*HARTFORD*
G. Fox & Co., Inc.
McCoy's House of Music
*NEW HAVEN*—David Dean Smith
*SOUTH NORWALK*—Donnelly's
*WATERBURY*
McCoy's House of Music

**DELAWARE**

*WILMINGTON*
Gewehr Piano Co.
Robelen Piano Co.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

*WASHINGTON*
E. F. Droop and Sons Co.
George's Radio Company
Homer L. Kitt Co.

**FLORIDA**

*JACKSONVILLE*—Cohen Brothers
*MIAMI*—Pan American Radio, Inc.

**GEORGIA**

*ATLANTA*
Cable's Radio Department

**ILLINOIS**

*CHAMPAIGN*—Yonce & Wise
*CHICAGO*
Lyon & Healy, Inc.
Marshall Field & Company
*EVANSTON*
North Shore Talking Machine Co.
*PEORIA*
Klaus Radio & Electric Co.
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Haddorff Music House
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*INDIANAPOLIS*
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**IOWA**

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**LOUISIANA**

*NEW ORLEANS*
Philip Werlein, Ltd. (Retail Dept.)

**MARYLAND**

*BALTIMORE*
Hochschild, Kohn & Company
Johnson Brothers

**MASSACHUSETTS**

*BOSTON*
Chickering & Sons
Jordan Marsh Company
M. Steinert & Sons Co., Inc.
*BROOKLINE*
Coolidge Corner Electric Shop
*CAMBRIDGE*—J. McKenna
*WORCESTER*
John C. MacInnes Co.

**MICHIGAN**

*BATTLE CREEK*
Charles E. Roat Music Co., Ltd.
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**MINNESOTA**

*MINNEAPOLIS*
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**MISSOURI**

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*NEWARK*
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*PRINCETON*—The Music Shop

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*BUFFALO*
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M. M. Griffin—Rockville Center
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Wm. C. Kelly, Jr.—Great Neck
Temple of Music Stores—Lynbrook
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F. E. Weale and Sons
*NEWBURGH*—Easman and Co., Inc.
*NEW YORK*
The Aeolian Co.
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*CINCINNATI*
Krauss Radio Stores, Inc.
Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
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**OREGON**

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SLIPPED ON ICE and Sprained Ankle

But Absorbine Jr. Promptly Applied Saved Salesman's Job

TWO days after he had found his first job in more than a year, J. W.,* father of a little family, slipped on the icy street and gave his ankle a severe wrench, besides bruising his arm.

Driven home in great pain, he concluded he'd be laid up for some time and have to start job hunting all over again. But prompt and frequent massage with good old Absorbine Jr. quickly eased the pain and reduced the swelling. He was back at work, feeling fairly comfortable in a couple of days.

Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today and keep it handy for these emergencies. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, aches, sprains, cuts and bruises. Also great for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Very economical, too—a little goes so far. All druggists', $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter from our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

## The Music-Box Review

*Continued from page 116*

riage and Kenneth Sargent's vocal part is very good. You'd better order two of these because you'll wear out the first side before you're satisfied.
DECCA—No. 553.

* * *

Richard Himber and his Ritz-Carlton Orchestra have achieved a superb dance rhythm in *Something to Remember*. The vocal passages are very interesting. But on the reverse side is *My Foolish Heart*.

There are too many interruptions in the rhythm for this number to be danceable. Why try to make concert material out of pop-fox-trots? Even Himberself can't do that. And as far as I'm concerned he could leave his harp home. But buy the record. It's good.
VICTOR—No. 25128.

* * *

Flash—Bernard Wagenaar's *Sonatina for Cello and Piano* has been recorded by
COLUMBIA — MASTERWORKS SET —No. 223. ⧺

## So Red the Nose

*Continued from page 55*

*Carl Carmer's*

**STARS FELL ON ALABAMA COCKTAIL**

1 jigger old Alabama Corn Whiskey (aged in the woods.)
1 Dash Peychaud Bitters.
1 Dash Angostura Bitters.
1 Dash Orange Flower Water.
1 Lump Domino Sugar.
6 Drops Absinthe.
Ice and stir briskly.

Carl Carmer adds, with a sigh, that there is also a *book* called *Stars Fell On Alabama*. He feels this announcement is necessary since (1) a popular song, (2) a satin robe de nuit, and (3) a cocktail now bear the name of his best seller.

Professor Carmer believes that all the absent-minded professor stories being circulated about him are due to his frequent inhalations of the aforementioned drink. There was the time he appeared before a large coeducational class clad in the ash-covered overalls in which he was wont to shake down furnaces to augment his professor's salary. On another occasion he took a lovely lady to lunch wearing one brown shoe and one black. Members of a well known New York club will recall Mr. Carmer's appearance at a formal dinner sans studs, which allowed his dress shirt to bulge, proffering enchanting glimpses.

After three of these cocktails an Eskimo living near the North Pole is said to have seen stars falling on Alabama so clearly that he mistook them for the Northern Lights.

*Oliver La Farge's*

**LAUGHING BOY COCKTAIL**

Dissolve half a Teaspoonful of Sugar in a Dash of Angostura Bitters.
Add 1 Teaspoonful of Sweet Vermouth.
Add chipped ice.
Fill Old Fashioned glass to the brim with New England Rum.
Garnish with Lemon Peel and Slices of Orange (if you like fruit salad).

This potent variation of the Old Fashioned Cocktail has been known to make old Chief Pain In The Neck dance and sing like Laughing Boy, and chase little Princess Giggle Water all the way from Taos to Santa Fe in a Model T Ford.

But the Pulitzer Prize winning author adds one caution. Never make this drink with Bacardi, because Bacardi isn't rum, it's sugar Brandy.

Oliver La Farge writes—"Drinking habits: I never drink until the sun is below the yard-arm to westward, all bets being off, however, for Sundays, football games, and when anyone offers to pay for Champagne Cocktails. For permanent, serious drinking stick to Silver Fizzes. The best Sunday lunch in the world is a dozen small oysters (Wickford oysters, if you can get them) toast melba, and Guinness Stout. At all times of the year, hot or cold, mixed or plain, at sea or ashore, Rum remains the drink to warm, cool or restore a man. But don't refer to Bacardi as Rum in my presence; it ain't. Good Haitian Rum is top, then good New England, Charleston, Jamaica, St. Croix, Negrita, in the order named."

The author is son of Grant La Farge the architect, and grandson of John La Farge the painter.

*Morley Callaghan's*

**THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH COCKTAIL**

2 Parts Brandy.
2 Parts Lemon Juice.
1 Part Cointreau.
1 Part Benedictine.

Morley Callaghan regrets to report that in general he prefers his drinks straight.

"You will never find me sitting up all night balancing potions in little glasses," writes this Canadian novelist. "I like rye with a little soda.

"I know of no more pleasant drink when I'm at ease among my friends and enjoying their conversation than a mug of beer, and then many more mugs with skittles to follow.

"I don't like gin and never did. Often before a meal I take a big glass of Cinzano thinned with soda.

"There was a time when I thought Champagne Cocktails pretty swell, but they seem to leave me solemn and numb now, no matter how many I take. I hope to be comforted in my old age by the good wines of France."

*Frank Scully's*

**FUN IN BED COCKTAIL**

1 Part Grape Juice.
1 Part Applejack.
Ice, shake and serve.

"The trouble with most cocktails," writes Frank Scully from the Upper Story of Bedside Manor, Burbank, Cal., "is that even butlers have to be pretty sober to mix them at all. In addition they require too many ingredients, or such precision in percentages that nobody short of Oscar of the House of Savoy can be sure to keep them uniformly *epatant, magnifique, exquise*, or even plain good.

"The *Fun In Bed Cocktail*, on the other hand, is easy to make. It has the further virtues of power, smoothness and simplicity.

*Continued at top of page 190B*

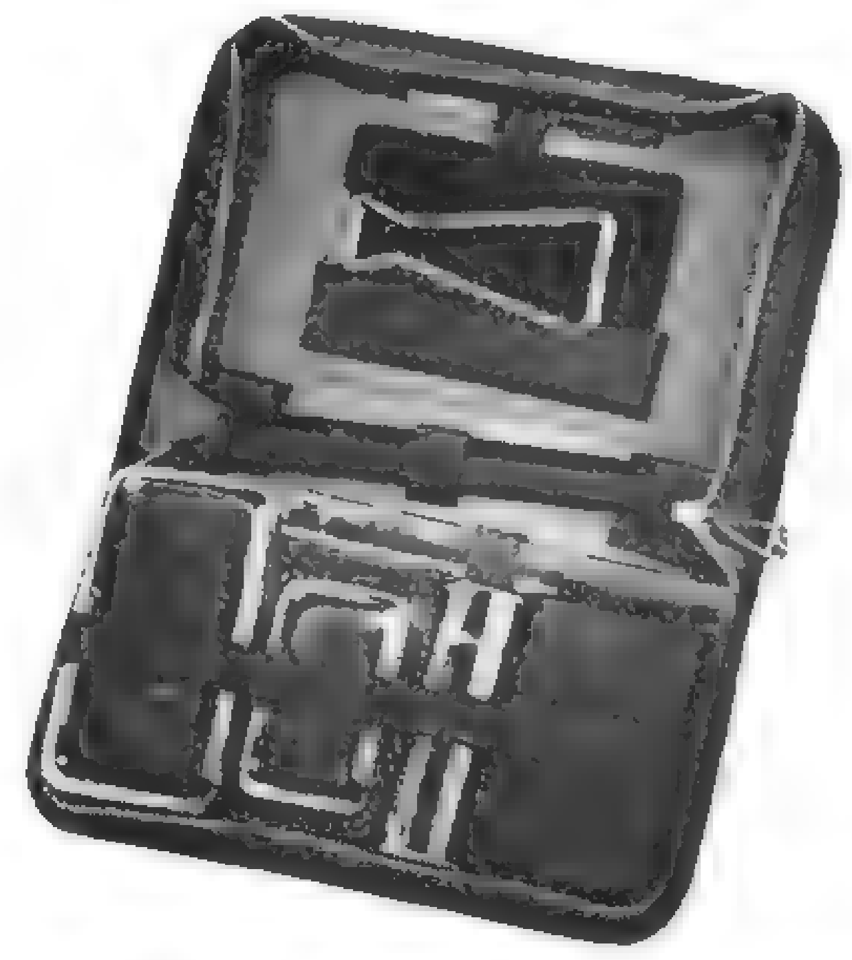
Gano-Downs SUGGESTS FOR CHRISTMAS:

Streamline "THE QUARTERLY"

*The magic lighter without flame—3 months without refill*

Smart, compact, absolutely foolproof, "The Quarterly" gives a perfect light without flame—not once—but every time. You simply press your cigarette against a magic screen, and puff—and lo' your cigarette is instantly lit. No stains on teeth or fingers. And remember, "The Quarterly" goes 3 months without a refill.

*In nickel, in gift box* $5.00
*In chrome, engine turned* $7.50
*In enamel and chrome* $10.00



SMART FITTED CASES

This superb dressing case is made of extra heavy cowhide lined with red morocco. Fitted with 8 pieces consisting of chrome and a real ebony pure bristle brush. Exceptional value at $5.

HANDKERCHIEFS WITH CUT-OUT MONOGRAMS

Pure linen handkerchiefs with corded border and hand-rolled edges. Monogram hand-embroidered and cut-out, a remarkable value at $6 per dozen. (Also packed in half-dozen boxes at $3.)

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Gano-Downs DENVER

THIS IS THE $200,000 MASTER CUTTER UNIT THAT BROUGHT
Perfection
TO ELECTRICAL SHAVING
Through this slot hair falls into open barrel which cannot clog and cleans itself

U. S. Patent No. 1,970,518. Other patents pending.

# The new PACKARD LIFETIME LEKTRO • SHAVER allows you to

# *Shave Blindfolded*

## *Closely, cleanly, painlessly without brush, blades, lather or water!*

You don't have to be a graduate engineer or a head barber to get a perfect and painless shave every day of your life. You can do it blindfolded with the simple new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver, with the master cutter which took seven years and $200,000 to perfect.

### *The Almost Human Cutter*

We believe the new Packard is as much an improvement over other electric cutters and razors as the latter were over old-fashioned hand razors and messy blades.

Its amazing results are due to the master cutter—that almost human device with its two-way action. As it rotates left to right, it also slides backward and forward.

No hair can escape it. It meets every one squarely, holds them erect, lops them off closely, drops them into a roomy barrel from which they are instantly expelled. No matter what angle you use, it cannot pull the hair or pinch the skin. And because of the open barrel, it cannot clog. Cleans itself, too!

### *Spots No Other Razor Reaches*

You simply plug in the Packard and shave. Lightly as a feather, gently as a breeze, it slips across the face. No ridge, no hollow can impede its pleasant progress. The tougher the beard the better it likes it. And man! how deftly it reaches those hard-to-get-at spots under the nostrils, lips and jaw.

The price of the Packard is $15.00. You'll find that it is worth that price to you every year you use it—and that will be a lifetime! Its saving on blades alone is phenomenal.

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## So Red the Nose

*Continued from pages 55-190*

"Blondes go down after the second drink, and after the third one, picture stars ask you to move over. The drink can be easier made, and the picture stars too, with canned grapefruit juice, but the applejack should be made from Jonathan apples.

"These come from Ulster County, Woodstock, New York. In fact there's a memorial, a huge boulder bearing a bronze plaque, about a mile north of J. P. McEvoy's place, which marks the spot where the first Jonathan apple was squeezed from its jack. This was shortly after the Revolution when bundling was the chief indoor sport of the upstate hillbillies.

"Ulster County Jonathans are not to be confused with the Dutchess apples, which keep Hamilton Fish Jr. and Franklin D. Roosevelt constantly at odds."

AUTHORS' NOTE: (*The rumor that Scully's next book will be entitled "Fun In The Next Bed" is pure libel.*)

***Manuel Komroff's***

### CORONET COCKTAIL

2 Parts Gin (domestic).

1 Part Port Wine (California if possible).

Stir with ice and peel of lemon.

Do not shake.

Manuel Komroff, the New York Tempest (cable KOMROFF, N. Y.), has already demonstrated his ability in the newspaper world, publishing, editing, art, philosophy and fiction.

This, however, is his first fling as a barkeeper.

He writes: "The *Coronet Cocktail* has been designed for its simplicity, and to avoid, out-of-stock items. Also I wanted a cocktail that did not use anything imported, for reasons of sentiment and reasons of expense."

***Alexander Woollcott's***

### WHILE ROME BURNS COCKTAIL

1 Part Lemon Juice.

2 Parts Medford Rum.

1 Dash of Maple Syrup.

The Town Crier proclaims that half a dozen of these will improve your fiddling, help you to remember the wisecracks of Dorothy Parker, and may even lead you into retelling the story about Christmas at the Front. A round dozen will get you all steamed up about *Goodbye Mr. Chips* and *Lost Horizon* by James Hilton.

Mr. Woollcott will be fifty on January 19, 1937. He was born at Phalanx, New Jersey, near Colt's Neck (not to be confused with horse's neck). He has lived in Kansas City, Philadelphia, and New York. He is five feet eight, weighs slightly less than any statue of Nero now extant, likes dogs, Stephen C. Foster, and used to be a newspaper man himself. At last reports the City of Rome was still burning.

NERO, MY GOD, TO THEE!

***Roark Bradford's***

### JOHN HENRY COCKTAIL

1 Raw Egg (whole and unbeaten).

1 Jigger Good Corn Whiskey.

Drink in single gulp.

Roark Bradford writes from New Orleans: "My drinking habits are practically confined to drip coffee, Mint Juleps, and the 'John Henry.' I paint badly but most enthusiastically, and for subjects I use the many Negro Baptist and Methodist churches in Louisiana. The churches are all alike yet they differ in details which makes painting them an exciting divertissement.

"I play a lousy but sturdy game of golf. And I fish like nobody's business: red fish, tarpon, shark and sting-ray. I mess around with the piano, guitar and a five-string banjo. I wish somebody would tell me what in hell to do with the fifth string. I eat two dozen oysters every day, including May, June, July and August, and the oysters down here are bigger, fatter and juicier than eastern bivalves.

"I like baseball and polo, but tennis puts me to sleep. I like Eleanor Powell and Bill Robinson (I tap a little myself) but I'd like to lay adagio dancers end to end. If I don't have ham and eggs once a day I feel gypped. I wouldn't want to be anything else in the world but a writer, but I'd rather die than get at the typewriter. I hate to shave: the patriarchs were right."

## Million Dollar Fright

*Continued from page 35*

was more like an execution than a fight.

Sure, all of us ordinary human beings have been scared, but we were not ex-heavyweight champions of the world, nor did they charge twenty-five dollars a seat to see us scared, nor did they ever present it as an edifying spectacle, nor were we paid $215,370.00 for furnishing the fear. Certainly Baer furnished little else. He had never bothered to learn his trade; if he had, he would have had something else to think about.

Now the wise boys who would tell you beforehand that it was in the bag for Baer will tell you that the Addled Adonis bet all of his end on Louis, that he bet all of his end on Braddock, and if you listen they will give you much more wisdom after the fact. But if the wise boys are so wise why are they all broke and why do you wonder what the tipster plays one half so precious as the horse he gives?

I do not know how Max bet on the fight, but I do know he was scared sick and fear is a very ugly thing. All human beings have it just as all human beings perform certain natural functions. But children are trained not to perform these functions in public and fighters are trained not to be frightened while fighting. If they know their trade they have something else to think about. If they do not know their trade and are frightened while fighting, they have no business being fighters anymore than a game-cock that runs has any business being a game-cock.

It may well be that Maxie was afraid of death. Frankie Campbell died after a beating by Max. If that was what he was afraid of, that makes it, somehow, even worse as a spectacle. That sort of fear ought not to be sold as a public entertainment; not even at twenty-five dollars a seat.

Louis is too good to be true and he is absolutely true. He fights out of a geometrically correct, absolutely unhittable bombproof shelter that he shuffles in and out but mostly in. It is easier to go forward flatfooted than to go back. So far everyone has been too afraid of him to try to see how he goes back. If he had no punch he would still be a perfect boxer. The way he carries his hands a hooker can't get around his forearms and elbows and he will punch inside of a hook. He has a beautiful jab that is loose instead of stiff and tight, as most good straight lefts are, and because it is loose he can turn it when it is half way to its target, or perhaps even three quarters of the way, and hook with it *after it has started as a jab* without there being a break in the motion. That is a miracle of co-ordination.

His reflexes are as fast as those of a bantam-weight and when he has a man going and is hooking both hands to the head he is as fast as any little man you ever saw.

Later, when he slows up, I believe he will hit even harder than he does now. He is not a one punch knocker-out now because he hits so fast he sacrifices something of the paralyzing quality of his blows. It is as though a man had an automatic rifle instead of a double barrelled express and so was not so careful how exactly he called his shots. A lot of his punches to the head are higher on the jaw than the button and he will hit a man with five hooks to the head, any one of which if called a little more carefully, would knock the man out. But he is now so fast that he can afford to do this. And it is the only thing he does that makes him look like a young fighter.

He has the material to make four or five different kinds of fighters and he may settle into one kind or another when he begins to slow a little. Right now he is all kinds of fighters and there is no flaw you can beat him on.

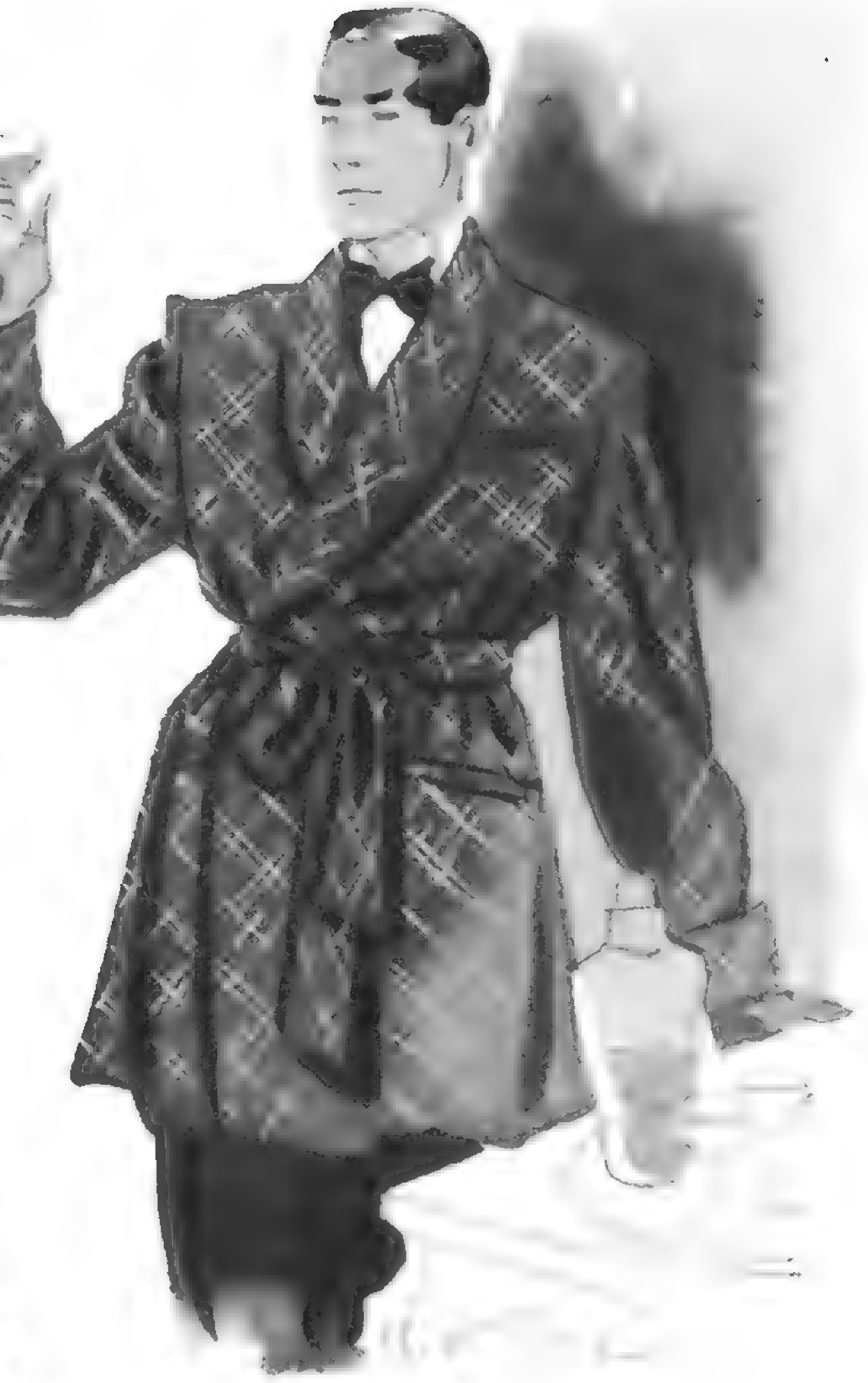
In comparison with past fighters I have seen I believe he would beat Dempsey on the best day Dempsey ever saw. He punches faster and he has a perfect defense against a hooker, and Dempsey was the greatest of the hookers—and never anything else. Langford was much too easy to hit to beat Louis. But it would be a wonderful fight, and Langford could hit so hard and had such a great heart that he would always be dangerous. Johnson, at his best, would outbox Louis as he is today and, I believe, beat him on points. Nobody hit Jack Johnson solidly for twelve years unless you count that moving picture knockdown by Ketchel, a phony if there ever was one, and very few wanted to try.

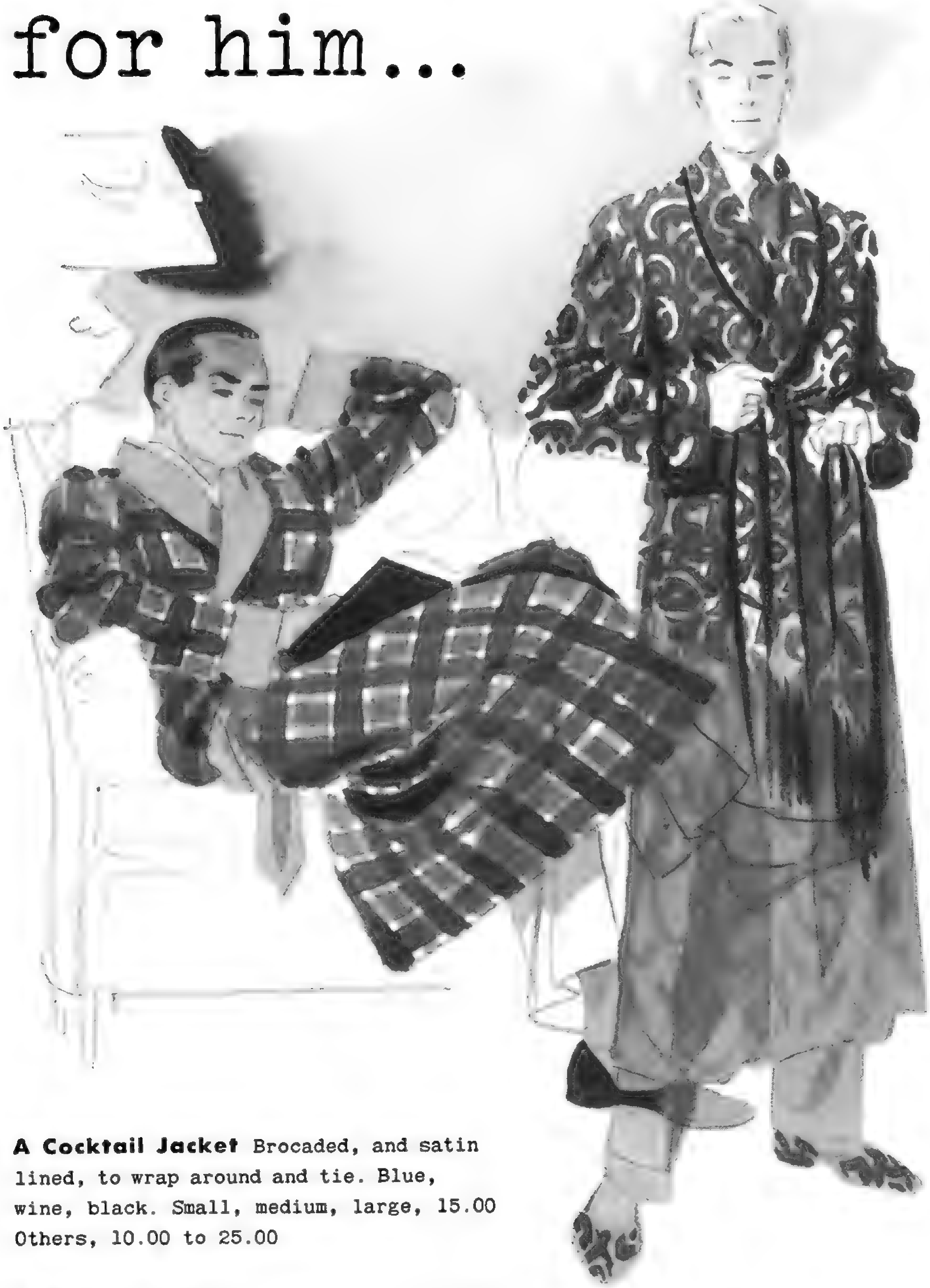
Louis is a much more perfect fighting machine, but Johnson was a size larger and the greatest and strongest boxer, probably, that ever lived. Strength is what makes a boxer, i. e., boxer vs. fighter, great once the boxer knows everything. It is usually the fragile boxer you see against the strong hitter. The hitter wears down the boxer's strength and his defense and beats him. When the boxer is stronger than the hitter he plays with him, coasts along, kids, and is unbeatable.

Right now I believe Tunney at his peak would have the best style to beat Louis. Tunney had the perfect left hand, a complete defense against a left or right hook, and a beautiful right counter that travelled along the shortest distance between two points. There are few unprejudiced people who saw his two fights with Dempsey but believe he would have knocked Dempsey out both times if the fights had gone the fifteen rounds. He was a champion, designed to fight twenty rounds, who was compelled by the law of the moment to fight at ten and that will cost him a big part of the place he should have had in history. I believe he would have the best chance, as a straight puncher, to hit inside of Louis' defense. It will take a counter puncher with a perfect left hand that cannot be knocked down or slipped to beat Louis.

Some one will beat him finally. Maybe it will be soon, by accident, or maybe it will not be for years until prosperity has softened him up. We who have seen him now, light on his feet, smooth moving as a leopard, a young man with an old man's science, the most beautiful fighting machine that I have ever seen, may live to see him fat, slow, old and bald taking a beating from some younger man. But I would like to hazard a prediction that whoever beats Joe Louis in an honest fight in the next fifteen years will have to get up off the floor to do it. And our Maxie does not get off the floor with any such projects in mind. #

# The Man's Shop suggests Presents for him...





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HATS – Soft felts, 5.00 to 10.00; derbies, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00 Opera, 12.50 to 15.00; silk, 15.00
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# Royal Ex-President

*Continued from page 49*

Before the old chieftains could say no he became Prime Minister and made preparations to consolidate his power when a thunderbolt struck out of the blue sky in the form of Mgr. Fan Noli, formerly Albanian Orthodox Bishop of Boston, Mass., who said that the young man had had quite enough fun.

Sentenced to death and with a price on his head, Achmed Zogu fled the country, while Fan Noli appointed himself Prime Minister. It was his turn now to consolidate his power, when another thunderbolt struck.

After being in exile a few months, Achmed Zogu appeared on Albania's northern frontier, followed by a small army he had recruited in the neighboring Yugoslavia.

Before he could count ten, Fan Noli was on his way to Italy, while Achmed Zogu appointed himself Prime Minister and the whole game began anew with the only difference that this time he did consolidate his power. He appointed himself President of the Albanian republic, but kept his eyes on the throne.

Albania's leading politicians decided that they wanted a King—not much of a King, but a King just the same, which would have been fine for Achmed Zogu if the politicians had not decided that the King must be a foreigner. One of the fathers of the idea made the inspired suggestion that a nice old English lady, who had expressed highly flattering opinions about the country, should be the chief executive, but some one spoiled his pleasure by remarking that at best she would be a Queen and not a King.

Then the conferees agreed to form a regency council, which appointed a special commission to find a suitable sovereign. It was their plan to invite a prominent Englishman as Albanian High Commissioner, and after giving him a chance to make good, to elevate him to the throne. Among the Englishmen who wanted the job was a dentist of a London suburb, of whom King Zog remarked in later years that he probably was interested as an expert in golden crowns.

Achmed Zogu did not wait for the Englishman, but took the crown himself seven years ago. He disappointed his Yugoslav friends by turning to the Italians, with whom he concluded first a Treaty of Friendship and then a Treaty of Alliance.

Several attempts have been made on Zog's life. In the first two years of his reign about ninety families swore vendetta against him and then the scorekeeper quit work. Once he was set upon in the Tirana parliament building and nearly killed. Another time he was shot at in the Vienna Opera House, while attending a performance of *Pagliacci* and he would not be among the living today if his would-be assassins had not taken an aide-de-camp for him.

Since then King Zog has become an invisible ruler, who seldom, if ever, leaves his house and keeps out of the way of bullets and poison with fantastic precaution. Let us see for a moment how he lives.

The King's coffee-colored castle in Tirana leans against the first ramparts of the Central Albanian mountains, overlooking the maritime plains. The top of the mountain is fortified. The castle itself is in the midst of a garden of dense foliage, and it is in this garden that the King spends the few waking hours he is not at his desk.

On his walks the King is accompanied by one of his three unmarried sisters, Senie, Myzejen or Rukie, because a man accompanied by a woman is safe from blood-feud, in accordance with the *bessa*, a solemn pledge. The King takes his exercises in an underground gymnasium, which leads to a tunnel that has its mouth somewhere in the mountains.

Until the King's mother, Sadie, died early this year it was she who cooked his meals for fear that he might be poisoned and it is now the Princesses who take turns in the kitchen. Some time ago the King was frightened by symptoms of slow poisoning and he sent out an SOS call to a pair of prominent Vienna physicians, who found the diagnosis correct and ordered him to cut down on the 150 cigarettes a day, which he admitted he smoked.

Whenever the King leaves his winter residence in Tirana for his summer place near the coastal village of Durazzo, he is preceded and followed by the bulk of his body-guard of two thousand picked men, whose loyalty is insured by high wages and a very efficient secret service. On such occasions the highway is closed to ordinary traffic until the King reaches his destination.

About a mile from Durazzo the King has his summer residence—a group of barracks, several of which are inhabited by soldiers. Tanks, cannons and powerful searchlights add to the martial appearance of the place. The barracks are surrounded by a No Man's Land, where every stranger may be shot without challenge. In front of the house there is a torpedo boat, ready for all emergencies. The King's companions in Durazzo were the chief of the army staff, Colonel Myrdacz, and the inspector of the army, Colonel di Gillardi, the latter of whom was killed in the rebellion of last August.

Even when he is vacationing, the King is a hard worker who can wear out two secretaries a day, and his finger is constantly on the country's pulse.

It has always been something of a mystery why Zog has never married. However, this is a mystery only to those who know the ruler from a distance. Those who know him more intimately also know that in his heart there was love only for one woman for many years. And this woman happened to be a Vienna cabaret dancer, the daughter of a gardener living on the outskirts of the Austrian capital.

The romance began some years ago, before Zog had become an invisible ruler. He liked to visit Vienna then, on the pretext of consulting his physicians. One day he happened to visit the Trocadero, a night cabaret, where his attention was attracted by Franciska de Janko, a dancer. He made her an Albanian Baroness, if rumor may be trusted, and may have even married her if he had not received a warning from Signor Mussolini. He took the young woman to Tirana, where they seem to have lived quite happily until she developed a homesickness for Vienna and the Trocadero.

They went back to Vienna and although the police of the Austrian capital were anxious to keep an eye on His Majesty, it was brought out at the trial of his near-assassins that he liked to elude their vigilance and go to places where no self-respecting Kings should go. It was on that visit that the attempt was made on his life in the Vienna Opera. The box next to his was occupied by Miss Janko.

Once more she went back to Albania but evidently the lure of Vienna was too much for her, as latest information indicates that she is back again, a retired beauty on full pension.

As to marrying a Princess of royal blood, the difficulties are great because even though Zog is the only bachelor King of Europe, his life does not seem to be safe in a country of vendetta. Some time ago King Victor Emmanuel of Italy conferred upon him the Collar of the Annunziata, which made him a relative of the House of Savoy.

It was rumored at that time that Signor Mussolini wanted him to marry Principessa Giovanna, the youngest daughter of the Italian King.

Mussolini may have planned this marriage without the knowledge of the Princess, because nothing more has been heard of this scheme. And this brings about the question of Albania's location and Italy's interest in her.

Just about the size of Vermont, with a population of about a million, the smallest country of the turbulent Balkans, King Zog's Albania is exposed to the kick of the heel of the Italian boot across the Strait of Otranto, less than fifty miles away from the Italian peninsula. By controlling Albania the Italians feel that they can control access to the Adriatic Sea, and push forward into the heart of the Balkans, via Bulgaria and Turkey.

Although the country is small, the Albanians are proud and among them both Professor Freud and his inferiority complex are unknown. If some students of their origin may be trusted, they are related to the Irish, and at any rate to the Celtic race. They must be of tough fiber, having survived thirty centuries in bondage and having retained their ancient language as well as some of their customs, such as the one that if an Albanian does not approve of his neighbor, he simply shoots him.

Since most of the country is covered with rugged mountains, except the coastal plain, the tribal form of society survived longer than anywhere else in Europe.

In the center and in the south, however, feudalism still prevails and peasants live on the estates of rich beys in semi-servitude.

It was more on account of Albania's strategic position than her rather meager natural wealth that Italy appointed herself the friend of all Albanians and decided to extend to them the blessings of civilization, such as cannons, tanks and the art of murder in mass.

Although the Italians are known as romantics, they have just about killed romance in the Albanian mountains, which is now a land of contrasts, where the highest form of mechanized human progress keeps company to the most primitive ways. The country's air service is excellent, its new roads leave little to be desired, and its schools, it is hoped will soon reach Europe's level. One is beginning to wonder what will happen to the quaint villages that seem to hang on to mountain-ledges by some miracle, defying the laws of gravitation. Doomsday seems to be on the march for such diverting customs as robbing wives and auctioning off girls to the highest bidder.

As the Italians push onward, picturesque life retreats and bleak civilization gains ground. They are draining the coastal swamps, famous for their diligent malaria-breeding mosquitoes, which efficiently helped the vendetta to decimate the population. They are building the country's first railway—twenty-two miles long—between the two royal residences, Tirana and Durazzo. It is Italian money that fortifies the coast towns of Scutari, Durazzo and Valona.

Meanwhile the bachelor King is hard at work to stamp out vendetta and one cannot but have sympathy with him, realizing that it is not merely an abstract principle but also his own life that is at stake. After he succeeds in the task, it will be easier for him to satisfy curiosity as to who will be the Queen of Albania.

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# Rejuvenation

*Continued from page 44*

they have by seeking reactivation while the seeking is good.

The newspapers have a good deal to say about what they all call "rejuvenation" from time to time; but most of the public know little about it, and regard it as a rather remote medical novelty which can have no immediate personal and practical significance for them. They would see it very differently if they knew that within the last three or four years there have come about several new and little discussed developments in the Steinach method which not only enormously increase its effectiveness, but promise to place it before long within the easy reach of all who need it.

The reason so few persons know about rejuvenation, except as a name, is quite simple. Any discussion of rejuvenation touches on emotions that are deeply stirred by anything connected with sex. Deep seated puritanical complexes explain, not only much of the antagonism displayed toward rejuvenation, but also the raised eyebrows.

In short, rejuvenation is still regarded as an aphrodisiac for presumably immoral old men whose continued impotence would be a gain to society, and as a cosmetic for silly, fading women who, it is felt, should be content to be their age, and should be ashamed of their secret desire to attract men with bright eyes and the vigor of personality and physical charm that once was theirs. And so, since the whole matter has come to carry a kind of moral stigma with it, those who seek a restoration of their powers by this means, keep it to themselves.

Thus the news fails to get around. And the fact that many conservative physicians of the type who are opposed to such social innovations, say, as birth control, frown on rejuvenation, and would advise any patient that there was "nothing in it," or that it was a "dangerous fad," has also helped to keep the public from getting any just and intelligent notion of what it is all about.

And yet, in spite of such a persistent use of social blinders for the safeguarding of morals, that situation is certainly changing. For one thing, the mass of people are less prudish than formerly. If some puritan argues that rejuvenation is merely a means of prolonging the love life, the public refuses to be shocked, and it retorts, "Well, why not? What's wrong with that? Take this bugaboo away!"

Nevertheless the effects of rejuvenation on the sexual life is not, for most aging persons, the important thing about it. What they seek in reactivation is not a renewal of their sexual powers so much as an extension of their platform of efficiency, together with an extra decade of life, with good health and enjoyment of this world up to the last—in short, "a long autumn and a short winter." The restoration of sexual function which usually accompanies this result is incidental—merely one aspect of the swing back to normal. It in no sense implies any abnormal stimulation of sex, or any stimulus toward improper conduct.

Back in the 80's, the great French scientist and physician, Brown-Séquard, shocked all the good people and started a hot debate in medical circles by announcing at a scientific convention that he had, at the age of seventy, restored his failing physical and mental powers by injecting into his own body extracts from the reproductive glands of dogs. He called it "rajeunissement." Nothing was known about hormones in those days; nobody got the significance of that bit of medical pioneering; Brown-Séquard was laughed at and reviled, and his reactivation experiments were finally forgotten.

Then along about the turn of the Century one Dr. Adolph Lorenz, an Austrian surgeon, became good newspaper copy when he cured little Lolita Armour of a supposedly incurable hip ailment. But Dr. Lorenz became even better copy when, about fifteen years ago, he announced in a magazine interview that he had been rejuvenated by the Steinach method at 67; that now, at 72, he felt like a young man whether he looked it or not; that whereas he had been a broken old man, he was now as strong as when he was fifty. "Now, five years after the operation," he said, "I am well, healthy; able to do my work, and expecting to do it for years to come." He advised all men over sixty, and all who experienced the first symptoms of hardening of the arteries, to have the Steinach operation. And that advice, coming from a great physician, carried a weight it never would have had if a layman had been the guinea pig.

Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, heard about Dr. Lorenz. Her own mental and physical powers were failing at 64. Her novels were not getting written. So, as related in her autobiography, she got "Steinached" by Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York, who had worked with Steinach in Vienna, and had introduced the Steinach method into this country in 1921, whose medical writings on the subject are numerous and who remains today one of its active advocates.

Mrs. Atherton further relates in her autobiography, *The Adventures of a Novelist*, how as a result of the treatment she suddenly found herself in her mental and physical prime again; and she attracted wide attention to the whole matter by writing her novel *Black Oxen* around the theme of rejuvenation—picturing there a woman who by this means remained perennially young and beautiful. The picture of Mrs. Atherton's rejuvenated heroine had some basis of truth, although greatly exaggerated for the sake of fiction. It may be truer today, under the developments of the Steinach method, than it was then.

Since then Mrs. Atherton has been "reenergized" again. She is now 77, and is still an active figure in American literature. She writes like any active contemporary of this changing age—which, indeed, she is. The wonder of a woman of 77 being able to function that way sinks in deeper the more you think about it.

Dr. Eugen Steinach is a Viennese biologist. It was shortly before the world war that he made his first sensational announcement that after extensive experiments with aging rats and guinea pigs, he had found that the male sex glands produce two distinct secretions—one being the reproductive secretion that perpetuates life, the other a "male hormone" which passes from the glands directly into the blood stream, and becomes a kind of pace-maker for all the other endocrine glands. It maintains the vital tone and tension of the system—produces the secondary sex characteristics, such as the beard, the male voice, male skeletal formation, and so on, and altogether makes a man a vigorously functioning male organism, instead of a fat sissy with a tenor voice, a hairless body, and a eunuchoid personality. An abundant secretion of the male hormone in rats, Steinach found, could not only delay old age, but could increase the longevity of the rats by 25 per cent; whereas a deficiency of the hormone meant the swift onset of old age and an early death.

What made the Steinach method revolutionary was that it was an ingenious device for inducing the body of the aging individual to produce its own supply of the sex hormone instead of relying on some outside source, through gland transplantation—which was the only method of rejuvenation known up to that time. Steinach stimulated the hormone producing function of the patient's own glands by putting a stop to the manufacture of the reproductive secretion. He accomplished this by cutting and tying the tubes (vas deferens) which are the outlet of the reproductive secretion. This sealing up of the external outlet of the male glands is called vasoligature. It results in an atrophy of the reproductive cells of the glands, and in a corresponding increase of the cells that produce the male hormone. These are called interstitial cells. They take the place of the atrophied reproductive cells. As they increase in number there is a greater production of the male hormone; and thus the aging man begins to function again as he did in his prime.

The operation, while very simple, and no more painful than the treating of a tooth by a good dentist, is a delicate one, and calls for a skilled surgeon thoroughly familiar with the Steinach technique. Otherwise there may be injury to the intricate network of nerves and blood vessels that supply the gland. Clumsy surgery has been responsible for the failure of many a Steinach operation.

The usual procedure is to tie one duct; and then, five or six years later, when the effect has begun to wear off, tie the other. Further refinements of the operation are now possible, as a result of recent research, so that successive reactivations can be obtained over a period of many years.

The operation does not interfere with sexual potency. It increases it. The bilateral operation sterilizes; the unilateral does not—it leaves one duct open for the passage of the reproductive secretion.

Steinach began his epoch making research by experimenting with gland transplantations, later widely publicized by Dr. Serge Voronoff. Steinach had transplanted human male sex glands into aging men. It worked; but human gonads are, of course, hard to get, and would always be beyond the reach of any but the very rich. The alternative was Voronoff's method of transplanting the glands of anthropoid apes, which will often knit with human tissue, and thus remain active for a long time. But the supply of apes is limited—not anything like enough to supply such a need. It was out of that phase of Voronoff's work that the "monkey gland" joke grew up. Monkey glands were tried out by many old rakes who could afford them; and some of them hit such a pace with wine, women, and song that they burned themselves out in no time. All of which tended to give to the monkey gland idea an unsavory reputation that still sticks, and which imparts itself to the whole subject of rejuvenation.

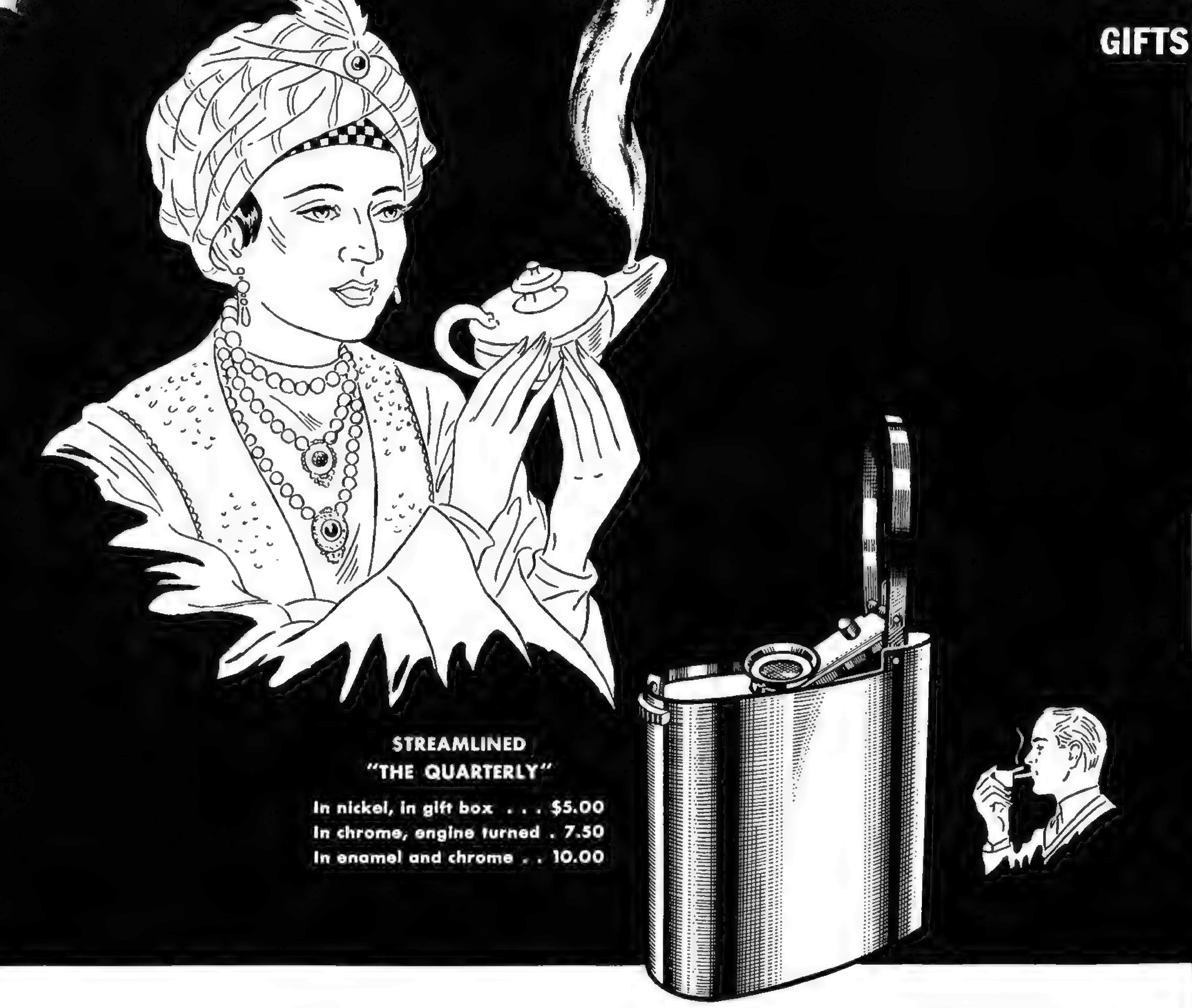
It was found that if, on grounds of economy, and abundance of supply, the glands of other animals were used, such as the ram or the goat, the effect was pronounced, but it did not last, because the body quickly absorbed such foreign tissues.

Steinach's method was simply a way around these practical difficulties. It is now regarded by most authorities as preferable to gland transplantation; and thus the future seems to lie with the Steinach method.

No operation comparable to vasoligature is possible for women. The sealing of the Fallopian tubes would not produce a similar result. And yet women from the first were clamoring for reactivation as well as men. Steinach therefore worked out for women a treatment that would stimulate the natural hormone producing function of the ovaries, which produce a female hormone

*Continued on page 194B*

## GIFTS THAT MAKE YOU *Remembered!*



**STREAMLINED**
**"THE QUARTERLY"**

In nickel, in gift box . . . $5.00
In chrome, engine turned . 7.50
In enamel and chrome . . 10.00

# *Aladdin's Lamp was no more wonderful than these smart new Flameless . . .*

# LEKTROLITES

A new amazing treat is yours when you use one of the beautiful new Lektrolites with their revolutionary method of ignition.

**Brilliantly styled for 1936 and mechanically perfect, Lektrolites have won Paris, London, and New York by their practical magic.**

Gone are the frayed wicks, the balky flints, the clumsy wheels, and the uncertain sparks that made ordinary lighters passe. Gone, the stains on teeth and fingers. Gone, the unpleasant odors, and the sulphurous taste that came from old-fashioned lighting.

### *Press and Puff—That's all*

With Lektrolites, led by the dashing "Quarterly" you simply press your cigarette against a tiny round screen and puff. Magically, out of nowhere comes, not a flame but a warm steady glow. It lights your cigarette perfectly — not once — but every time.

Flameless lighters have appeared before, prematurely perhaps, and therefore faulty. Lektrolites have eliminated every fault. Mechanically they are perfect. Each one carries a full year's guarantee.

The answer to a smoker's prayer is what users call "The Quarterly," pictured in the large illustration above. Note its graceful streamlining. You'll like the way it fits into your hand; you'll appreciate its compactness in your pocket. Above all, you will be delighted to find that you can use it day in day out as often as you please — *and refill it only once every three months.* Hence the name.

Can you imagine a more satisfying possession or a more practical, worthwhile gift than "Quarterly"?

*On sale at Lord & Taylor, Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Lewis & Conger, Fortnum & Mason, New York City; Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston; and leading stores and jewelers*

### IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY THIS COUPON

PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find——(check)——(money order) for $______, for which send me postpaid:

☐ The Quarterly in Nickel; ☐ The Quarterly in Chrome; ☐ The Quarterly in Chrome and Enamel, ☐ Lektrocase in Nickel; ☐ Lektrocase in Rhodium Plate; ☐ Lektrocase in Gold Plate; ☐ Pencil Plain; ☐ Pencil DeLuxe; ☐ Key Chain Lighter; ☐ Vestalite Flame Nickel; ☐ Vestalite Nickel and Enamel; ☐ Vestalite Chrome and Enamel; ☐ Moto-Glolite; ☐ Moto-Lektrolite.

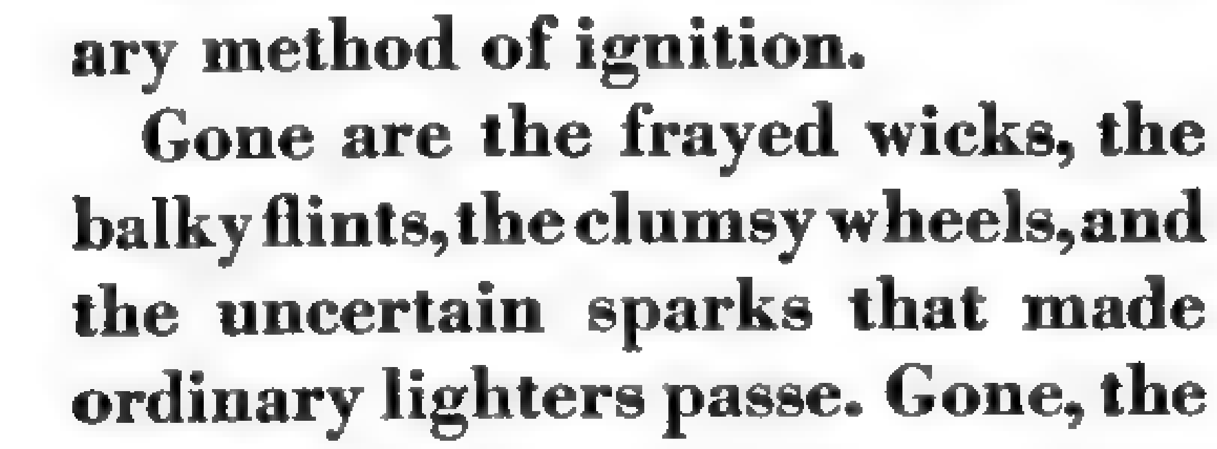
Please check color desired in pencil and enamel models: Chinese Red ☐; Lapis Lazuli ☐; Blue ☐; Parisian Black ☐; Emerald Green ☐; Jade Green ☐

NAME______________________

STREET______________________

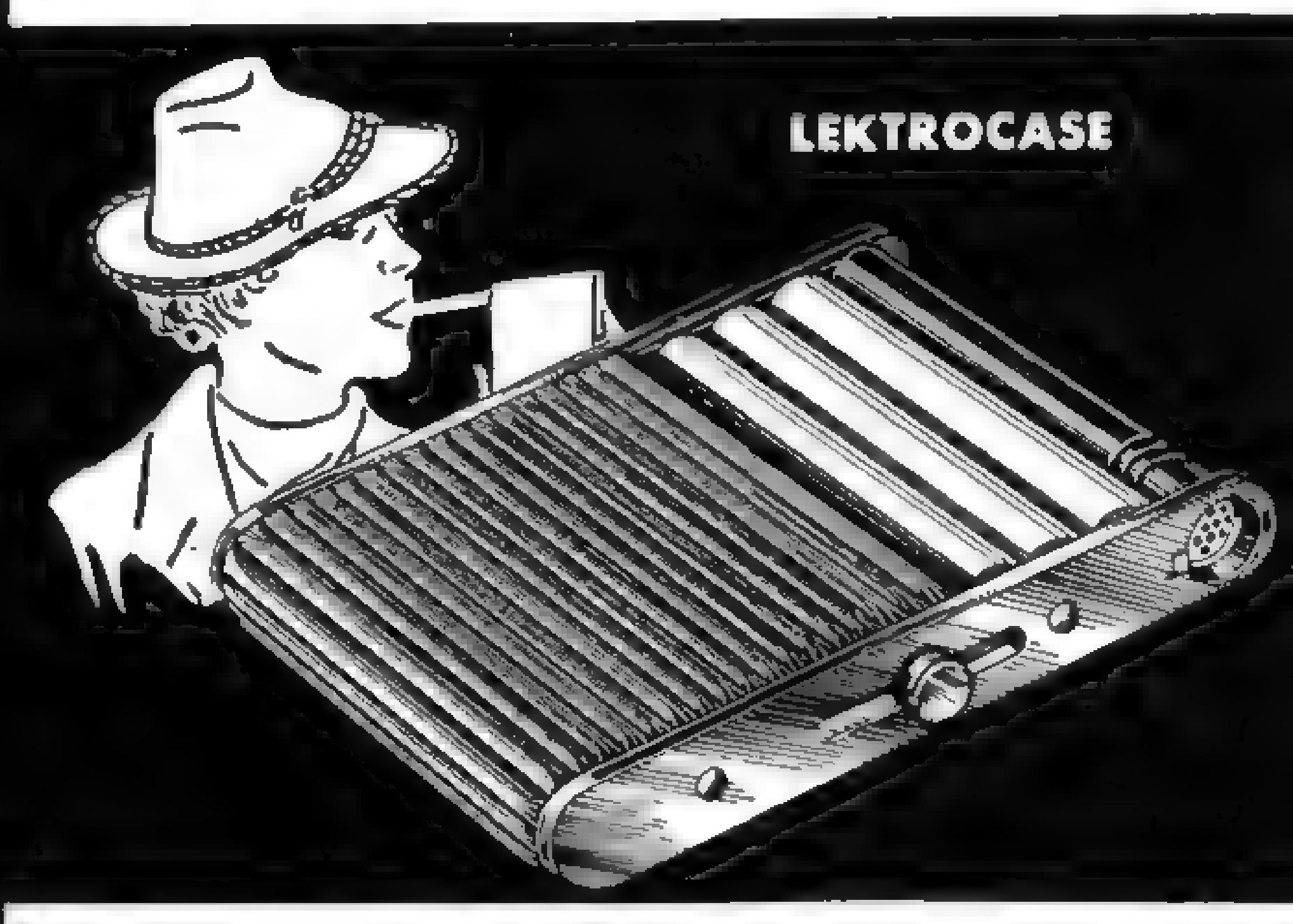
CITY______________ STATE________

**MOTO-LEKTROLITE and MOTO-GLOLITE**



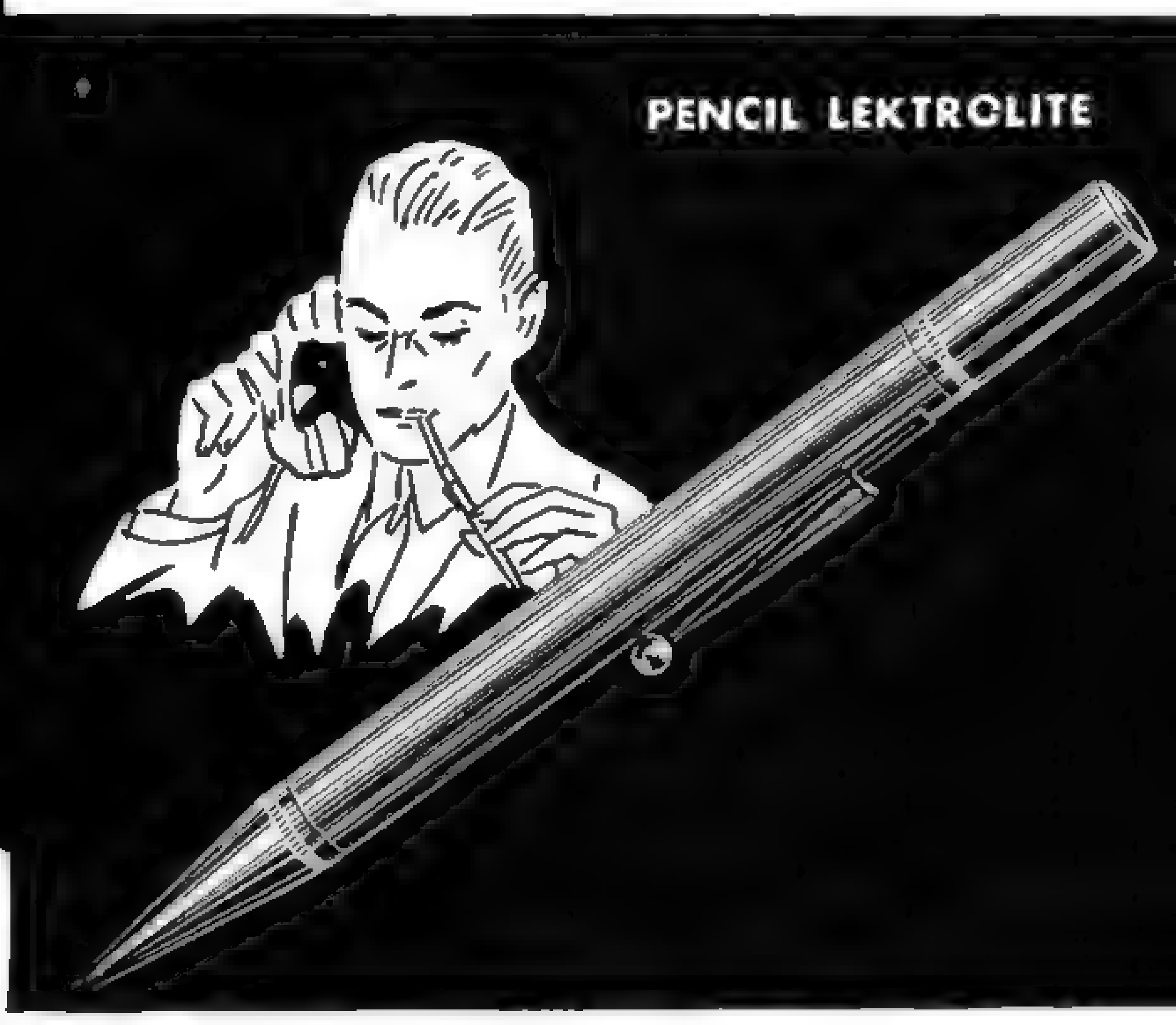
Your car cries for it. What a gift for an automobilist! Sure-fire lighting every time on the dashboard of your car without electrical connections. Moto-Lektrolite, price $5.00, attaches to dash. Moto-Glolite, price $1.00, attaches by suction cap.

**LEKTROCASE**



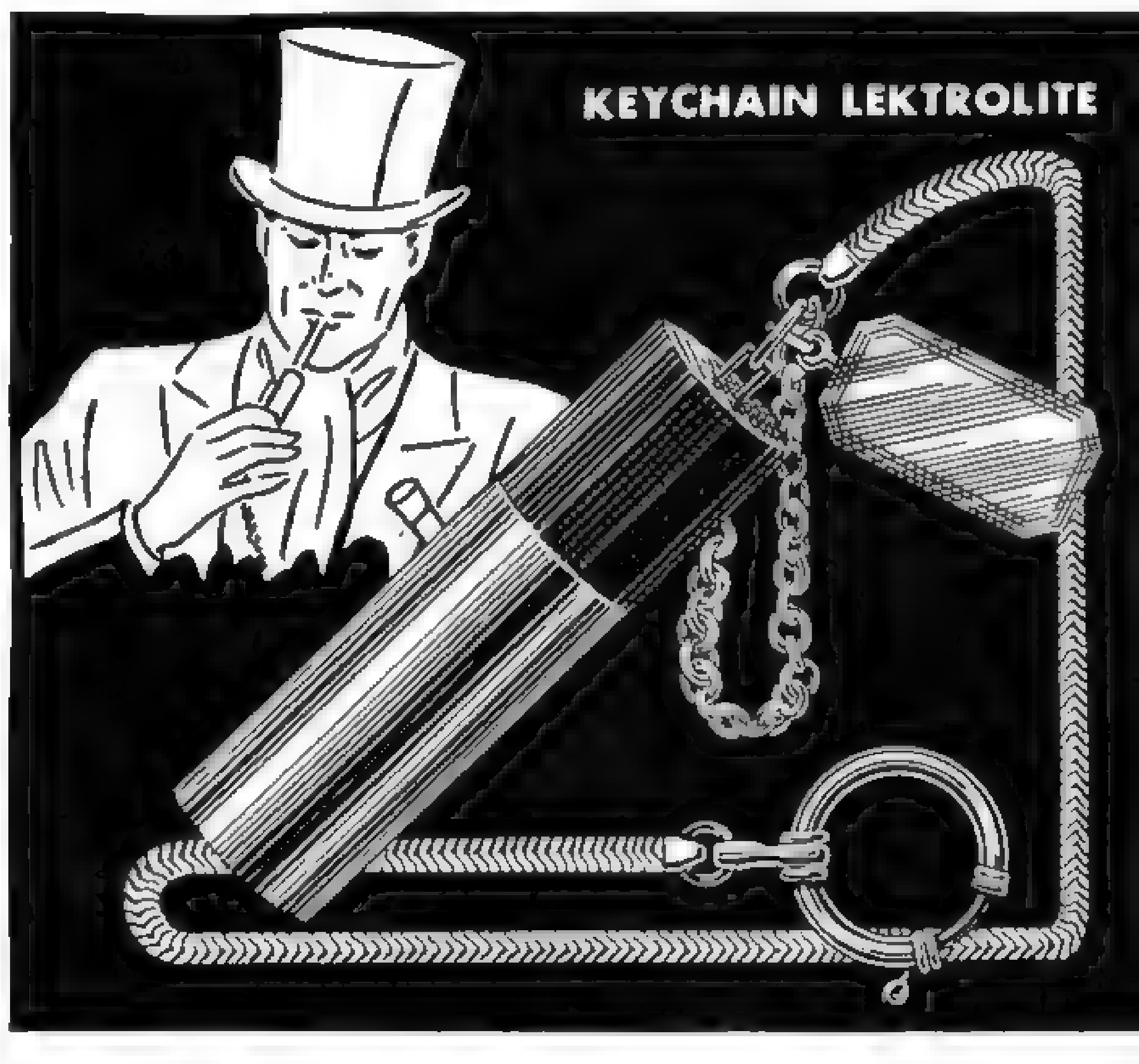
How perfectly swank, yet how utterly practical is Lektrocase, the smart Roll-Cover cigarette case with built-in flameless lighter. Paris went wild over it. In nickel, $5.00. In Rhodium Plate, $7.50. In Gold Plate, $12.50.

**PENCIL LEKTROLITE**



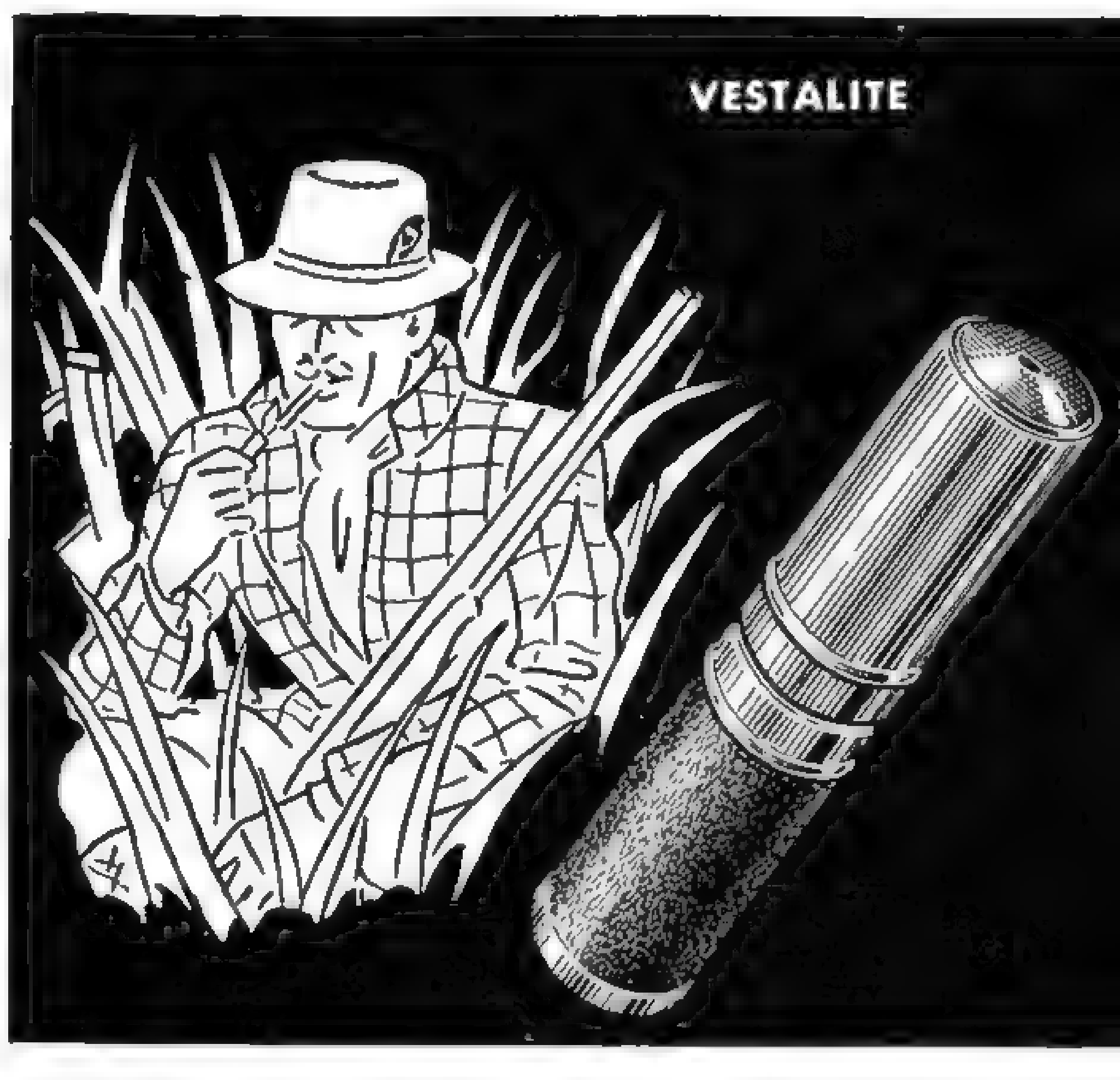
Where is the office worker, employee or executive, who wouldn't appreciate one of these handsome automatic pencils with flameless lighter in the top? Plain model, $5.00. DeLuxe, $7.50.

**KEYCHAIN LEKTROLITE**



Key-Chain lighter, highly polished or satin-finish chrome facing, with black enamel caps, fitted with ring keyholder. Chain is untarnishable Rhodium finish with monogram tag. The Gift Unusual, $5.00.

**VESTALITE**



For pipe or cigar smokers and outdoorsmen who prefer a Flame lighter, we present Vestalite. It gives flame no wind can extinguish. In a duck blind . . . on a boat . . . on the links . . . in the rain, there's where you appreciate the baby bonfire that Vestalite gives. $1.00, $2.50 and $5.00. (See coupon.)

# Rejuvenation

*Continued from pages 44 and 194*

that is chemically only slightly different from the male hormone.

Steinach's original method for women consisted in the injection into the body of ovarian extracts, plus a direct stimulation of the ovaries by means of the X-ray. The idea was that the ovarian extracts, while acting as a direct stimulus to the whole body, would also stimulate the ovaries themselves, and so supplement the stimulation afforded by the X-rays. This method proved to be very effective.

But later the X-ray was discarded in favor of diathermy, which consists in passing a high frequency alternating electric current through the body. The heat induced by this current brings about an increased flow of blood through the ovaries, which reconditions and reactivates them by reason of this improved nutrition.

The latest development in this technique consists in the recent displacement of diathermy by the so-called radio ultra-short waves, known to all radio fans. These ultra-short waves pass through the body somewhat as do the X-rays, though they are of a different nature. They are intensely stimulating to the tissues, by accelerating the circulation, and can be used, not merely for stimulating the sex glands, but for the stimulation of other glands as well—such as the thyroid and the pituitary.

This improvement of method becomes the more effective by reason of the use now made of greatly improved and highly concentrated female hormones which have become available during the last few years.

The female hormone was early isolated by Steinach and his co-workers; but it is now possible to produce it synthetically—in large amounts and at a lower cost. The male hormone, however, has proved more elusive. Most of the forms in which it has been produced have been practically worthless. But a few years ago Dr. Casimir Funk of Paris, in collaboration with Dr. Benjamin Harrow of New York, undertook a research paid for with funds donated to them by August Heckscher and Jules Bache. Funk and Harrow worked out a technique for extracting the male hormone from kidney secretions. The hormone thus obtained is many times as concentrated as any hitherto available. The measure of its potency is the rate at which it will cause a capon to grow a comb. The trouble is that the process of isolating the hormone is laborious and costly.

Only last August, however, came the news that a synthetically produced male hormone may shortly be abundantly available commercially, and in high concentrations. It is already commercially available in Germany and Switzerland. Dr. L. Ruzicka, of Zurich, Switzerland, announced his method of synthesizing the hormone in a paper which was read before the American Chemical Society in San Francisco last August. Dr. Ruzicka calls it "androsterone." He makes it from cholesterol obtained from the grease of sheep's wool.

The significance of this is that it makes the non-operative Steinach method for the reactivation of women equally effective for men. Also that the use of the new male hormone and the ultra short waves can be combined, when necessary, with vasoligature so that the effectiveness of vasoligature is greatly increased. Since the effects of vasoligature are more permanent, vasoligature is usually prescribed for men over sixty, while the use of the male hormone with the ultra-short waves is preferred for men under sixty who show signs of premature old age.

While the use of the male and the female hormones produces a direct general primary invigoration almost at once, the most important thing about them is that they restore the patient's own glands to normal functioning. It is this secondary stimulation that makes their effect so lasting. If it were not for that their effect would pass as soon as they were eliminated from the system—as they soon would be.

One very important thing about the use of the ultra-short waves, both for men and for women, is that along with their stimulation of the glands, they can clear up co-existing infections. They can even be used to cure abscessed teeth, abscessed lungs, arthritic joints, bronchial infections, colds, sinus trouble, and the like. They are part of the new technique for producing artificial fever; and there are high medical authorities in this country who now believe that artificial fever, as produced by this and other methods, is destined to work a revolution in certain departments of medicine within the next ten years. However, that is another story.

Some think the ultra-short waves have a directly destructive effect on pathogenic bacteria, in addition to their possible stimulating effect on the tissues. That point is not yet settled. In the meantime it is certain that heat results from the resistance which the tissues offer to the passage of the ultra-short waves; that this generation of heat causes a relaxing of the blood vessels and an increased circulation of

*Continued on page 196*

EXOTIC COCKTAILS
not for Amateurs
COINTREAU
GIN .. BURNETT'S WHITE SATIN
BRANDY .. E. REMY MARTIN
SCOTCH .. WHITE HORSE
CANDY
LEMON
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SWEET CREAM
ICE
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WHITE LADY
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BETWEEN THE SHEETS
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QUEEN ELIZABETH
SILENT THIRD
MAIDEN'S PRAYER
FINE & DANDY
LITTLE DEVIL
LOUDSPEAKER

EACH OF THESE COCKTAILS OWES ITS *Life* TO COINTREAU

From your favorite Side-Car to the mysteriously wonderful XYZ every cocktail on the Cointreau chart is alive with the vital elixir of Cointreau, the seductive liqueur. Broaden your acquaintance with Cointreau cocktails. Meet "Queen Elizabeth", "White Baby", "Little Devil". To know them is one continuous delight.

A Cointreau cocktail to start the dinner... and for the perfect finale... COINTREAU *itself!*

Sole Importers: Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.

THE *After Dinner* LIQUEUR COINTREAU

SHANGHAI
DETROIT
MINEOLA
HERALD TRIBUNE PRESS TIME
11 P.M.
LONDON
ROME
ADDIS ABABA

# TWENTY FOUR HOURS

—some of the members of a leading morning newspaper (*) staff go to their posts throughout the world.

## DETROIT

**Detroit is on the point of going mad with a World Series triumph, and Rud Rennie, Herald Tribune sports writer on the spot, gives the key.**

Goslin is a left-handed hitter. Against the left-handed French he had not made a safe blow all day. He fouled the first pitch and the fans in the bleachers, unable to see the angle taken by the ball, rose with a roar, thinking it was fair.

The Goose rubbed some dirt on his hands and gripped his bat and faced French again. French pitched and Goslin swung and banged a line drive over Herman's head into right center field.

Forth-eight thousand persons were on their feet, screaming. Cochrane, head down, arms and legs going for all they were worth, was racing toward third. Del Baker, the coach, was frantically waving him on. World Series money tickled Cochrane's feet and lent him speed. The noise was tremendous. Would Cochrane make it?

Demaree, the Chicago fielder, had the ball now and was flinging it homeward.

"Whee!"

Cochrane . . .

## ADDIS ABABA

**Linton Wells, in Addis Ababa, hears of the capture of Adowa and takes notes of the native capital's reactions . . .**

Word of the occupation of Adowa, reaching here last night, aroused only apathetic interest outside of government circles, the town having been reported captured and recaptured countless times in recent days. The information was officially received at 10:40 p. m., the delay owing to severance of the telegraph line by the Italians. The line is now working intermittently.

Persistent reports of 6,000 casualties were denied by a government spokesman.

"Actually, we have no figures," he said, "but there is not and were not 6,000 Ethiopian troops in the regions traversed by the Italians. The casualties . . .

## GENEVA

**John Elliot attends a session at Geneva which may shape the destiny of nations as it shakes the calmness of Europe . . .**

A hush fell in the Council chamber as its fateful vote was taken by roll call at 7:30 o'clock this evening. Representatives of Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain, Poland, Turkey, Rumania, Argentina, Chile, Denmark, Australia, Ecuador and Portugal replied "Oui" (Yes) as the names of their countries were called in alphabetical order.

Salvador de Madariaga, of Spain, spoke, "Oui," in a tone that rang out loudest of all. Anthony Eden, Britain's Minister for League Affairs, replied in a firm, but quiet voice. Premier Pierre Laval of France was heard very distinctly.

When it came to the turn of the parties to the dispute, Baron Pompeo Aloisi . . .

## PARIS

**A Paris Herald Tribune (*) staff man covers a crucial meeting of the directorate of an international corporation . . .**

The directors of the Suez Canal Company held their regular monthly meeting here today and it was announced afterward that "current business" alone had been discussed.

Michel Homolle, secretary general of the board, was asked whether any mention had been made of the suggested possiblity of increasing canal tolls on Italian troop transports and supply ships, as an indirect sanction.

"The board did not say a single word about the East African war or conditions arising from it," Homolle replied. "The directors discussed

## ROME

**The President having warned Americans off combatants' ships, Sonia Tamara in Rome watches the bookings on Italy's famous *Rex* . . .**

The Italian liner Rex will sail from Naples on Wednesday, bound for New York, with a large contingent of American travelers anxious to cross the ocean before economic sanctions against Italy are instituted by the League of Nations.

Fear of complications resulting from President Roosevelt's neutrality proclamation may account for the accelerated departure of these American tourists, though October usually marks the end of the tourist season for Italy. At the same time, bookings on the Rex increased because . . .

## SHANGHAI

**Word gets around Hankow that soldiers in the Chinese barracks are displaying anti-Japanese posters. Herald Tribune correspondent Victor Keen digs into the matter . . .**

The so-called "poster incident" at Hankow became serious today when the Chinese authorities refused to comply with a demand of Yoshiaki Miura, Japanese Consul General, for dismissal of the major general in command of the garrison at Hankow. The demand is supported by the presence of seven Japanese gunboats anchored along the Hankow waterfront and threatening action.

The Japanese have charged that Chinese soldiers at the Hankow barracks . .

## NEW YORK

**Arthur Clarke, veteran Herald Tribune editor, passes the bulletin board of the Players' Club, and flashes the news of Francis Wilson's death to Homer Bigart, staff re-write man . . .**

Francis Wilson, an actor whose comedy roles delighted two generations of theater audiences, died of a heart attack at noon yesterday at his home, 24 Gramercy Park.

Mr. Wilson, who was eighty-one years old, had undergone an emergency operation four weeks ago at Murray Hill Hospital. In spite of his age he was believed to be convalescing when he was

## GARDINER'S ISLAND

**Gardiner's Island (held by the Gardiner family since Captain Kidd days) prepares to open for its annual pheasant drive. Philip Boyer, staff reporter, checks on preparations there . . .**

Two large tractors were busily cutting paths and clearing openings in this island's thick brush patches today, as Adam Scott, veteran gamekeeper, made the final preparations for the annual pheasant drives which will begin on October 31 and continue for two months. Between 3,500 and 5,000 birds scurried over the fields and through the undergrowth of the island's 3,300 acres, keeping as far away from the machines as they possibly could.

Mr. Scott, who has had forty-seven years' experience with pheasants and has been in charge of Gardiner's Island since 1917, when Clarence H. Mackay leased the island from the Gardiner family, said that this year's batch of birds . . .

## WASHINGTON

**Theodore Wallen listens to Washington observers discussing the President's drastic arms ban . . .**

One of the foremost experts in the development of the new policy said that, from the start, it has always been doubted that it would seriously reduce American trade. The war profits are so great in the event of a major war, it was pointed out, that the traders are likely to feel

## MINEOLA

**A death by arsenic occurs in Baldwin, Long Island . . . preceded, a dozen years earlier, by apparently related deaths in Newark, New Jersey. District men Frogge (in Mineola) and Donn (in Newark) phone two parts of the story to Herald Tribune staffman Joseph Alsop . . .**

Police said that they probably would charge some one with the murder of Mrs. Applegate, who died at her home at 12 Bryant Place, Baldwin, L. I., on Friday, September 27. Inspector Harold R. King, in charge of the investigation, said this evening that there was no question but that Mrs. Applegate had been murdered.

Among the persons whom the police questioned today were the woman's husband, Everett R. Applegate, who is "Appy" to a majority of the local Legionnaires, and Mr. and Mrs. John Creighton, with whom the Applegates shared their house. Mr. and Mrs. Creighton were tried in Newark in 1923 for the murder of . . .

## NEW YORK

**A physiologist, Dr. Herbert S. Gasser, succeeds a pathologist, Dr. Simon Flexner, as head of the Rockefeller Institute. Sanderson Vanderbilt, Herald Tribune reporter, covers . . .**

To illustrate his point that the pathologists had waged a more effective battle fighting infection than had the physiologists in keeping the parts of the body sound, Dr. Gasser observed that the tuberculosis death rate was down while heart trouble mortalities were increasing. Cancer deaths, too, were rising relatively, he said, but explained that was because other diseases were taking a less heavy toll.

"Cancer, then, by proportion to the population is up?" Mr. Rockefeller asked.

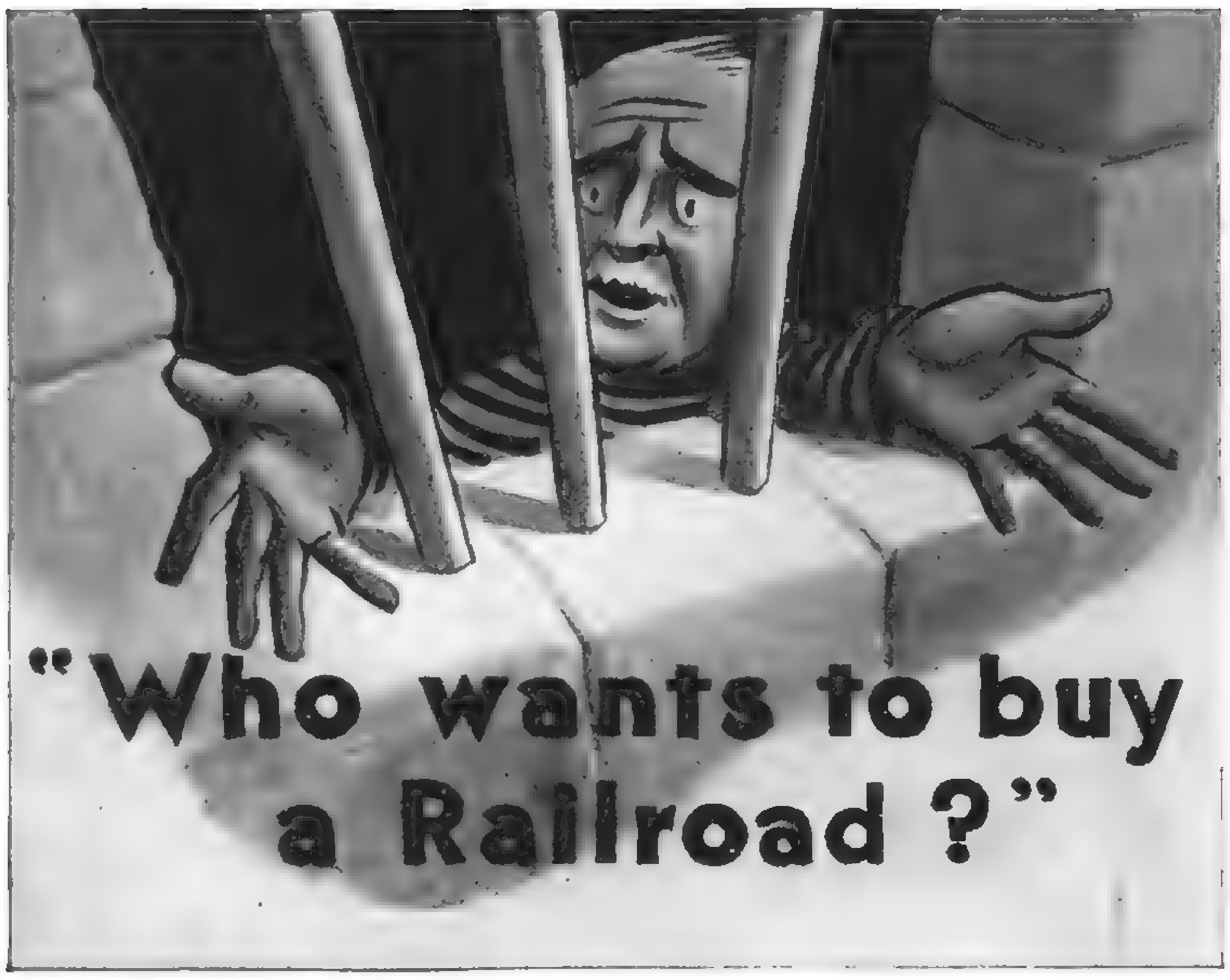
"Yes," Dr. Gasser answered, "but that is because people are not dying of other things."

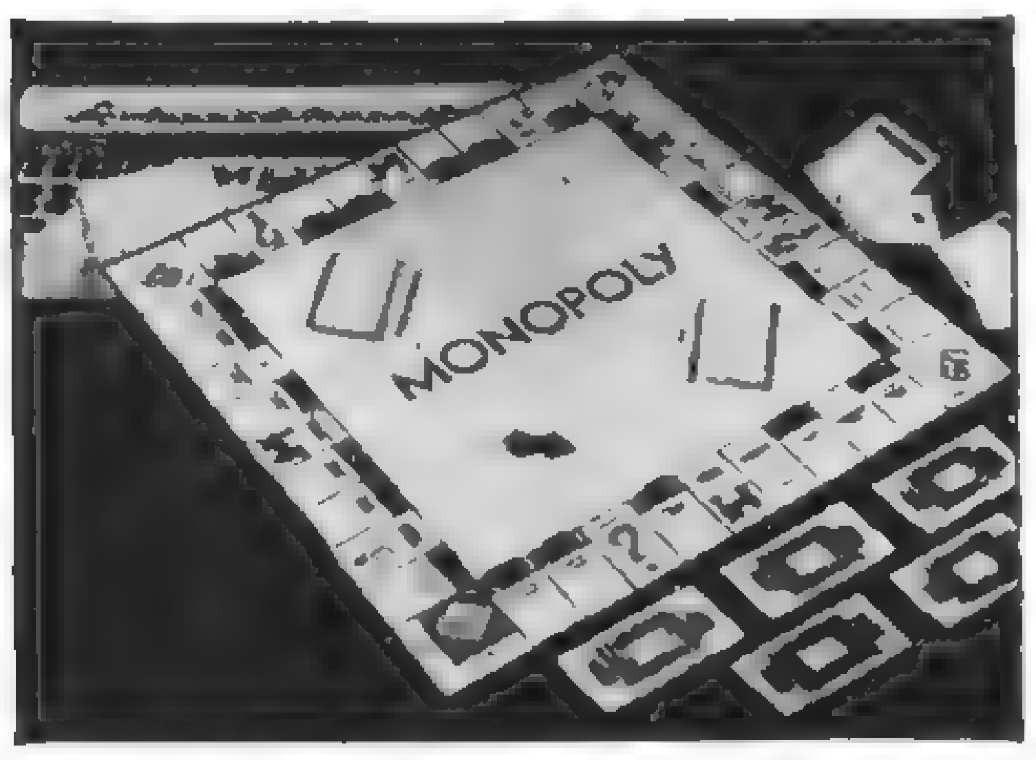
Mr. Rockefeller smiled, a trifle grimly. "It depends, then, on which you prefer—to die earlier or live for cancer?" he suggested. Dr. Gasser assented. Then Mr. Rockefeller . . .

## (*) ADVERTISEMENT:

**To its own news-gathering organization of hundreds of staff correspondents and special writers in all the key news centers of the world, the New York Herald Tribune adds the full world service of Associated Press and its thousands, the United Press and its thousands, the City News service covering Manhattan and the Bronx, the Standard News Service covering 3 New York City Counties, Long Island, Westchester and New Jersey, and the Canadian Press Association. The New York Herald Tribune thus covers—through its own and allied organizations—every nook and cranny of the news-producing world. It is a complete newspaper with the accent on accurate, well-written *news.***

*{Advertisement}*


"Who wants to buy a Railroad ?"



You probably could pick it up cheaply . . . because this gentleman isn't going any place right away. And besides, he needs money to buy another hotel.

If you've never played MONOPOLY you won't know what we're talking about . . . and you have missed a lot of fun. So get a set and play—with from 3 to 7 people, it's the new game sensation which launches you into business with a roll of bills to invest in railroads, utilities or whatever! It's taking the country by storm!

| | |
|---|---|
| MONOPOLY—Flat Folding Board Edition, utensils in separate box | $2.00 |
| MONOPOLY—Popular White Box Edition | $3.00 |
| MONOPOLY—Fine Edition, improved equipment | $5.00 |
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AT ALL LEADING DEALERS or by mail from Salem

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

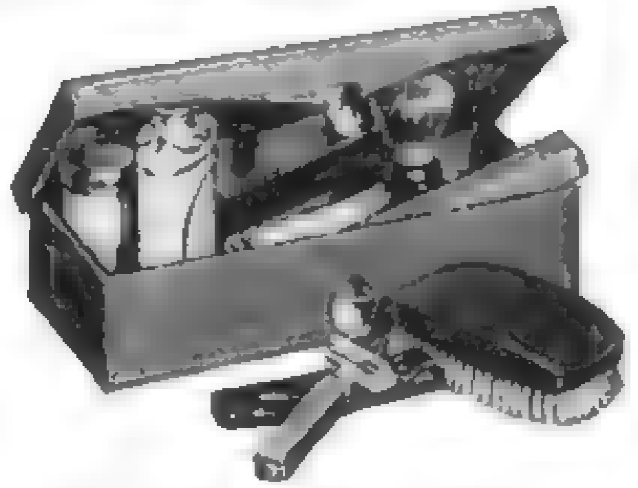
*A* **MAN'S** *gift from the cow country*

Leather . . . *tough and simple!*

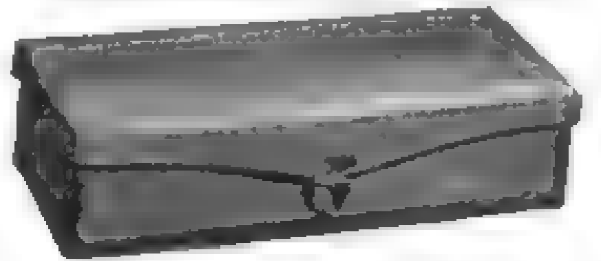
**Hamley Toilet Kit**

*made of honest saddle leather*

NO LOOPS or gadgets to fuss with—just a simple solid leather toilet kit made of the finest leather money can buy. And what a kit! It's the perfect gift, because a man doesn't live long enough to wear one out. Hand made by western saddle craftsmen; lock stitched with heavy waxed saddle thread. Two sizes in natural tan and black cowhide and tan steerhide. Most popular size is 9½x4½x2¼ inches, $6.50. At all good stores, or order postpaid from Hamley & Co., *saddlemakers since 1883*. 510 Court St., Pendleton, Or. Write for catalog of Hamley leather gifts.



—Just toss your favorite toilet articles into this kit.



—Snap the lid shut and it's packed.

**HAMLEY KIT**

MADE LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE
OF GENUINE *Solid Leather*

## Rejuvenation

*Continued from pages 44-194-194B*

blood through the parts, with a corresponding increase of nutrition. In addition there is a release of the "anti-bodies," the substances which nature uses in fighting bacteria in the body; and there is an increase also in the number of white blood corpuscles, which eat up the dead bodies of the hostile bacteria. Result, a disappearance of infection, if any, and a tremendous speeding up of physiological function—including in the sex glands, a stepping up of the capacity for hormone production.

Skeptics have often insisted that the effects of reactivation are purely mental—the result of suggestion. But operations have time and again been performed on patients who didn't know what it was all about; and the usual beneficial changes have followed. And of course there could be no element of suggestion at work in the remarkable animal cases recorded in such detail by Steinach and other investigators. But undoubtedly the mental factor is often a great help.

In some cases the reactivation treatment has been successfully used to cure not only glandular but also psychic impotence in men. The resulting masculinization often has the effect of breaking down mental inhibitions. By the same token, certain forms of homosexuality occasionally yield to the same treatment, especially when the patient really wishes to be cured of his peculiarity. Reactivation has worked in such cases when psychoanalysis had done no good.

History abounds in many more or less well authenticated instances of persons who, apparently because nature had given them better gonads than most, have retained their health, their mature vigor, and their ability to enjoy life for a very long time. About every one of these people hangs a glamor that makes them subjects for fascinated and envious contemplation by average individuals. Among women Ninon de Lenclos is possibly the most famous of these. At ninety she is said to have been so like a beautiful woman in her thirties that a young man fell madly in love with her though he knew her age. Among men, a fascinating and semi-legendary figure is that of Comte de Saint-Germain, an adventurer, who is known to have retained into his 80's the appearance of a man in his early 40's; and there is a body of more or less fragmentary evidence that though he was supposed to have died in 1783, he kept on mysteriously bobbing up here and there till 1820. Books have been written to show that his probable span of life was about 150 years.

The reason such persons, and such stories, are always interesting is that since the dawn of time we members of the human race have refused to accept Old Age and Death as really inevitable. We have always dreamed that somehow, some time, the human mind would find a way to avoid the first and delay the second.

The theme of eternal youth, with its picture of an indefinitely prolonged capacity for the lusty enjoyment of life, love, mental alertness, freshness of palate, and keenness of the senses, is one of the most persistent in art and literature.

The gods of the ancient world were merely glorified visions of men who live forever with a maximum capacity for enjoying their Olympic eternity without boredom while they ate and drank, and made love, and intrigued, and bandied scandal, and played politics along the Milky Way.

The Mohammedan paradise, well supplied with houris for the pleasure of perpetually potent sons of Allah, was a variation on the same theme. Valhalla, with its mead drinking warriors and its Valkyries, all of them lusty wenches, was another. Faust sold his soul to the Devil, not so much for length of days, as that he might avoid the disabilities of Old Age and live at top speed while he lived, and made love to the face that launched a thousand ships.

Rider Haggard's *She*, recently revived in Hollywood, found continued youth, beauty, and length of days in a bath of fire—which, according to the book, she took once too often.

The important thing with all of us is that we want life to be physically and mentally good to the last drop. We like to live and we want to keep on going. Life seems to possess the quality of being, not merely a memory of the past but a reference forward to the future. From its eternal dream of tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow it derives its interest, its dramatic meanings, its feeling of expectancy, and its avoidance of boredom. And possibly because of that, it *seems* as if life ought logically to have a quality of endlessness, and that it might conceivably attain it.

What the human mind clings to, it has a way of achieving. The way in which science is breaking through into one after another of the secret chambers of nature sufficiently proves that. And what will come of this particular bit of wishful thinking no man can say.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, for instance, has in his laboratory a bit of chicken tissue which, under ideal conditions, has gone on living for the last twenty years. There is perfect elimination of waste, and there is perfect repair. Nobody knows whether, under such conditions, that bit of living tissue would ever die. Maybe it is potentially immortal. With such a precedent, he would be a rash one who would dare to say that within the next hundred years

*Continued at top of page 198*

# "I'M NOT SURPRISED 8 MILLION MEN CHOSE TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON...

*I saw its advantages two years ago"*

*A. LINCOLN STADLER*
*of Stadler & Stadler*
*Men's Tailors*

"Patrons of the House of Stadler & Stadler are men who realize the Importance of Fine Appearance—they recognize Quality at a glance and their instinct for the right thing is sure. Yet their approval of the Talon slide fastener was instantaneous and has proved lasting.

"The Talon fastener idea is essentially a refinement in dress—one which appeals particularly to the more fastidious. The only reason I can see for its not being used exclusively on all trousers is that it costs a little more than the button closure. Our policy here has been merely to call it to the attention of our clients. The Talon idea is continually meeting with the approval of more and more of our patrons."

No roster of Master Tailors is complete without the name of Stadler & Stadler. They fashion their clothes (priced from $150) to the exacting taste of the most fastidious men in America.

They saw the advantages of the Talon closing immediately—how, without any radical change, it eliminated the one objectionable thing in men's clothing—the button fly. They saw this slide fastener's convenience—its absolute security. They saw the extra refinements in line and tailoring.

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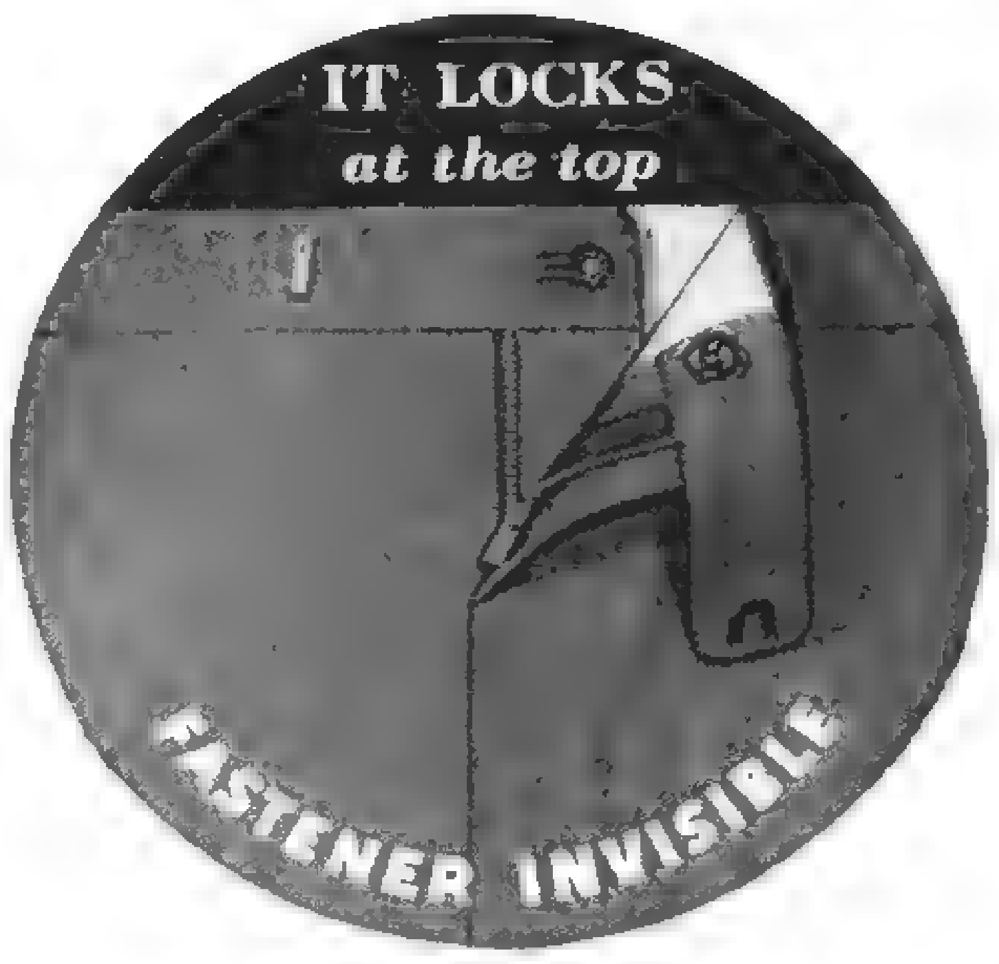

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## Rejuvenation

*Continued from pages 44-194-194B-196*

science will not find a way to duplicate such conditions of perfect elimination and perfect repair within the human body.

That is for the distant future. But in the meantime, the first practical attempt to answer that question of the prolongation of youth, and of the physiological prime of the human body, looms in "rejuvenation." Here is a first crude, stumbling step toward the realization of that ancient belief in the possibility of a prolonged life to which the human imagination has so tenaciously clung. And here, definitely, is a means by which it is possible for aging men and women who have begun to slip, who feel their mental and physical powers beginning to fail, and who resent more than anything else perhaps the fading out of their sexual life, to turn the clock back ten or more years, maybe, with the reasonable assurance that life will remain worth living to the end.

Already a modest lengthening of life by this means appears to be definitely possible. But added years are not the important thing. The important thing is that the individual should avoid the disabilities that make old age such a terror to many, and that he will go full speed ahead till he takes his final leap into the Unknown like a running broad-jump into the spiritual land, instead of toppling ignominiously over the edge. And if there be anything to land on when he gets there, presumably, with such a gallant entrance, he should stand a better chance of lighting on his feet.

Man longs for "the wages of going on and still to be." And, little by little, in response to that fierce and sustained demand, science seems to be finding at least the beginnings of an answer. Some day we may be able to cope with that ironic joke by which nature snatches us out of life at three score and ten, more or less, just as we have begun to learn to live. In the meantime, there's Steinach! He may not know all the answers; but he knows a few. ⧺

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 118*

I have never yet seen a motion picture costume that does not suggest a careful ripping, tearing, patching, or a recent emergence from the sewing and pressing rooms. This pertains especially to the recent group of period creations, spectacles replete with wooden swords, woolen chain mail, and fringed beggars. For well over a year I read publicity notes on the researches that were being conducted by Cecil De Mille for the correct details of costuming in *The Crusaders*. Granted that the dress and architecture of the picture is authentic. But I would suggest to Mr. De Mille and Mr. Shoedsack of *The Last Days of Pompeii* and Mr. Henry King of *Way Down East* that, if they are in search of realism, they run the costumes of the principle players through a mangle for a week or so, then press them, and then let the players wear them for a while before the takes are made. The same treatment for the actors might help.

As for the garments of beggars, in these times I need hardly call attention to the fact that folks don't patch their clothes with the most highly contrasting patterns they can find, and that clothes don't wear into fringes, but rub out slowly at the elbows, knees, and other points of tension.

Trivial as it may seem, this shortcoming is representative of the entire problem of mob action in amateur pageants, operas, and professional movies. The howling mob is a standard component of the spectacle film. It may consist of a few hundred extras compressed into a narrow street set to give the effect of thousands, it may actually consist, in a stupendous super-spectacle, of all the extras in Hollywood, fresh from their box lunches. "Action, action," exhorts the director, and all his assistants, and all the group-leaders spotted through the mob as assistants to the assistants, exhort the extras to emulate an angry mob. So they raise their right arms, brandish their fists, or make strange, meandering wrist-motions in the air. The extras are crowded pretty thick, naturally, to give the appearance of a mob, and there isn't much room for them to wave their arms in comfort, hence they are reduced to these constricted wrist motions. It doesn't look right to the director, so he yells "More action, more action! You're crying for bread! You're an angry mob! Action!" And they wave their wrists harder.

This scene has been repeated, I am sure, in more than a thousand movies, at a cost of many millions of dollars. Cecil De Mille, chief exponent of the movie mob, must himself have been responsible for the payment of several millions to extras waving their arms in the air. From a purely social point of view, I'm certainly in favor of paying money to extras. But somebody ought to tie their arms to their sides.

Once in a while, a scene of mob violence slips into a newsreel. Note that nobody is waving arms, fists, or bricks in the air with the idea of showing action. If anybody is moving his arms, it's in the act of throwing, hitting, or pushing. Mostly pushing. A crowd trying to "storm the gates" is a multiplication in numbers and emotional intensity, of a crowd trying to get into a subway car. The action is purposeful. There is no wasted waving of upraised fists.

This elemental unreality, this failure to realize even the first, instinctive motion of a mass, is what makes spectacle pictures so fakey. The individual in the mass must make fewer, rather than more movements, the "action" seen must be long-shot action of the mass as a whole, with successive, quick close-ups of faces spotted through this mass-flow.

*The Crusades* is the most notable of DeMille's more recent efforts, and the stiff handling of the group scenes is not so bad as it might have been, paradoxically because the director has completely failed to capture the quality of the Crusades. He has produced a stunning pageant; unable to provoke enough religious emotion to hold his audience, he nimbly shifts to the standby melodrama of white woman captured by enemy race, with white leader recklessly braving all, storming into the tent of the enemy chief to get back his bride. As pure spectacle, the scenes of the battle at the wall of Acre, with kettles of fire being turned upon the heads of men ascending the scaling ladders, are memorable. De Mille is nothing if not forthright. To give you a clash of cavalry he shows first one side coming on, then the other, and then by gee he shows the two forces clashing in the center of the screen. He can also make an impressive small-group arrangement, still in pageant style, as when he has the kings of Europe seated in a great circle, while the Saracen king strides into their midst (the middle of the circle) and defies them.

But the Crusades was a mass-movement, a tumble of roisterers, adventurers, religious maniacs, knights, and hooligans tearing over Europe, pillaging, massacring innocent peoples, too, appropriating what they wanted as they went along; except in the disorder of the battle scenes, Mr. De Mille's crusaders are orderly ranks of cavalry, lifting their spears on high at a given signal, wearing always shining armor.

The mobs in the *Last Days of Pompeii* appear only in the last scenes, and are more easily convincing, as they have only one obvious movement: to run. They run. The director makes use of one of the best stand-bys for a mob-scene: the device of an individual trying to go the other way, against the mob, and being literally swept off his feet and carried along with the stream.

Criticizing religion, in art, is sort of taboo, as one may "hurt people's feelings." The respect for religious people is like the respect youngsters are supposed to have for their grandparents. It's more or less admitted that the demands are unreasonable, but they're old and harmless. Nevertheless I should like to point out that the audience to which modern films are addressed is at least half unreligious. I don't mean anti-religious. I mean that the religious emotion is becoming less and less real to them. Some concession ought to be made to this part of the audience. In the last generation Mr. De Mille found that religion is one of the best box office staples (*The Ten Commandments, the King of Kings*), but I am wondering about this aspect of the *Crusades.* There is one thing to say for it: while the slaughter in the name of religion may enrapture the souls of the faithful, it is also interesting to the non-religious, as an inadvertently effective exposure of the pointless and ironic brutality of holy wars.

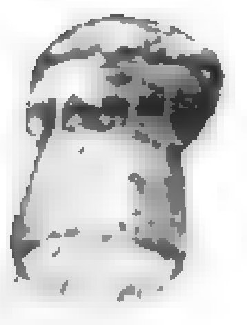
*The Last Days of Pompeii* has few religious scenes, but these are handled with greater restraint than De Mille shows, and produce a sort of aesthetic reverence. This is particularly true of the scene in which Christ, invisible because of the people around him, heals a child.

### ONE BLOW

One reason I am not afraid of saying mean things about those movie actors is that in case any of them should ever confront me with a vengeful fist, I wouldn't have to endure a painful scrap in which my nose would get torn, my eyes black, my cheeks pulped. There would just be one clean smack, and down I would go. The sound would be something like that of a board slammed against a table, the sound we used to make backstage in amateur theatricals, to indicate the going off of a gun. Any Hollywood actor could do this. Cagney, of course, established the principle of the one-punch smack-em-down; before that the Hollywood boys used to muss each other up before one fell. Mr. Wilcoxson, as King Richard, gives a blacksmith one cuff, and tosses him across a street into the lap of Loretta Young. Preston Foster as a blacksmith in *Pompeii* needs only a smack to accomplish his end. Jack Benny, a rather hefty lad, gets a punch from slender Robert Taylor in *Broadway Melody of 1936*, and sails over a desk. . . . But need I go on? It is an established convention. One blow suffices.

### OUT OF TIME

Such pictures as *The Crusades* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* are being road-showed this year. This means they get a Broadway run one or two months before the rest of the country sees them. As this magazine has a national circulation, the pictures will be reviewed here at about the time when they hit the rest of the country; New Yorkers will have to risk seeing the shows without my opinion. Another reason for the latish reviews on such films is that, ESQUIRE being edited in the hick town of Chicago, I don't get to see the very earliest previews. ⵌ



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Great Western
CHAMPAGNE

## Trencherman's Paradise

*Continued from page 56*

which could interfere in any way with the instant and present business of feeding.

You are seated, now, ready for the fray. Service as the effete understand it there is none. Four or five pleasant-faced girls of the neighborhood move about the room; their duties are to ask if you want coffee and to bring it if you do (no room on the table for coffee-pots of the size necessary), to replenish platters or bowls showing signs of emptiness, and to itemize the desserts when you have indicated, perhaps by lack of interest and glazed eyes, that you have gone as far as you are able. What you want for your immediate dinner you reach for or call to total strangers farther down the table to pass to you.

This is what your table carries:

Chicken, stewed to tenderness and divided into its component parts for instant choice.

Gravy in separate bowls.

Pork sausage of local manufacture.

Flat sausage-cakes, a trifle lighter in texture.

"Lebanon bologna," a beef sausage cut into thick half-slices and served hot.

"Potato filling," which is mashed potatoes filled with chopped onions, celery and (I think) some herbs, browned in the pan.

Mashed potatoes.

Sweet potatoes.

Lima beans.

Peas.

Chickpeas (a large variety, looking something like hominy and with a distinct nutty flavor).

Beets.

Corn off the cob.

"Chicken patties," which are flat noodles filled with minced chicken—ravioli, in actual fact: a curious link with Latinity, for the dish is a local concoction.

Ordinary noodles.

"Egg salad"—chopped egg in mayonnaise and vinegar, a regrettable reminiscence of soda-fountain sandwiches, one in which I seem to detect a Liggett's serpent in this Eden.

Cole slaw.

Mixed relish.

Pickled cabbage.

Mixed pickles.

Apple-sauce (native and of a deliciousness).

Sliced tomatoes.

Canned peaches.

Canned cherries.

Fruit salad (more serpiginous trailing.)

Large sweet rolls, white-iced.

"Shoo-fly pie"—a brown-and-white crumb-cake, faintly spiced.

Doughnuts—big round feathery powdered local boys. There are also on the table (they've been reading the women's magazines) little mints, salted nuts, stuffed olives, and hard candies.

Over this Gargantuan layout hover the girls, watching that no dish ever falls below a certain level, that the chicken-platters are kept heaped, and that coffee in big thick cups is provided for such as desire it. Also, as mentioned above, to tell you about the desserts.

The desserts are stacked on an oak sideboard at one side of the room. They consist of six kinds of pie and four kinds of cake. You can have ice-cream, too, if you want it.

There is no restriction whatever on the number of times you may attack any dish. The price per person is one dollar.

* * *

The description of such a meal will move some epicures to hot rage and others to pious uprollings of the eye and thanks to Allah that they are not as other men are. To all such I concede that a steady course of the Shartlesville Hotel (or of any farm table in that country) would be, to normal stomachs of any degree of trained delicacy, the pestilence that walks at night and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. But with this concession I stop with firmness. Anyone who cannot occasionally enjoy plain cooking is no epicure, no matter how careful his education along the lines of *creole, périgord,* or *béarnaise.* The food at the Shartlesville Hotel is excellently cooked, fresh in season (I have had no hesitation in indicating the can where it appeared on the menu), and generally of mouth-watering consistency to a hungry man. There goes, too, with the attack on such a meal, a certain pride, the pride of the gourmand, the pride of Falstaff, the pride of Pantagruel, the pride of Diamond Jim Brady. You sit to the table at Shartlesville in the mood of Ajax and Porthos. This pride and this mood are often treated sniffishly over the caviar and the mushrooms *sous cloche;* but it is a sniffishness tinged with envy.

And let no man boast of his knowledge of the American table or his prowess with knife and fork until he has visited the Shartlesville Hotel and presently been led out, feebly bleating, amid the mildly surprised stares of the locals who are just getting started.

Speaking of the locals reminds me. I find that on my menu I have made no mention of the indispensable accompaniment of chicken in any form—to wit, the giblets. Our party arrived at the Shartlesville Hotel at about three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. After exhaustive examination of all the dishes on the table I hailed a passing maiden and asked about those same giblets. Where were they?

The maiden halted and let her eye stray over the long tables, around which sat the flower of Berks County, who would try out (as mentioned elsewhere) at ten to the ton. Then she returned her gaze to me.

"The giblets," she said sadly, "is all." ⌗

## "I Never Could Kill a Deer!"

*Continued from pages 41*

"Every little while," Rawley said, "one catches the echo of some such movement as yours. A growing sentiment for protecting everything and, in big game affairs, it naturally centers on deer here in America, our most abundant big game animal.

"Did you ever hear of the Kaibab deer, Hig'?"

"Eh? Kaibab? No; we have the white-tailed deer."

"Not a *kind* of deer, Hig'. A place. The Kaibab plateau is in northern Arizona, north of the Grand Canyon.

"There," said Rawley, "is the place you should have taken your kiddies a quarter of a century ago. Deer in there, Hig', until you couldn't rest! Deer by dozens and hundreds and thousands!"

"Wonderful!"

"Never hunted, understand?" Higglebottom nodded enthusiastically. "Nobody in there *to* hunt 'em, understand?" Higglebottom rumbled approval. "Just a few cattle outfits in a big country. It was," he said, "what you'd call a deer's paradise."

"Beautiful!" Higglebottom rubbed his nose. "I'd have loved to have had the kiddies see *that!*"

"Yes. If you could have done it before the deer turned their own paradise into a choice corner of a deer hell."

"Eh?" Higglebottom's startled look had reproach in it. "Turned their own—"

"No less. They had so much of a good thing that they spoiled their own happiness. I mean, they dug their own graves with their teeth.

"I mean," said Rawley, "that from astonishing abundance they ate themselves down to a tragic scarcity. From a deer population that ran into thousands and thousands they went to nothing largely—yes, almost wholly—because there weren't any hunters."

Higglebottom opened his mouth but no words came. After a strained moment he negotiated a skeptical rumble.

"You see, Hig'," said Rawley, "deer can't eat their cake and have it, too, it appears. Not only were the deer protected from man by distances but from their natural enemies as well. The few cattle outfits campaigned intensively against predators and held the lion and wolf population down. There was nothing, it appeared, to harry the deer except the damn' foolishness of their own natures.

"They obeyed the cosmic urge. They multiplied. They throve and increased until they ate their food faster than it could grow. They starved. Likely, they developed diseases which became epidemic as a corollary to starvation. It got so bad that not only was it impossible to see deer in numbers but a man could ride for days without seeing sign of deer, even.

"Well, various government agencies grew worried. They staged a deer drive, which was a wash-out; they captured some, I believe, and took them out in crates. But the worst had happened. The herd was down to a remnant.

"It was down to such a remnant," he said, "that browse had a chance to grow." Higglebottom nodded in grave relief. "As browse grew, the herd grew again. And by the time it got up to decent proportions roads had been built and hunters were encouraged to go in and harry and drive and slaughter them, within reason, and the Kaibab deer are doing nicely, thank you and thanks to the hunters. Not so populous as they once were, of course, but abundant enough so you can see them now and again staring at you with their great, soft eyes and bounding through the trees on their slender, graceful legs."

Higglebottom rumbled and rubbed his nose.

"Well!" he said. "But that's unusual. That's . . unusual."

"No," said Rawley, "it seems to be the rule. It seems that to have deer you must kill them. Once big predators kept them down but our campaigns against predators have been successful. Now man must serve as cats and wolves once served."

"But," protested Higglebottom, "that's preposterous! That's absurd! That's—" He wriggled further forward to say it was something else but Rawley failed to wait.

"Let's jump from Arizona to Michigan, Hig'. Let's go to a place where deer slayers instead of nature tried to do deer a lot of good. Let's go from the Grand Canyon up into northeastern Michigan, up Alpena way.

"That's a grand deer country, Hig'. Has been for years. So grand a deer country that the cut-over pine lands have an exceptional value as club sites. Clubs have been established in there in numbers for a quarter-century or more, ranging all the way from those owning thousands of acres down to little fellows who've pitched in and bought a forty.

"Now, all these clubs are naturally jealous of their rights. All the holdings are wired and posted to keep the public out and save the deer from the thousands of roving hunters that range the country every November.

"And they saved the deer. Sometimes, driving through that country, you could see on the average

*Continued on page 202*

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## "I Never Could Kill a Deer!"

*Continued from pages 41-201*

of a deer a minute looking at you with those great, soft eyes and bounding away through the jack-pines on their slender, graceful legs. All because the club members obeyed the Michigan one-buck law and took only a few deer annually."

Higglebottom stirred again and nodded; but somewhat cautiously, this time, as one will agree with a first-flight insurance solicitor.

"Well," he said, tentatively. "Aren't you admitting my point?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow—*fella*. That is half the story.

"Deer galore is the first half. Deer until you couldn't rest, is the first half. A marked decrease and a frantic wringing of club members' hands is the second half.

"I must digress. Your northern deer habits are not quite comparable to those of their southern cousins. In your big snow countries the herd may find an abundance of summer feed but the determining factor is the winter range. And winter range, in the north woods, is always limited to cedar swamps. You can reduce your kill to nothing a year but if you haven't cedar swamps to nourish and shelter your herd in the months of cold you will have no herd.

"Now, this Alpena country had plenty of cedar swamps but would the deer use them? All of them, I mean? They would not. Creatures of habit, it appears. The bulk of them had become at home in one particular swamp and in that particular swamp they stayed. And perished.

"Not, Hig', wholly from starvation, it would seem. Starvation was a large factor but their congestion appeared to develop enemy parasites which did quickly what starvation took long to accomplish. A nose fly came into the picture which ate the insides from their skulls; a lung worm was discovered which induced pneumonia.

"Attracted by the wringing of club members' hands, the Michigan Department of Conservation attempted to do something about it; tried to relieve congestion by trapping and transfer to better wintering grounds. Did the deer fancy that? The young ones seemed to, if taken far enough from home, but the old ones . . . They just romped back to their browsed-out homestead and insisted on trying to die of disease if not starvation. That is, unless they were carted to hellangone away from there, they did.

"What I'm getting at is this: Deer seem to be helpless creatures. Not in the sentimental sense. Just dumb. Rather die than move. No resourcefulness, no imagination, one guesses. The literature contains evidence that once deer migrated. Now, it is known they do not except in high mountainous regions. They stay home and starve. Too dumb to live, Hig'!"

Higglebottom rubbed his nose again and rumbled feebly.

"To be sure, there's an abundance of deer left in the Alpena country for us fellows—*fellas*—who hunt. But the herd has taken a marked drop in the last half decade just because the folks up there were too good to them. Because they didn't kill enough of them. Because there were too many to look at you with their great, soft eyes and bound away through the woods on their slender legs and pick up a nose fly or a lung worm while doing same.

"Now, there's one place in Michigan where you should go, Hig'. That's up in the Baldwin area, not far from Grand Rapids. Few if any deer in there a while back. Now, plenty of deer. Maybe as many as in the Alpena country. And all because the district has been closed to hunting for many years."

A glint of suspicion came into Higglebottom's eye and he made no sound or move.

"No spoofing. I mean that. The herd built up through protection and when it got sizeable the conservation administration indicated an impulse to let the guns in.

"But that's tourist country. Lots of people have little places up around Baldwin. And almost everybody who doesn't lives on those who have, if you understand. Tourist country.

"And the home folks didn't want an open season. A buck on the hoof, they argued, was worth two on the running board. A buck on the hoof, you see, could look at the kiddies with their great . . . You understand, I'm sure. And so papa and mama would bring the kiddies for another week-end and buy gas and hot dogs and, maybe, a cottage site and get to be taxpayers.

"So the influential home folks scotched the Conservation Department's yen to turn the guns loose in the area and had their statesmen close it by legislative act for five years. You can see deer up there until you get hoarse saying, 'Oh, *another!*' But look out! The pathologists are finding lung worm and nose fly in them and it begins to appear as if perhaps, maybe, possibly that Baldwin herd of unshot-at deer had headed for distress without the aid of any guns whatever.

"Who knows? Nobody, of course. The use of man's knowledge instead of his guesses in game affairs is an innovation. But it does seem as if there are certain limits to what we can safely do toward stimulating game populations, especially in big game, before we commence to court trouble with disease and parasites and starvation. Anyhow, you don't find diseased deer where hunting is only so-so; where their numbers, I mean, are something less than astonishing.

"The intentions of fello—fellas

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—like you are swell, Hig'. Even hunters like to see deer on the hoof and don't always get an itch in the trigger finger when they do. But remember this: Man has played the devil with game's environment, whittled it down, altered its characteristics. And man has done much to wipe out certain predatory species, particularly those which prey on big game and, years ago, took an enormous toll. With natural enemies cut to a minimum and natural range shrunk to a remnant and the old impulse to reproduce unchanged; and with game laws generally strict and better enforced . . . Why, there appears to be an ever-present danger of over population just as, so little as a decade ago, there was the danger of under population . . . Does that make sense, Hig'?"

Higglebottom rubbed his nose with the back of a hand thoughtfully.

"Well, now . . . Of course . . . The thing is . . ." he began.

"Now, I don't know much about Wisconsin. And I know nothing at all about your little place up there. But if you see deer frequently; if it's a common thing to watch them look at you with their great, soft eyes and then bound away on slender, graceful legs; and if you want to keep on seeing them . . . Why, then, I'd say the best insurance you can take out is a high powered rifle and every year the law permits go blast the living daylights out of your buck to help—"

"Oh, no!" said Higglebottom in alarm. "My, no!" he cried in distress. "Why, I aint like you fellas. You know, I love nature in all its phases. You know, I *never* could kill a deer!" ╫

## The Man-Wife of Maran

*Continued from page 38*

were no floats. The small boys quite deserted Peter and we were left alone. I heard a husky contralto voice at my side ask,

"Shall we go back now, Peter?"

A bass voice answered, "We might as well. The rather disappointing festivities seem to be concluded."

I looked about. I could see no one but Peter. His eyes seemed focused on nothing at all. As I looked at him, he said, "Do you need anything while we're here, my darling?" If the townspeople, as typified by the small boy, knew and accepted and allowed him at large, he must be harmless. The thought was comforting; otherwise I should have beaten a hasty retreat. The bass voice changed to the melodious contralto.

"No, dear, there's enough in the house for today. I'll market tomorrow."

"My God!" I gasped. Peter heard me. His eyes focussed on me. He smiled.

"Did you say something?" he asked pleasantly.

"No, no, no—I—ah—no, Mr. Peter—"

"Ah, you know me," he stopped my fumbling.

"Well, you've been pointed out to me—" and being able to think of nothing better, I introduced myself.

"I'm very happy to meet you," said Peter graciously. His voice was that of a cultured man. He took a step forward and shook my hand firmly. "And this is my wife, Mrs. Pard," he said, indicating himself. Again I accepted his extended hand, but this time it was a delicate, light grasp. I was sufficiently upset to retreat to the obvious.

"The parade seems to have left us," I remarked.

"They go to the cemetery for services," Peter informed me.

"Are you going?" I asked.

"We have no dead to bury," said Peter Pard.

Somehow or other, although the immediate procedure which brought it about is very hazy, I ended up by riding in Peter's automobile, a phaeton of expensive make, to visit his home. After having had my equilibrium upset by his remark that we might as well ride three in front, I gradually began to lose myself in the illusion, and before long was chatting in the most pleasant and enjoyable fashion with Mrs. Pard. Their home was about the same distance out of the village as Minna and Jack's but in the opposite direction. When we arrived I was greeted with a most delightful surprise. The Pards were evidently people in comfortable circumstances. Their home, a very beautiful and well-preserved old colonial house, was isolated and approached by a long tree-arched driveway. The house was set in a coolly shaded dell. A mountain brook ran by on one side, the banks of which were a riot of color, for a flagstone walk along the brook was bordered with flowers, beautifully cultivated and arranged, delphinium, roses, gladioli, cup-and-saucer canterbury bells—.

"My wife," said Peter, observing my interest, "enjoys gardening." He laughed. "Personally, I prefer the somewhat more plebeian pastime of fishing." He went on to explain, "By planting the garden along the brook, we can enjoy each other's society while indulging our own particular hobbies." It seemed a rather neat arrangement.

A boy about five years old romped gaily in the orchard across the brook, throwing apples which a large black collie retrieved and returned, leaping through the tall grass. "My son," explained Peter Pard.

The inside of the house had an atmosphere of comfort, taste and gracious living. Peter ushered me into the living room, which was furnished mostly in fine colonial

*Continued on page 204*

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## The Man-Wife of Maran

*Continued from pages 38-203*

pieces. Maple, pewter, and the colors of dark green and old rose gave it a feeling of light and warmth. I was offered a most comfortable chair and a very excellent cigar. Before long I was very much at ease and enjoying myself thoroughly. The house seemed part of Peter Pard, and Peter of the house. He was lord of this domain, but with that most graceful and unassuming manner which arises from undisputed sovereignty and grateful acceptance. We talked of music and books, places, people and politics. Peter Pard seemed very well informed. The conversation turned eventually to philosophy and Nietzsche was brought in. Peter supported him most enthusiastically, but his wife did not agree. For a few moments they indulged in a most intelligent and spirited discussion.

"Nietzsche most certainly labored under a very warped sense of values," said Mrs. Pard.

"That, of course, is essentially a woman's point of view," remarked Peter, turning to me as though seeking to include me in the conversation, but he saw that my mind and eyes were occupied elsewhere. Framed in the doorway stood a young woman, one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen in my life. The fact that she had on not a thread of clothing did not detract from her perfection. Peter seeing that he had lost my attention, followed my enraptured gaze.

"Oh, that's just my wife's body," said Peter in a matter-of-fact but affectionate tone. "We keep it around as a pet."

"Oh!" I gasped. His bass changed to the contralto register which characterized Mrs. Pard.

"It likes to curl up on the sofa by the window."

I gasped once again, uneloquently, and added, "She's very beautiful."

"A very highly-bred animal," said Peter, himself, "really a very fine specimen. We're rather proud of it."

"I should think you would be," I panted—the panting because the woman had crossed the room and stretched out on the sofa. The movements of her tall, magnificent figure were the very epitome of ease and grace. Raven-black hair flowed in a shimmering cascade down her perfectly-modeled back. As she lay stretched with the most stimulating abandon on the sofa, the sun came through the window to make fascinating shadows on the sun-tinted whiteness of her skin. She seemed the very personification of all dead poets' dreams. Her face lacked any spark of intelligence; the expression on it was wholly animal, yet the most stirring expression I have ever seen on the face of woman. Her lips were full, her cheek bones slightly high, her eyes large and wide and darkly brilliant. As she smiled at me, teeth of the most perfect shape and whiteness were revealed. I was a man. That smile spoke most eloquently that any poet could ever hope to do the whole history of woman from the dawn of time. I am certain also that my smile must have lacked any glow of mental brilliance, for my mind at that moment simply was not functioning. But I am as certain, however, that it in turn spoke the whole history of Man as far as the female is concerned. She arose and with that perfect voluptuous movement of the mature and healthy animal came over to me.

Peter's contralto spoke again: "Rathergracefulhands, hasn'tit?"

"Yes, yes, yes—" I agreed with quick, abstracted repetition, for the body had encircled me with its arms and implanted a very warm kiss upon my lips.

"It wants to be petted," said Peter, "it's very affectionate."

"Should I?" I asked. "Ah—should I—?"

"Rub it behind the ears," suggested Peter. "It likes that."

She looked appreciatively at him, glided to the floor, and leaned her back against my knees. I caressed her as tenderly as I could. It was a pleasure. Peter looked on, smiling approvingly. "As long as you do that," he said, "it's happy."

She did not seem as contented as Peter imagined, however, for in a moment she reached up with her arms, encircled my neck, and drew herself up onto my lap. She turned slightly, and pulling my head down, kissed me again with a most ardent fervor. The situation began to lose its befuddling qualities. I quite forgot about Peter.

In a few moments he broke in, "I'm afraid it's making a bit of a nuisance of itself."

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no!" I paused to object rapidly.

"If you just put it over on the sofa, it will go to sleep," suggested Peter.

"Oh, it's quite all right, I assure you." The wonderful thing on my lap showed signs of impatience. It kissed me again vigorously. Again I forgot about Peter.

Through the haze I heard Mrs. Pard say, "Perhaps you would like some tea."

"How stupid of us!" exclaimed Peter. "I'm terribly sorry, but my wife and I have guests so seldom that the little amenities of hospitality are quite forgotten."

"On the contrary—" I began. "On the contrary—" but wasn't allowed to finish, for Peter broke in to insist:

"You just put it down on the sofa and make yourself at home. My wife and I will go prepare a little something."

I don't know what Peter, the Man-wife, made for tea. When I heard him returning about half an hour later, I sneaked out the front door, feeling a little guilty. ⌗

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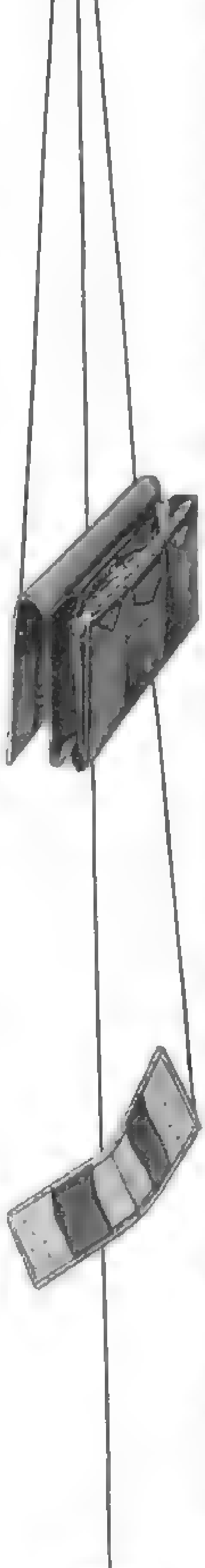

● I know that not one man in a million really likes to shop, so my suggestion for reducing Christmas shopping time to a minimum, is to make it a Rolfs Christmas all around. Rolfs La Garde Bags for women... Rolfs Billfolds and Key Cases for men. I'm telling you, in the kingdom of leather the House of Rolfs reigns supreme.

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## Gold Star Mother

*Continued from page 47*

I think she said. *Was* that what you said, Mrs. ........? Yes, thank you. "The poitry of death." And that's just what it was, too. Oh, I wish I could describe it to you, the beautiful surroundings, and the morvelous way the calves came through the chutes, one after another, Our Dear Boys, with their morvelous big soft eyes, and their sturdy young legs, and their dear little budding horns, and—oh! all the rest of it. But I can't, I just simply can't describe it. They never stopped, but only whimpered a little for their mothers, and marched straight ahead of them, their eyes open, to make the Supreme Sacrifice before their Maker. And when the twenty-pound sledge fell and their front legs collapsed and the blood spurted I thought: How morvelous!

My tears were tears of gladness, tears of joy and gratitude for the privilege of having given nine splendid calves that Humanity might be filled and at peace. It burst upon me as a great truth, that to Give Peace you must Endure Slaughter. And I thought of all the comfort I had created by my act of Sacrifice. I thought of how people all over the world had loosened their belts and grunted with satisfaction and belched from full bellies. And I wept for joy!

Next they took us to the Valley of the Departed, and I just simply can't tell you how inspiring *that* was, too. Thousands of Our Dear Boys, all so clean and pink and white and refrigerated. I was reminded of the words of the great poit of the slaughter:

> "Ribs and shoulders, cold as snow,
> Legs and quarters, row on row—
> In Shambles Fields!"

Never once did I think of Our Boys as dead. Speaking for myself, they seemed as fresh and pink as peppermint candy. And so, ladies, I made a great resolution. I said to myself, "Well, if all the ladies in our little group could see this, they would never again pass resolutions asking to have Their Boys brought home. They'd be delighted with how morvelous everything is done Over There."

And now I've found the word I've been looking for all this time. The very exact word to make you feel what we all felt there in the Valley of the Departed. Morvelous. That's just what it all was: just simply *morvelous!* And so I made my resolution: Never again would I object to having a calf of mine taken away from me in the name of Humanity. No, never, because then I realized: It had all been Well Worth While.

I thankya. #

## Season of Uplift

*Continued from page 54*

tates. Between it all, Santa Claus goes bragh in a big way.

Not that this gentleman's home training, in the countries of Northern Europe he is supposed to come from, could be considered skimpy. His belly to the contrary! Little, moist Holland, where he got his name, is practically up to the attic in schnapps, of a species competent to make windmills go 'round even when there's no breeze. The open season for serious drinking begins October 3rd, anniversary of the Relief of Leyden—a patriotic feat which was accomplished in a flotilla over drowned fields and drowned Spaniards; hence commemorated by appropriate alcoholic floods. These are accompanied by herrings and bread, such as the Relievers brought, and a special dish called Huspot (carrots, potatoes, and boiled bacon), such as was found in the camp of the vanished Spaniards.

Holland's holiday gifts are exchanged on December 5th, with a repeat performance at Christmas. New Year's Eve serves as an occasion for Dutch doughnuts called *olie bollen*, which housewives prepare by the kitchenful, and Dutch gin in proportion, the Hollanders being averse to undertaking anything new on an empty stomach.

Up in the *skoal* regions of Scandinavia where *smörgasbord* spreads far and wide over the tablescape so bafflingly that only a professor from the University of Upsala could hope to master it, the Christmas problem is not how to breed new varieties but, rather, how to ease the strain. Accordingly, the Swedes have stabilized on head-cheese (a blend of straight porks and veals), *lutfish* (main course—dried white meat of one of Neptune's larger pets), and a specially-contrived rice pudding by the name of *risgryngrot.*

These constitute the ballast for the drinks. Should any careening occur it may be traced to the action and reaction of *aquavit* (Scandinavia's caraway-flavored substitute for gin, taken straight, before and early in the meal), *brännvin* (cousin of vodka), white wines or beer, Swedish punch (fascinating-flavored dessert drink, sweet, with an arrack base), and finally, the richly spiced and almonded concoction called *glögg* (bullfrogs pronounce it correctly), brought on in a flicker-flamed tripod-kettle of cheer, which is kept busy right through the holidays, thereby notably helping Sweden keep Swedish.

As able-bodied eaters and quaffers the Russians have always been outstanding. No people could ever vie with them at goose-demolishment, or make way with such carloads of nuts; and their kümmel capacity is incredible.

*Continued on page 206*

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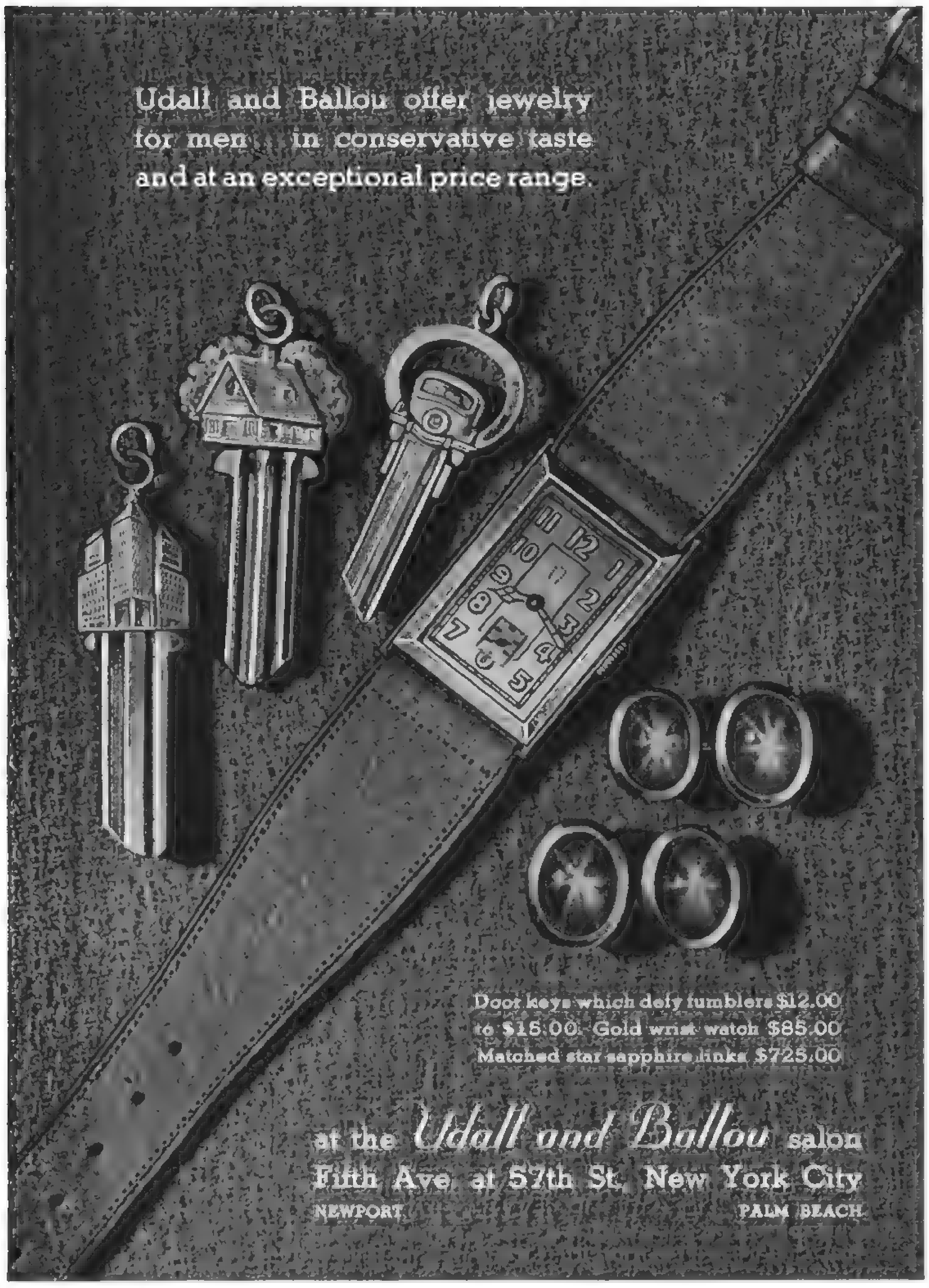
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## Season of Uplift

*Continued from pages 54-205*

But then, they've had special training. For centuries the Russian Christmas Eve was preceded by a twenty-four-hour fast so strict that not one crumb or drop of water was permitted to be swallowed, nor a cigarette puffed; in consequence of which the awaited feast was pounced on virtually with all fours. And, assisted by vodka and more vodka and still more vodka, they kept up this tempo till the Sand Man slowed them with his sandbag.

If today the old-fashioned Russian Christmas Eve is to be reckoned as gone forever, we at least have vodka as a souvenir. And it's no trivial memento.

Much harder to take is the idea of turkey stuffed with sauerkraut. Yet when you attack the actual bird prepared that way in Germany you find it most edible if a sufficient number of seidels are forthcoming as side dishes, the kraut being rather a glutton for beer. Luckily German civilization is founded on breweries, so that your problem is simplified down to a mere routine of swigging and filling.

*Apfel*-crammed goose, the traditional tidbit, is more complicated in its craving. It demands Rhine Bowl. This is a punch assembled as follows: 1 tall, tapering *flasche* Rheinwein; slices of orange, lemon, pineapple; maraschino cherries; fruit syrup (usually strawberry or raspberry), 1 pint sparkling water, plus ample ice; sweeten to taste. Really the goose deserves it, whether the diner does or not.

In Switzerland a pastry furor occurs. Wives and grandmothers spend three days rolling and pounding dough in the preparation of *krapfen* which, cargoed with jam or nuts, enjoys but a brief career. Menfolks devote heavy thought to what's in the cellar, robbing presumptuous spiders of bottles that have been set aside for occasions such as this. Result: tra-la-la-lay-ee-oos.

As for France and its holiday hullaballoo, I recall with interest a young Parisian whose *Réveillon* gusto prompted him to appropriate the revolving door of a café as his merry-go-round. Quite a ride did he treat himself to, this Champagne-jocund young man on the whirling portal, blocking our ingress to dinner of *boeuf à la mode* (the official dish) et cetera. But nobody minded. Indeed, nobody minds anything in Paris when Christmas is in the air and bright-lit-booths carnival the boulevards and people seem elated with one thing and another. Even a visitor far, far from home gets caught up. For Paris happens to be Paris, and *Noël* as there practiced isn't just a word in a crossword puzzle.

In the provinces things are quieter, more worshipfully gastronomic. Capon, wild boar, turkey, grouse, pheasant, and quail are all duly attended to. Around Bordeaux it's apt to be leg of lamb or mutton. In Gers (the Armagnac brandy district) and Provence goose liver is exalted. Ditto Alsace. Toulouse and vicinity pay homage to Cassoulet Toulousain, a bean wonder harboring in the same pot specimens of sausage, ham, hare, rabbit, chicken, duck, and goose. Whatever the eats may be, the wines are the best that Papa can get hold of. And Monsieur Papa is some picker.

Hopping the Alps to Italy, we find a like divergence in styles of celebrating. The Neapolitans and their neighbors affect eels—broiled or stewed—on Christmas Eve. Sooner than go eel-less, people will pawn their coats, or, lacking any coat, so wring the heart of the fishmonger that an eel is landed on tick. At the big feast the youngsters of the household, in return for a sort of Santa Claus letter they have slipped under Father's eel, are given coins of the realm, and with these as stakes the junior element gambles at *tombola* (similar to lotto) while the elders attend church. Gifts are exchanged January 8th, known as Befana, but the really serious day as regards Lucia, Maria et al. is December 26th, for on that date the boy friend asks his gal to marry him next June 24th, or he is never going to.

But if you explore all up and down the leg of Italia from toe to garter you'll find that holiday food, eely or otherwise, is given vinous oceans to swim in, mostly of local origin.

Spain, too, abounds with local loyalties in the matter of drinks. Northerners prime their festivities with Rioja, both red and white; likewise with the sweet "toasted wines" (powerful) of Galicia; and also with adamantine cider, some of it of the sparkling kind. Southerners have wonderful success at making merry with the three M's: Manzanilla, Malaga, and Muscatel. As for sherry, Spaniards everywhere, not willing to let *all* of it get exported, manage to clamp down onto their share—especially in its distilled edition, Sherry Brandy.

New Year's Eve in Madrid witnesses a rite which could hardly be called commonplace. As midnight approaches, fifty or sixty thousand people assemble in the Puerta del Sol (Madrid's hub), each provided with a bag of grapes and manifesting interest in the big clock on the building of the Ministry of the Interior which overlords this square. At the first stroke of the clock everyone present feeds himself a grape, and at the second stroke another grape, and so on, right through the dozen. If you miss a stroke or fumble a grape your luck is gummed. Twelve neat bull's-eyes: Boy!

I might mention that the favored holiday viand is piglet, alias sow-sucker, and that Gift Day is

*After the game—*

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Juice ½ lemon
½ teaspoon sugar
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Fill glass with
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January 6th—but let's switch to Hispanic South America where *señoritas*, shut in during all the rest of the year, sit out on their front steps beside wide-open doorways, swapping ogles with swains. Visitors come to view the charming Nativity Groups set up religiously for the occasion. But, incidentally, there's vermouth poured free. And Cognac. And champagne. Hence dilly-dalliance, with Mama busy sipping *yerba-mate* through a silver tube out of a gourd-shaped silver bowl.

Totally unaffected, except possibly by the stuff itself, the rum-fed Britishers of the West Indies make egg-nog their Yule diet. Less dippy, Uncle Sam's Porto Ricans do an annual plastering job with Cognac—straight, even after they've ceased to walk that way.

Portugal, source of port, knocks off work for sixteen days so as to give home talent a chance. Naturally there is rejoicing—echoed in the Azores by islanders celebrating the potency of a song-and-dance tonic called *vinho abafado* (literally, "crazy wine"). And in Madeira on New Year's Eve there's the stunningest and most tourist-patronized display of fireworks on earth.

But how much simpler and smoother to enjoy one's Madeira fireworks in bottled form. Or any other meritorious type of pyrotechnics suitable for skoaling when that genial old bastard with a beard drops in. ⵌ

## The Door to Adowa

*Continued from page 37*

shan't be taken again like that. No, it's their small bands of guerrilla troops whom we must watch out for. They move like mosquitoes, you know . . . now here . . . now there," the Colonel's hands darted across the table and with a slap crushed an imaginary insect.

"They're cunning beggars," said the Englishman. "I shouldn't care to close with one in the bush."

Again there was a short silence and that quiet shuffling of feet.

"Oh we shall have a little trouble getting through," the Colonel nodded seriously. An old campaigner with years of Libyan and Somali experience, he knew what to expect. "They're full of tricks, but I think we know most of them by now."

"Do you believe the Emperor can keep control over all of his troops?" the A.P. man asked. "We saw some pretty ugly looking customers at Addis Ababa."

They knew what he meant. "Well, I doubt if this will be exactly what we call a *civilized* war," the Colonel shrugged. "You never know what to expect next when you're fighting savages. Often they act independently and with no regard for orders or the rules of warfare. Down at Bardera they poisoned our wells and wiped out half a regiment. At Buséima the Libyans used to slip through our lines at night and murder the men as they slept. You can't afford to relax for a minute with those devils; they're as sly as monkeys and as hard to catch. Oh, we are not fooling ourselves, Signores, it will take time. A year, two years, three . . ." he lifted his glass and smiled confidently.

"But this tension of waiting for the unexpected attack, this perpetual threat of ambush or poison," I persisted, "—doesn't that have a psychological effect upon the men? I don't mean fear of death. Soldiers learn to expect that, I suppose. But their guile and trickery? How do you men feel about that personally?"

"We are in no real danger here, or in any strong camp," the Colonel replied easily. "It is only small patrols and isolated columns who must watch out for tricks."

He changed the subject and we talked for a while about music. Lieutenant Favole started a small victrola, but most of the records were warped and the results were amusing. Then there were sounds outside on the wooden steps; the gauze curtain was brushed aside and two officers appeared in the doorway. They seemed to be excited. The younger officer's face was gray beneath its tan, like that of a man about to be sick.

The Colonel glanced around at them and said: "Ah, so here are the doctors at last! Now we can have dinner. What did you do with our black boys, Pauzzano?"

The older doctor stepped forward. "They are under arrest, sir," he replied.

"Under arrest!" the Colonel jumped up. "What do you mean, Dr. Pauzzano. What's happened?" The easy, sociable manners suddenly vanished and his voice was sharp with command. The other officers arose, dropped their cigarettes and returned the doctor's curious gaze.

Dr. Pauzzano's eyes turned from them back to the Colonel. "Those four men who have been serving our food for three months are not Somalis, sir. They are Bosanis—Ethiopians! Also they"—

"How do you know that?"

"When we bared their arms for the typhus injections we saw the tribal markings. Two stripes above the elbow."

The Colonel sighed, turned to us and spread his hands expressively. "This is typical of what we have to contend with, Signores," he smiled. "A good cook and three waiters lost simply because of two little cuts on their arms. The Somali is full of these border people. Most of them don't know what they are, and care less. But we have orders to employ only our own blacks . . . Damn it, now I shall have to ship them back to Massawa."

The doctor loosened the collar of his shirt and said: "I am afraid that is impossible, Colonel."

Everyone turned and looked at him.

"Those men are lepers," explained the doctor quietly. ⵌ

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(for a superior Manhattan)

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(for a smooth, perfect Cocktail)

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## Young Girl in the Snow

*Continued from page 53*

the hotel, and then went home to bed. You know where I live—on the ground floor of Harrison Hall."

I remembered having had tea with a number of students in Plugg's room one day. It was on the ground floor of a Gothic building donated to the university by Harrison, the banker. I had praised Plugg's furnishings, and silenty cursed his phonograph.

"I must tell you, sir, that I showed Katherine my room, yesterday."

"Is it permissible for you to take a girl into the dormitory?"

"Until six o'clock, sir. But if a woman is seen coming out of a student's room after hours, he's expelled. It's pretty bad. Well, last night I had taken Katherine back to the hotel, and put the car in the garage, I had just come home and was undressing when I heard a little noise on the window. It came again and again, it sounded like someone was throwing pebbles. I looked out, and below my window I saw Katherine, in a white coat, standing in the snow.

" 'Good God!' I said, keeping my voice low. 'What are you doing there, baby!'

" 'I couldn't get into my room,' she said. 'I lost the key.'

" 'But Katherine, the clerk could have opened it for you.'

" 'I couldn't find him,' she said.

" 'What! Why, I saw him when I brought you to the hotel.'

" 'I'm cold,' she whimpered, suddenly shivering.

" 'Wait, baby,' I said. 'I'll come down and take you back to the hotel. I'm sure we can get your room open.'

"Just then, she came close to the window and murmured, 'Take me into your room, Harry, it'll be so much nicer. I'll go away first thing in the morning.'

"I was very tired, embarrassed, and I was getting sore. She couldn't have asked me to do anything worse. The dean never lets up on a thing like that. Finnigan was expelled for that, even though he was a football star, and I'm no football star. Well, to ruin my career just for a girl's whim seemed stupid to me. You see, sir, I'm not a child, and I could imagine the temptations I would have to go through, spending the night with a pretty girl like Katherine; besides, I had no idea of really getting seriously involved with her. She's a nice girl to take to a game or a dance, but, well, remember the other day, Monsieur, we were discussing Molière, and you were explaining '*Les Femmes Savantes*'; we were talking about the kind of girl I would like to marry; well, *that* Mrs. Harry Plugg didn't have much in common with Katherine, I'll say.

"But even while I was thinking all these thoughts, even while I realized the girl wasn't acting naturally, that she was lying about the hotel clerk, and that she had fixed up this whole affair, something in me wanted to take advantage of the situation. My brain said No! but my hands reached out to help her. She grabbed hold. In another second, I held her in my arms. She was as light as a snowflake, I guess, and as cold. I put her on the couch, and closed the window.

"Katherine couldn't stop laughing. She sat up and took off her wet coat. There she was, in her formal. It was so pretty, sir, that white dress, with its spangles, and her bare shoulders, and her blonde head lying on my old couch, that for a moment I forgot my bad humor and my worries. She asked me for a cigarette. She was very much at ease, and wanted to know the history of each piece of furniture, and all about my books, and where I got every picture and photograph in the place.

" 'Listen, Katherine,' I said finally, 'It's awfully late; I've got to play squash tomorrow morning, and you've got to get up at six. We need sleep. You can have the bed, baby, and I'll take the couch into the bathroom and sleep there. I'll wake you early, and try to get you out without getting us into trouble, though I don't see much chance of it.'

"She looked at me mockingly. 'Are you afraid of me?' she said. And without another word she started to unhook her dress. Gee, sir! the movements of a woman, undressing, are so beautiful, so touching. You once said that I might become an artist. I'd love to paint that—her arms crossed over her head, at the instant when she pulls off her dress. Well, in a couple of seconds, Katherine was naked. I had always known she was well made, I'd often seen her in a bathing suit. But nude—holy smoke! what a wonderful creation the human being is, sir!

" 'Katherine!' I cried. 'I don't give a damn what happens!' She threw herself on my bed, smiling. 'What the hell!' I thought. 'I may be risking my whole future, but it's worth it!' For the last time, I warned her, 'Katherine! this was all your idea!' Then I too undressed, in a rush, hardly knowing what I was doing. I slung my clothes all over the room, and, with one jump, I was alongside of her.

"It was then, sir, that the unbelievable thing happened. Probably I don't know anything about women, sir. I guess that's a fact. Anyway, I certainly didn't understand that one. That girl, who, as I told you, started the whole affair herself, that girl, after coming through the snow, in her evening dress, to spend the night in my room, that girl who had just dared to undress, naked, in front of me, started to yelp and acted insulted when I began to undress, too.

" 'Harry!' she cried, wrapping herself up to the neck in my sheets, 'Harry! aren't you

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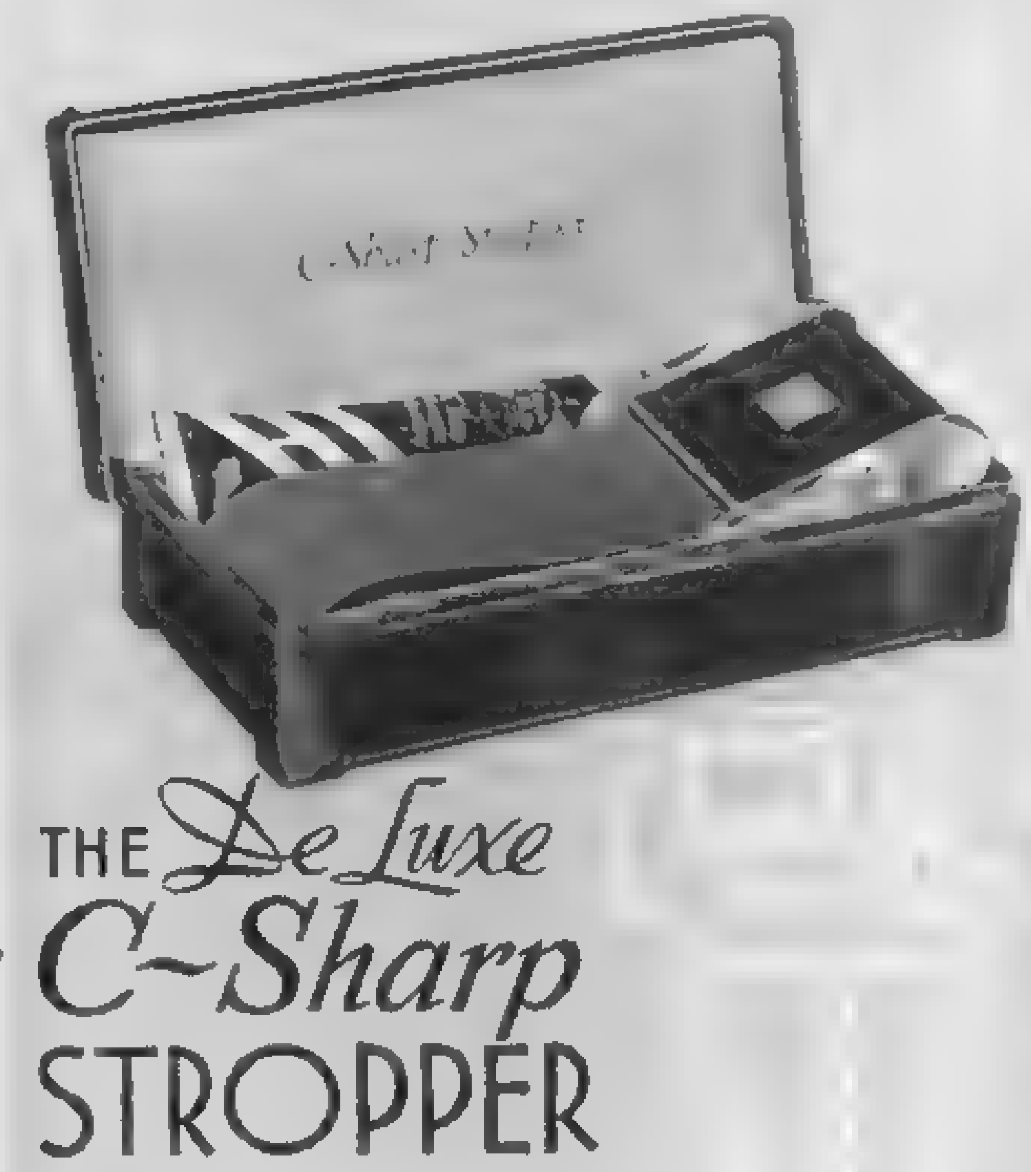

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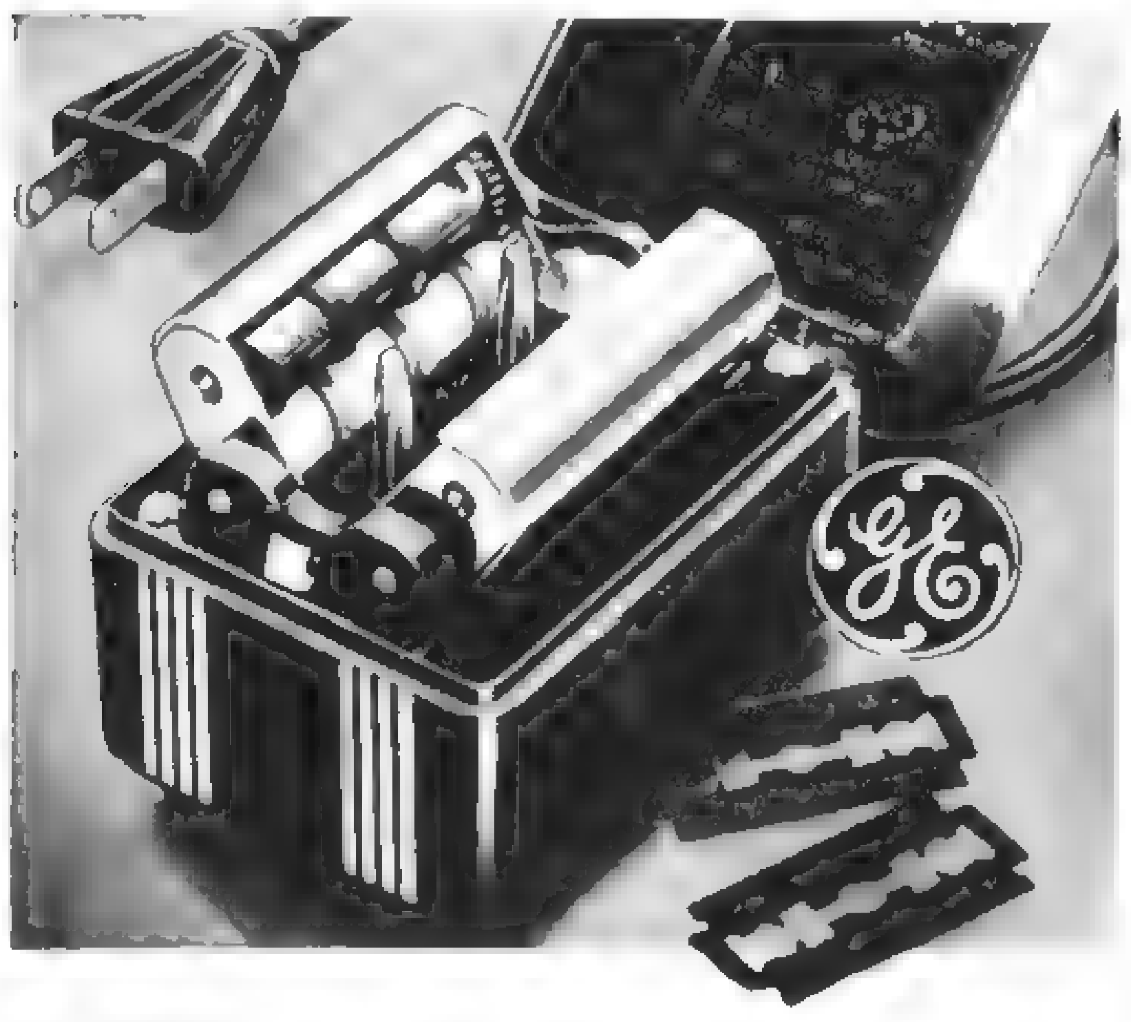

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ashamed! If I though you were capable of such conduct, I would never have come to your room!'

"Well sir, I guess I can't tell you everything that happened last night, after all. The details might be pretty interesting, but I haven't the nerve. The main thing is that no matter how much I begged, or prayed, or reasoned, or reminded her of her promises, no matter how furious I became, no matter what force I used, I spent the night next to that beautiful girl without getting a thing. Around four o'clock in the morning, she fell asleep. I couldn't close an eye. I detested her. I dreamed of ways of punishing her. Do you remember, sir, that story by Balzac, that one he wrote to get even with some flirt, where he described her being branded with a red hot iron by a man she had toyed with?"

"Yes, certainly," I said. "It was the Duchess of Langeais."

"That's it. Well, if I had had a red hot iron that night, sir, I would have branded Katherine with the burning steel right under that beautiful breast of hers, rising and falling so sweetly in her calm sleep."

"You're getting romantic ideas, Plugg!"

"I don't think I'm usually very romantic, sir; most of the time you criticize me for being the reverse. But last night—oh! I felt so—so insulted! . . . At six o'clock I awakened Katherine. My only chance of getting her out of the building without the dean hearing about it was to get going before the housekeeper was on duty.

"At six o'clock on Sunday morning the streets of Sandpoint are empty, and I thought I had a fair chance of getting her out the window unseen.

"When I shook her, she opened her big eyes in surprise, then she remembered where she was and got very gay. I saw that for her all this was nothing but a comical stunt which she would proudly relate to her chums.

" 'Get dressed!' I ordered, as harshly as I could, picking up her slip from the rug and throwing it at her. 'I'm all set. I'm going to the garage for the car! Don't show yourself at the window, but be on the lookout for me, and when you see me, come out. I'll help you.'

" 'Thank you, Sir Harry,' she said sarcastically. 'You are a true knight.'

"I went and got the Ford, and brought it around, near the window. It was snowing hard, about like it's snowing now. Katherine opened the window. I stood below.

" 'Jump into my arms,' I said. 'Don't be afraid.'

" 'Do I look like a girl who was afraid of anything?' she said.

"We got into the car, and I started, but not in the direction of Sandpoint Inn. *No sir!* That way, she would have got off without punishment, and I figured she deserved some pretty heavy punishment. So I drove through the town, and crossed the river, and turned toward the woods, at Longwood.

" 'But Harry,' she protested, 'where are you taking me?'

"I didn't answer, and being conceited as the devil, she pretended to be superior to it all, instead of scared. 'What a wonderful idea,' she said. 'A ride in the dawn . . . the snow-clad forest . . . ah, it's exquisite! You are a poet, my cavalier!'

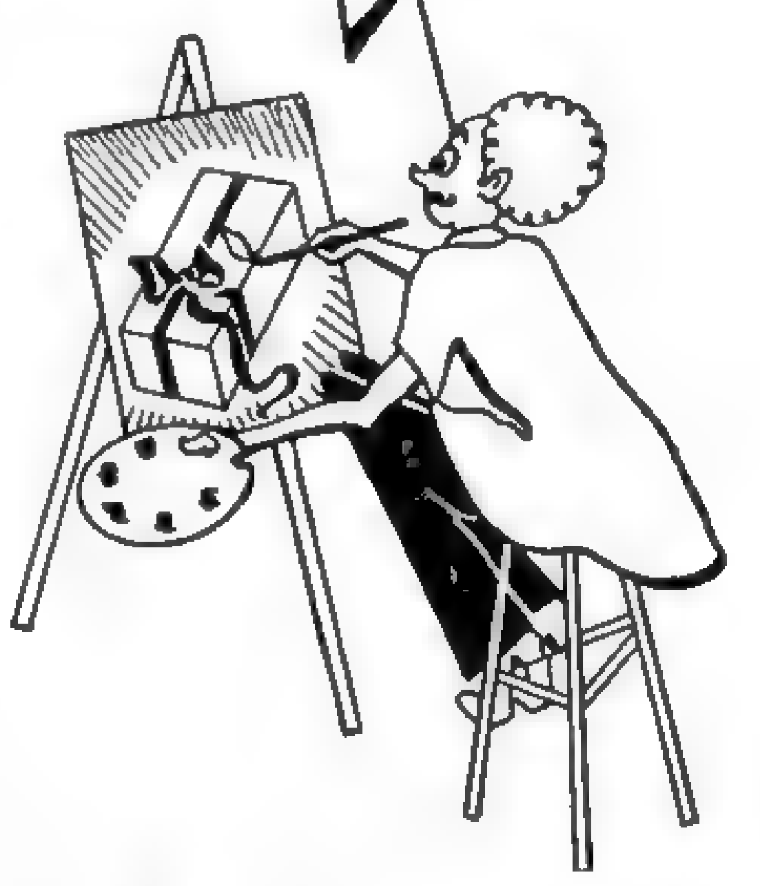
"Well, while we were going through the forest—and the road wasn't easy to follow, with the snow covering the banks and the ditches—I told her, pretty plainly, just what I thought of her. When I had got it all off my chest, I saw by the speedometer that we were at least six miles out of Sandpoint, and I stopped. Without a word, I grabbed hold of Katherine. She was so surprised and scared that she didn't ask a single question. I lifted her out of the car and carried her beneath the pines to a pretty little glade, filled with snow, and whiter than her coat. I let her down gently, set her feet in the deep snow, and, still without saying a word, without paying the least attention to her yelping, without a thought to what would become of her, I ran back to the car and drove away. At this moment, Katherine must be on that deserted road, in her silver slippers and her spangled dress, at least two hours walk from Sandpoint. Two hours in good weather.

"That's all, sir. When I did the thing, it seemed entirely justifiable to me. But on the drive back, I asked myself if I had done right. Oh, it isn't that I have any pity for the girl who had no pity on me. And it isn't that I'm afraid of any consequences. She'll never dare tell this to a soul. She'll make up god knows what kind of a yarn about being kidnapped, rather than accuse me of doing this, because she's always bragged to her girl friends about what a humble slave she's made out of me. . . . But, I don't know. . . . I keep seeing that poor kid, in her thin stockings, in that awful wet snow, and I wonder if, after all, I oughtn't to go and fish her out? So, as I was passing your house, sir, I got the idea of coming in and asking your advice. What do you think? What should I do? Leave that little flirt to her just deserts, in the snow? Or go and beg her pardon? The devil of it is, sir, that at this moment her pride is broken, and that's certainly good for her, but if I give in and rescue her, why, that same second, she'll be putting on her superior airs again. I can just see her triumphant smile, and I can hear her saying, 'Poor Harry!' So you see, I don't know what to do, sir. I'll do whatever you say."

"Go get her right away!" I told him. "It's snowing worse than ever!" . . .

But I've often regretted that advice. ###

**WHEN a Gift BECOMES A *Stroke* OF GENIUS**



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STORES and DEALERS *from Coast to Coast*

## Whimsy by the Mile

*Continued from page 105*

certain perceptible length of time to get things going. Especially in other people.

The folks who make the sounds and do the dialogue come mostly from radio. Of course the boys in the studio very often have been discovered to have a specialty for which they can be called on, such as a giant's insidious laugh, or an ogre's cannibalistic snarl.

There's a pretty girl out here whose throat never grew up, and it is she who does most of the off stage baby talk. A boy scout boasts of a father whose double jointed throat will imitate a bird so naturally that, as Fred Allen once said, you don't dare look up. And an ex-grand opera star sang for the drawings of a pig to the largest audience of his career, while enjoying a sunkissed anonymousness "between engagements."

Now as to the actual drawing of the pictures. The background man turns out the backgrounds or sets as agreed upon and the head animators, using the casting drawings as their key, start the actual drawing of the figures in their various positions. These drawings are made with pencil and on paper. However the head animators do not make all the drawings needed for a given movement. This can safely be left to less expensive animators who are just as good technicians, but either not so creative or not quite seasoned to the game. The head man makes the key drawings—the beginning and end of a movement, and then the assistant animators follow up and draw every other or every third picture. Now comes the in-betweener who finishes the job. He copies with but slight change the work of his more advanced brothers. His work is the most mechanical of the artists, but he knows that he is in a proving ground and will be advanced if he makes good. And so between them all, they produce the hundreds of separate sketches which will spawn the magic gift of fluid movement.

The head animator's worth to the picture is inestimable. Like any good caricaturist his trick is to catch significant poses. Some of these boys are veritable store houses of information on the analytical details of motion. They know that each animal has its own distinctive movements in walking and running. How does a deer cover the ground? What of the elephant's lumbering perambulations? How does a duck's waddle differ from a chicken's mincing? What does a dog's backbone do when he scratches a flea? The head animator knows.

A man's character can be told by his walk. Some human beings slink, some strut, some slither, and others walk just plain cockey. And you'd be surprised at how many ways a limp can be delivered. Old people have tell-tale movements that must be reproduced just right. And a knowledge of the characteristics of children is a study in itself.

By their laughs shall you know them. And so on the street, at home, and at the theater, your animator is blotting up significant laughs for future use. Will it be the hearty laugh of the honest inn keeper who slaps his thighs, or the uncontrollable hilarity of the fat man who tips his head back and gives up, or the unwilling brittle cackle, no more than a noisy smile, which comes from the sour puss of an old maid?

Today the conscientious animator is not satisfied with the speaking jaws mechanical opening and closing regardless of what is being said. He is on the high road to becoming a lip reader, and is conversant with the various moves connected with each syllable. He knows that the word "bosh!" and other explosive sounds have lip formations almost opposite from, say, "sugar." Try it in front of your mirror.

And so the progressives, knowing that mobility is being greatly improved, and jerkiness being left behind, are viewing life in terms of animation, and the library of workable refinements is growing daily.

Many of these men are very fine artists in every sense of the word, but are doing this work to keep their pot boiling or else to give their fingers an intensive schooling in the feel of arrested movement.

The salaries of these fellows, in case you are curious or thinking of taking up the work, is from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week for the in-betweeners, around sixty dollars for the assistant animators, and from one hundred and fifty to three hundred a week for the creative animators.

As the pencil drawings are completed they are taken to the copying or tracing department. There is no special reason why this work has to be done by girls, but it is. There may be a temperamental fitness reason behind it, or it may be that the girls are not so ambitious, and merely look at the work as a temporary means of income until they get married, or until hubby gets that raise.

Their job is to trace the pencil drawings onto sheets of celluloid about the size of typewriter paper. They do not have to be artists to do this, but a little leaning that way doesn't hurt.

When the ink is dry the drawings are passed on to still more girls who color them. Usually each girl has but one color, and tints just those parts of the drawings that her color-key tells her to. Let's say that Mabel is working in red, and a sequence comes her way that shows a dragon about to devour a little boy. Only the rolling tongue is to be red, and so all morning her blood-like brush follows the voracious course of the old meanie's taster. After

**"George, will you stop playing with that and help me?"**

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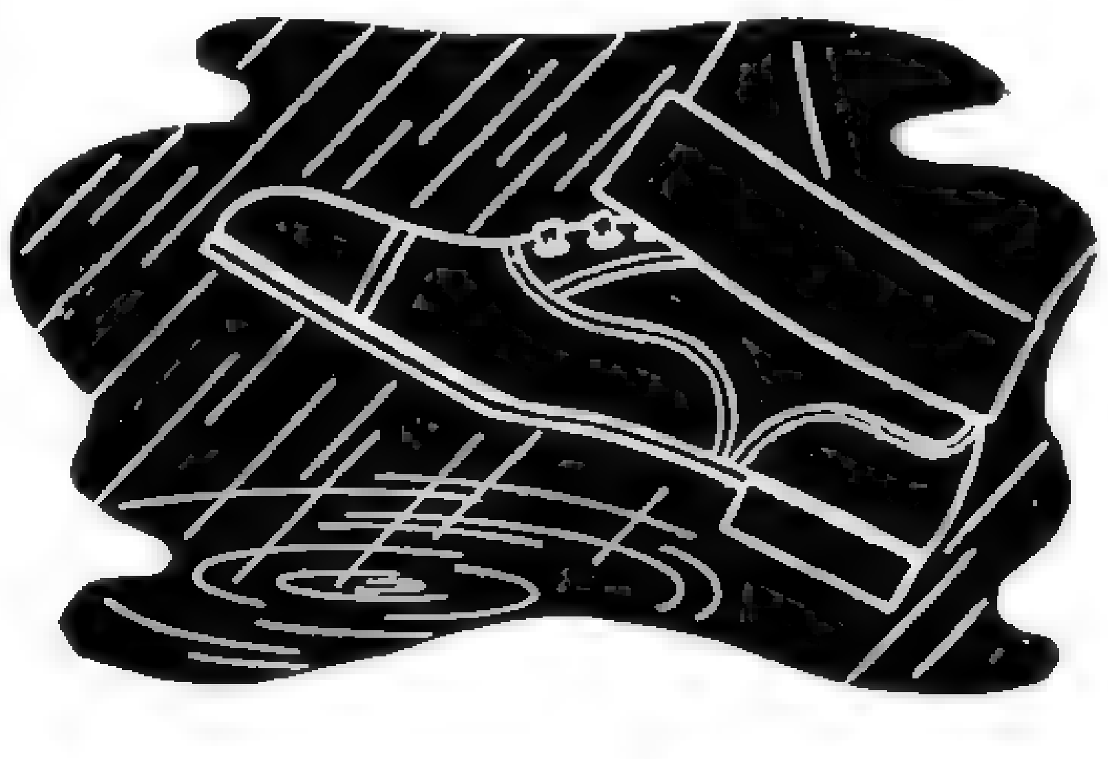
NORMA



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SUIT CASES, GOLF BAGS, HUNTING EQUIPMENT AND ALL SMOOTH LEATHERS
LEATHER PRESERVER

**BUT...**

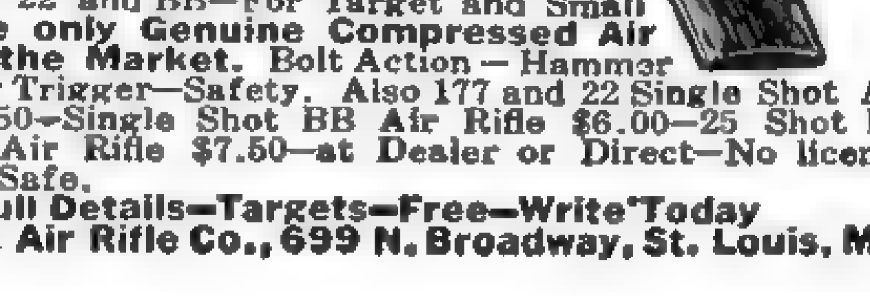
**You say he already has everything?**

*then*

**SEE PAGE**

**193**

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1935, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of ESQUIRE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publishers, David A. Smart and W. H. Weintraub; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. 2. That the owner is ESQUIRE Inc.; Stockholders: David A. Smart, Alfred Smart, John Smart, 919 North Michigan Avenue. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1935.
[SEAL] Joseph L. Ross. (My commission expires June 18, 1938.)



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a lunch at the corner drug store, Mabel returns to paint the coats of the rescuing soldiers, with possibly a stripe down their trouser legs for good measure.

Some of the drawings have as many as ten shades and so pass through the hands of ten girls besides the inker. The inkers get forty-five or fifty dollars a week, and the colorers about thirty.

Everything is timed to music, and the beat is the important thing. The action is stressed on the beat of the music, and the music is stressed on its natural beat to match the action. Because the medium lends itself so beautifully, pattern is often employed, and nothing seems to get under our skins quite so thoroughly. Instead of one bird flying to music there is the design of a flock, and instead of one rabbit dancing, there is, begging your pardon, the pattern of twelve little feet.

The appeal of rhythm is universal but when multiplied is irresistible. That's why precision dancers were born, and that's why the news reels never fail to delight us with their perennial shots of marching West Point legs. Can you imagine twenty-four Fred Astaires or Bill Robinsons! Well, all right, there must be a limit even to whimsy.

But it always has been and always will be hard to construct and develop a story idea in one reel. The time is too brief; a good premise can hardly be set forth in that space. And so of necessity the one reelers have to confine themselves to the development of but a single thought. And while this finds a ready market it still remains in the *hors-d'oeuvre* class and not in the more meaty departments of film fare.

The cartoons took to sound like an actor to applause, and they make you think that color was created just for them. They have the jump right now on every one else in color work, and now that the Three Color Technicolor Process has been thrown open to others besides Disney, who up to this fall has had a contractual monopoly, leaving only the old two color process to his competitors, they will flourish as never before.

Just as the picture business sneaked into the theatrical world, so are the cartoons tip-toeing into the picture set up. Their history parallels that of the movies themselves from their small unpretentious beginnings to their present status.

They have always gone ahead, creating and absorbing, making better use of new inventions and ideas than the originators. And now that they find themselves with a mechanical technique and a photographic quality which is clamoring for more substantial fare, it takes very little prophesy to say that we are viewing the dawn of a new medium for story telling.

Better and better technicians are already being attracted. Men who are more than just cartoonists, artists in every sense of the word, skilled in composition and color, will find the work worthy of their efforts, and the producers will find them worthy of their hire. Disney has a training school which is actually looking for new men to train.

They will branch out from the *Mother Goose* type of thing and find a welcome in unsuspected fields. There are types of stories that can be told so much better by drawings than by humans that they will take their place by the side of the regular features and neither one will trespass on the other.

Magazines illustrate their fiction with drawings rather than by photographs. They are preferable because the reader's imagination has freer scope if it is not bounded by the specific and limited qualities of a photograph. A young man reading a love story and falling in love with its heroine can be sure that although she may be unattainable in a drawing, she is as much his as she is anyone else's, and can never disillusion or disappoint him, whereas in the case of a photograph he is certain that she is shedding her radiance on some unworthy gink in real life.

And so in stories like Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, *Peter Pan*, *The Arabian Nights*, *The Little Lame Prince*, countless Biblical tales, and many others, we have examples of narratives, the very chemistry of which can best be preserved by keeping flesh and blood actors away. Their illusions and style can be kept inviolate if told in the medium which has at its command complete detachment from time and space.

You and I have seen a great change come over our dear old Sunday funny papers of late. They've gone in for fantastic action—these Flash Gordon's and similar strips.

And on the radio and in the juvenile book shops they tell me that Buck Rogers with his world of the future has a following that would crowd Texas.

Surely no one is equipped to tell such yarns, which have no more limits than a dream, quite so well as an imaginative animator.

At this writing the Harmon-Ising plant is turning out its first two reeler, *The Nutcracker*, based on Tchaikovsky's famous suite, and the Disney studio is actually at work on a feature length picture called *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

All good movies satisfy vicariously and the cartoon has within its grasp the ability to do so even more. The possibilities are there for the finding. They already have a social status and a ready market; and with an improved technique, more attention to composition and color, and the continued improvement of acting, their celluloid dreams will unfold into a pure fantasy hitherto unknown. Great days are just ahead. #

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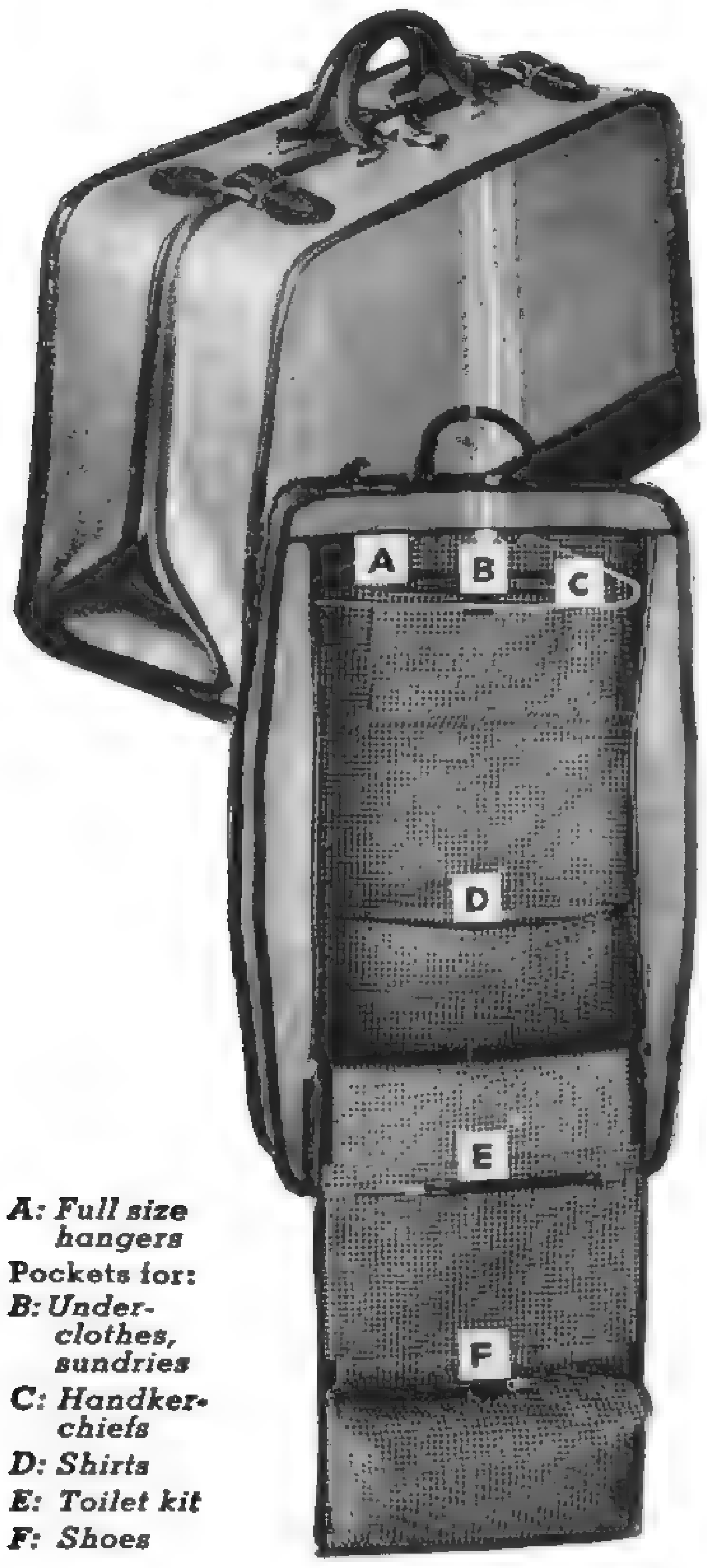

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TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

## The New Road

*Continued from page 43*

time the second daughter was born, a year or two later, these extravagant hopes had been somewhat chastened, and to signalize her acceptance of destiny the mother called the second daughter Maria, like three-quarters of the other girls in the village. Lolita and Maria had been to school in the convent at Ispra, at the end of the lake, and spoke more correctly than other village people. Sometimes they read books, and Maria had been to Milan to study dressmaking. Lolita had never been anywhere. She helped her mother and father run the inn, kept the books, made out the accounts, and waited on the tables when there were any to wait on; usually there were only mine.

The inn stood just above the lake, and from its garden wall you could almost leap into the cold blue water. In the evening, when the sun was about to vanish over the hills on the other side of the water—it vanishes while still powerful, not fading at all, but slipping grandly down behind the purple hills in full orchestral effect—Lolita used to stand in the far corner of the garden, leaning against the two walls that came to an angle there. She did this often enough to arouse my curiosity, and one evening, coming near, I saw that she had been crying. There were tears on her high cheekbones and her sallow cheeks. I wondered if this could have been produced by the sunset—a theatrical and, indeed, rather vulgar display, which she must have seen times without number in her life, and which at the best was not a thing to make anybody burst into tears. I ventured an imbecile remark—that the sunset was beautiful, or something of the kind.

"Yes," she said. And that seemed to be all she had to say on the subject. Whatever had occasioned her melancholy, it was not the sunset. I sat down and wondered if it would help for me to order a vermouth. Suddenly she turned her back to the streaked sky opposite and spoke.

"You don't know what it's like here in winter," she said. "You can't have any idea what it's like. It's cold all the time, bitter cold, and when it doesn't rain it snows, only not the kind of snow that stays—just a rainy kind of snow, that gives you a cold in the head. The fires all smoke, because there's not enough draft for them under these hills. Nobody ever comes here from October to April—nobody, nobody, nobody. The days are very short, and the sun even isn't the same. We used to think the new road would come through and then everything would be different, but I don't believe it will ever be finished now."

I could find nothing to say to this for a while. I had never heard Lolita speak so before.

"It is much nicer here without a big motor road," I said at last. "The road would spoil the village and the hills."

"Spoil it!" she said savagely. "That's for you. You come here for a few months in the summer and wander around with some tubes of paint and some sticks, and paint things, and then go away. To Milan or Rome, or even Paris. Or New York. You don't know what it's like to live here all the year 'round. In the spring and summer a few people come, and it's warm, with the sun, and you look at the lake and the mountains and think how wonderful it is for us to live in such a place. You don't have to sit inside the house for six months of the year, sewing on a dress that nobody will ever see anyway, and choking on wood-smoke. We ought never to have been here at all. It's the road. Papa came here and put all his money, and all Mamma's money, into this barracks of a place, because the new road was coming. And it never did come. It never will come. And I'll never see anything as long as I live but this lake and this garden and those hills, and the sun in summer and the rain in winter, until I die. That's what you don't know anything about."

She stared at me wildly for a moment and then raced across the garden towards the kitchen. It was in a kind of basement, half under and half over the ground, and stood open to the garden. For the next half hour I could hear the sounds of a meal being prepared in there, with the old woman — Signora Aurelia, they called her—ordering her daughters about, and the old man superintending the really important dishes. When the meal was ready Lolita brought it out to me, and there was no trace of tears or of self-consciousness in her face. It wasn't a gloomy face, although sallow and not very pretty; it was made pleasing by large eyes and a lovely mass of dark curls, and its owner moved gracefully under the wistaria with her tray of dishes. There was light enough to see by, and presently the moon came up, almost as clear and bright as the sun it had replaced, only less glaring; and in the thicket of pines down the way, belonging to a Milanese merchant's villa, the nightingales began to trill and weep by turns, never sure of a mood long enough to complete it. Lights appeared on the lake, carefully guarded by hands or cloaks; and a surreptitious splash now and then interfered with the efforts of the nightingales; fishermen were out, but cautiously, as night fishing is mostly forbidden and the spearing of the lamprey, with lights, is a particularly serious offense. A magic place, I thought, in its near-silence: no definite noise anywhere, but a stillness pointed up by mysterious small sounds, the sounds of water and birds and the deft, illicit movements of men breaking the law by night.

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Signor Federico came waddling out to look at the moon and I asked him to sit down and drink some wine with me. It was not an invitation he often refused, although his watchful wife and daughters did their best to strengthen his resistance. He sat down. We drank from time to time, but he did not speak. One of Signor Federico's marked talents was a gift for sitting and looking at the lake without speaking. He could do this at any hour of the day, fixed, immovable, his small blue eyes aiming far out across the water; but he was especially good at it in the summer evenings after dinner. Presently Signora Aurelia and Maria went to bed, leaving Lolita on guard inside the house, and the old man and I were alone in the garden. Even the sounds of the leaves and birds and water grew quieter then, as they do late at night. I thought it might be safe now to ask the old man a cautious question or two. I did not want to precipitate an apoplexy, but I thought that by approaching the subject with care I might be able to learn something about the new road.

"A beautiful spot," I said. "One of the most beautiful I've seen. How did you happen to pick out this particular place for the inn, Signor Federico?"

At first he did not quite understand my question. He had been born in the village, like his father and all his ancestors for ever; naturally he had built his inn in the village, when the time came to build it. As I pressed the question a little closer, he grumbled quietly, sipped his wine, and pointed over his shoulder with his pipe.

"The new road," he said, "was to come just here. It avoided the village and passed in a line behind where I built this inn. I saw the plans. That was when I bought the land and got married. I was about thirty."

As he talked, the scenes he described formed and dissolved before me in the still, moon-shadowed night. He was young and rich and handsome, in a black velvet coat with silver buttons, and walked in the evenings with the Signorina Aurelia, who had huge eyes and lovely black curls.

"She was pretty then, my wife," he said, with no pretense at gallantry; and it was easy to see how her eyes had narrowed, her curls lost their color and sheen, as her figure and hands hardened into shapelessness with the years.

But then she was pretty, and rich enough to be a fit wife for Federico, who was the richest young man in the village. He was the only son of a prosperous peasant who owned vineyards, fields of beans, potatoes and asparagus, orchards of cherries and apricots; he had been sent away to Germany in his first youth to learn German and cooking and the hotel business, and had worked in large hotels at Wiesbaden, Cannes, San Remo, Milan and Rome. One year he had gone to Egypt, and had cooked on dahabeahs that went up and down the Nile with rich foreign tourists. He had had every advantage, had earned much money, and, being a Lombard, had spent little. He spoke German and French almost as well as Italian, and Italian far better than other people from the village, who were familiar only with their own dialect and had seldom travelled even so far as Milan. He was an accomplished and rich young gentleman, and no wonder the Signorina Aurelia fell in love with him. She had nobody to compare him with except the peasant louts of the neighborhood, who had never seen a bathtub and wore wooden shoes on week-days. They walked and talked and danced together, when he came home for his long vacation that spring, and in late June, when the lake was in its most enchanting mood, they were married. With what his father could give him, and what he had saved, and Aurelia's dowry, and an astute mortgage drawn up by the banking man from Laveno, he had been able to achieve his great ambition, the building of the inn.

"I was happy, Signor," he pointed out. "I thought everything was settled. The new road would be finished in a year, and there would be hundreds of tourists through here every summer, and mine was the only modern hotel on this side of the lake."

He paused for a long time and then added: "It still is."

So far he had not begun to shout or bare his teeth: these signs of rage were reserved for the direct subject of the new road, and the successive delays, broken promises, embezzlements, betrayals and disasters that had prevented its completion over the past thirty years. Now he was talking about his inn. It had two bathrooms, which for years had been the only bathrooms on that side of the lake. It had a model kitchen, a charming garden, and good food and good beds. Everything had cost money, and then more money and then more money. When his father died the whole inheritance, except for one orchard and a field, was swallowed up by the hotel. The same thing happened to Aurelia's patrimony a few years later. And still the road was never finished, the tourists never came, the inn stood empty, and to keep it going and pay the taxes there had been a second mortgage and a third.

"I am glad we kept one orchard and the field for vegetables," the old man said. "Otherwise there would have been many times when we did not have enough to eat."

In winter nobody ever came near the place. All the rooms were locked, the linen folded away, the furniture covered, the carpets taken up and carefully sprinkled with smelly powders to keep the insects out until the spring. The occasional summer guest was not

*Continued on page 214*

Which is OXFORD ...which is RUBBER?

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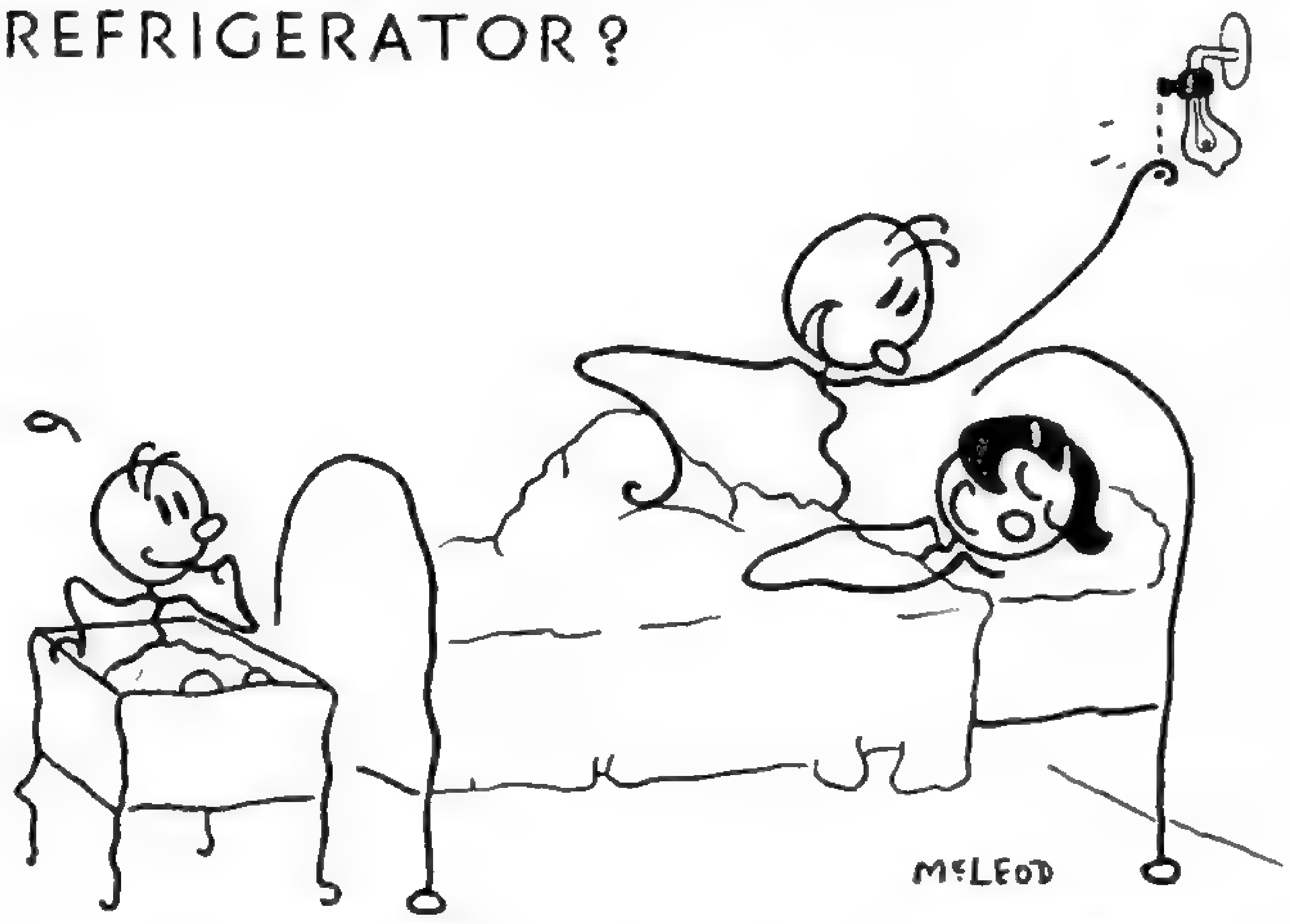

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## The New Road

*Continued from pages 43-213*

charged much ("How can we charge high prices on this side of the lake?") and there was never a summer that showed a clear profit, but they kept on at it because the new road would come through some day and everything would be different; and besides, there was nothing else for them to do. So they had grown old, working and waiting. And it looked as if the next generation, the girls, would have to do the same thing.

"I can't understand why the road should have taken so long to build," I said.

"This side of the lake is treated as the stepchild of the government," the old man said. "Look at the other side of the lake! Fortunes have been made there in these thirty years. There are hundreds of hotels there, and all make money. They have no better view, no better hills or water, than we have. But they have the road. They have always had the road. I can't remember a time when there hasn't been a good road there on the Piedmontese side of the lake. They say it was the same in the days of the antique Romans. But why should it be so? When their old road was no good, they got a new one, over there. They can have what they like. Here on the Lombard side, we get only promises. For a long time it was politics. We elected deputies on their promises about the road and the promises were never kept. Now there is no more politics, but there is no road, either. Every three or four years a little work is done—a little—and the road goes forward a few feet, and then the money runs out or the orders are forgotten, and it stops again. It will never be finished now."

Perhaps because it was so late and he was tired, or perhaps because the influences of the night had calmed his fierce resentment into sadness, he did not shout; he simply stated. I never heard him talk like this about the road before or afterwards. It was a summing up, a cold, hopeless, irrevocable array of facts, in which he looked back on his whole life with passionless, statistical accuracy. The music that accompanied his farewell was the multiplication table. We finished our wine without any more talk and went to bed.

Towards the end of the summer, when it began to rain with dismal frequency, I went away. I felt rather like a deserter in doing so, for although these people had nothing to do with me, their winter had come to be—in imagination or by sentiment, at least for the time—my winter. Of course I rapidly forgot about them, or thought of them seldom; but on the day I left the village I felt like a deserter. Lolita stood at the foot of the garden steps, with tears running down her sallow cheeks, and waved at my boat as long as it could be seen. Her plump sister, Maria, with pudgy, discontented face, stood and frowned beside her. I knew that Lolita was not weeping because of my departure; she was weeping because there was nobody left at the inn except the family; she was weeping for all departures, for the summer's end and the coming winter's rain. All the way across the lake I thought of her, but when we reached Stresa and the train for Paris, her troubles were no longer my troubles. I had a good lunch and reflected that there must be a great many people in a great many places waiting for a new road, and what could I do about it?

The next year I went back again — not that I particularly intended to, but it happened; I was near there and had nowhere else to go, and a painter must find a place where he can paint. They had received my telegram in time, by fortunate accident (there was no telegraph station in the village, and messages were brought by a cyclist from ten miles away). They had the local motor-boat, a ramshackle affair, waiting for me at Stresa, and before I had been in the boat five minutes I heard the great news of our village. There had been a terrible scandal and the new road was now to be completed, by order from Rome.

Signor Federico was disappointed that the boatman had been first to give me this news, but he was happy to amplify and explain it. He did so nearly every evening during my stay, shouting—with pleasure, this time—as he detailed the supreme drama. The Prefect, no less a dignitary than the Prefect, had gone to jail; it was discovered that he had stolen all the money last appropriated at Rome for the new road, had built himself a palace with it, and had in various other ways—fine, scandalous ways, which lost nothing in the telling—dissipated the millions with which he had been entrusted. For a long time no hint of all this had reached Rome, but one day last winter a delegation from the villages along the lake had gone to the capital and had been received by the dictator himself ("Our Duce"), and then there had been an investigation and a whole crop of arrests. Nobody could get back again the money the Prefect had squandered; it had gone the way of all money; and it did sound to me, I must say, as if the Prefect had had a good time. But new money had been appropriated at Rome and new engineers sent out, work had been resumed on the road, and with any luck at all it would reach as far as our village by next year and might soon afterwards complete its circuit of the lake and join the main road to Milan at last. Signor Federico was in high spirits that summer, and when he felt particularly well he would walk every step of the way

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across the hills to the place where work had been resumed on the road. He bought new curtains for the inn, spruce white curtains for every window, and Signora Aurelia had a new dress. They could not afford these splendors, but as the old man explained, the inn would be crowded when the new road came through, and they had to be ready.

Even Lolita was cheerful in the evenings when she stood in her corner and watched the sun disappear. She had a satisfied, dreamy look. She was thinking, perhaps, of all the people who would come to the inn when the road was finished, and of the young men and the way they would dance with her.

The new mood of the village did not suit me as well as the old mood. On Sundays the peasant girls and boys gave strange evidences of impending change. One or two of the girls wore hats — ugly hats, worn self-consciously, the first hats I had seen in the village—and some of the boys wore plus-fours. The garment known in English as plus-fours may be useful, but when it is turned out cheaply by the tailor at Laveno it has an improbable and spurious appearance. The young people of the village, like Federico and his family, were getting ready for the the new road.

I did not stay long that summer. I had other things to do, and was off to America before July had well begun. Lolita and Maria came to the foot of the garden steps to see my boat push off, and waved friendly hands, but there were no tears.

The third summer I went back again, for the last time. I don't believe I am likely to be passing that way again. The inn was about half full, but half full meant eight or ten noisy Milanese on holiday, and two of them had brought their radios. It was not possible to sit in the garden after dinner at night and listen to the nightingales; the nightingales had moved off, further down the lake. Neither was there much surreptitious fishing this year, for there was not enough darkness to guarantee immunity. The new road had come through, and had pushed on, and was now completed, and joined the village to the main road to Milan.

I looked for Signor Federico, but he was not there.

"Papa is not well," Lolita explained. "He has been ordered to stay in bed for a few days. The excitement has not been good for him—the opening of the road, you know, and all the people that came, and the noise. The inn was full of important people when the road was opened. We had a big banquet here, and Papa cooked all the dishes himself. It was very fatiguing."

Lolita looked well, or at least alert; but her nerves had not been improved by recent events. Some of the Milanese were not polite to her. They did not know her as a person, with desires, disappointments and tearducts; they only knew her as a kind of servant who brought food and wine. They shouted at her. She bit her lips with vexation sometimes, but hurried to answer their call. As she told me one evening, it looked as if this summer might show a definite profit for the inn, the first in its entire record, and every penny gained was needed.

"There are many debts and expenses, and there are those mortgages," Lolita said. "It will take years of profit to get clear. Perhaps it would have been better to have gone bankrupt, and got rid of it all. I don't suppose I'll be able to leave here for a long time now. Maybe never. But at least we have some work to do."

She did not look too happy as she said these things. One evening about a week later, when the two radios were going at once in different parts of the garden, and the sun, ignoring them, was about to set as splendidly as ever beyond Belgirate on the other side of the lake, I saw her standing at her old place, the angle of the wall at the corner of the garden, staring and silently weeping. Somebody shouted for her just then and she turned to run.

I used to go up to Signor Federico's bedroom to see him in the afternoons. He seemed a little light-headed, laughed a good deal, and talked about how rich everybody was going to be.

"We are all going to be rich now," he said. "They all thought the old man was a fool, and the road would never come through, but now they see! This shows what can be done if you are willing to work and wait. We are going to be very rich. Maybe I shall buy an automobile — eh, Aurelia? How would you like to drive over the new road in an automobile, eh?

Signora Aurelia, who looked more crushed and anxious than ever, only shook her head.

Then, just when business was going extremely well and the loud radios and louder laughter of the Milanese seemed to promise a fulfilment of the old man's prophecy, he gave up. In the middle of the night the Signora Aurelia, who slept on a cot in the same room with him, heard a noise and turned on the light and he was dead. The inn was closed for two or three days and they gave him a fine funeral. I was told it was the finest funeral that had been seen in the village for many years. The Podestâ came and walked in the procession along with the heavily draped figures of the Signora Aurelia, Lolita and Maria, and the whole population of the village. I was allowed to stay on at the inn, as I had nowhere else to go, and accompanied the family to the fine funeral. There were plumes on the heads of the two horses, and the coffin had silver handles. I knew both the horses well—one was an old brown mare belonging to Rodolfo, the carpenter, and hauled carts on ordi-

*Continued at top of page 216*

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## The New Road

*Continued from pages 43-213-215*

nary days; the other was Federico's own, and worked in the fields. They looked very odd with plumes on their heads, as if you had started dressing up the domestic cat. I thought Rodolfo's old brown mare had a nasty, sardonic look as she stepped out on the new road. Part of the funeral route, between the church and the graveyard, passed over the new road. It was the only practical use Signor Federico had ever had for that highway.

Some of the village lads in the procession wore plus-fours, as was only natural; these were their best clothes, and they all wore their best clothes to do honor to Signor Federico. While the priest was talking about Signor Federico's good Christian life and happy death (the priest took snuff, and you could see the marks of it on his nose and fingers) I was remembering the way Lolita cried the night before on Signora Aurelia's shoulder. They had been in the next room and I could not help hearing. Lolita kept on murmuring something about "the road" through her sobs; her grief seemed to be strangely more about the road than about her father.

But the road was finished. That was a thing that could never be undone. Perfection and inevitability, where were they? The silence of the leafy night, the peace of certain, marked and irrevocable days, the relationship of the peasant to the bean-flower, had all been broken into small fragments that could not be put together in the same way again. When the weeping women went home to take off their mourning veils and start to work again for the reopened inn, and the last trace of Signor Federico's fine funeral vanished, the new road extended its victory across those summer hills, bland and for the moment empty, ready for the wheels of the world. #

## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 115*

talk in any given political circumstance. But he also knows just how you think you think and how you talk if you are a professional patriot, a second or third generation Jewish anti-Semite, a nit-wit with a little money, an easy-going Liberal, a shiftless and incompetent proletarian who is taken in by a politician's promise to give you five thousands bucks a year right now, or, or, or, shall we say?, the high-minded, intelligent sort of person you are. . . . Lewis knows all of us (including himself) and our pattern of speech; and he is scared that in a few years some really dangerous demagogue with a gift for oratory and a sense of Barnum showmanship is going to come along and sweep abruptly into office as an American dictator like Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini. He predicates such a coup upon a preliminary regimentation, upon the organization of civilian forces to whom first are rationed food and uniforms and finally rifles, ammunition and machine guns. Lewis thinks the set-up in America is perfect for the rise of a super-Hitler: the citizenry is emotion-swayed, easily regimented, fed by the radio and child-like in its love of uniforms. We are a nation, Lewis believes, of joiners, always anxious to do, wear, and think the right thing.

He makes a novel out of what this predisposition might lead us into. It gave me a scare. I hope it is going to give everybody else a scare. The Doremus Jessup of Lewis' novel is a fair-minded, intelligent, kindly, liberal editor-proprietor of a New England newspaper with a grown son and a grown daughter, friends among the D.A.R., the bankers, the proletariat, the tradesmen, politicians and merchants—all of whom believe, like himself, that "it can't happen here," i.e., Hitlerism can't happen in America, with its sadistic orgy of "liquidation" of Jews, Communists, Catholics, and even of Hitlerites who don't conform to whatever rule the local commissar, who wants to seize some property for himself, declares has been violated. Doremus Jessup goes through the mill when a dictatorship comes in America: he is beaten, thrown into a lousy, insanitary concentration camp.

Lewis pictures a few years hence a sanguine terror that *can* happen here. In my innocence I did not believe even in the early months of 1917 that we would be swept into the European war. I did not cater much to the Democratic slogan for Wilson in 1916 that he had "kept us out of war." As a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* I had ridden in from Englewood to the LaSalle street station in Wilson's private car in the 1912 campaign and had followed him about, in my capacity as an informer for the press; and I had almost wept for him, that gaunt, abstracted pedagogue who was so obviously at sea when I, a mere twenty-year old reporter, asked him a simple question. He was already in the hands of his press-agents; and his press-agents had defined for him the issues of his campaign: he was agin' the rich and he was for the common people. That was enough to elect him. Taft and Roosevelt, meantime, had lost sight of this important objective, i.e., to be agin' the rich and for the common people: Roosevelt (who had popular psychology down to a T) went haywire in his mad against Taft who had, as everybody said, carried his policies out *and buried them.* Roosevelt was against Taft and the Republican "machine"! and Taft was against Roosevelt. That

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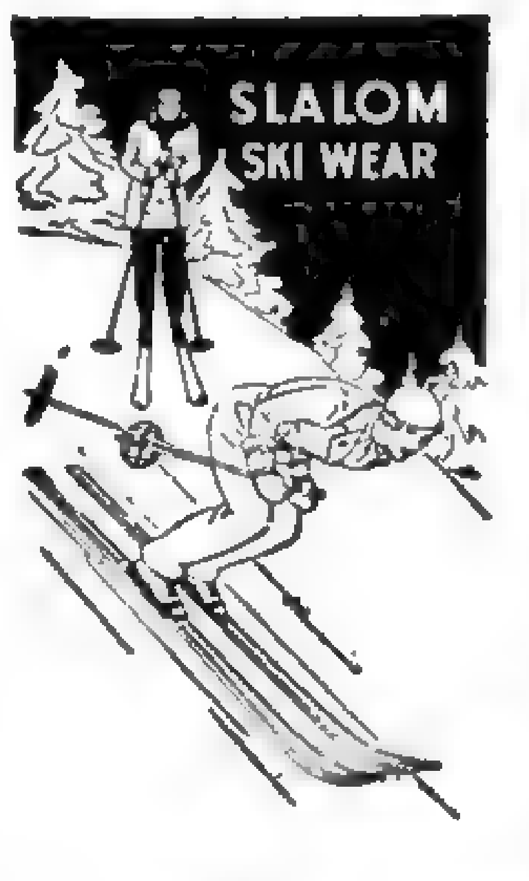

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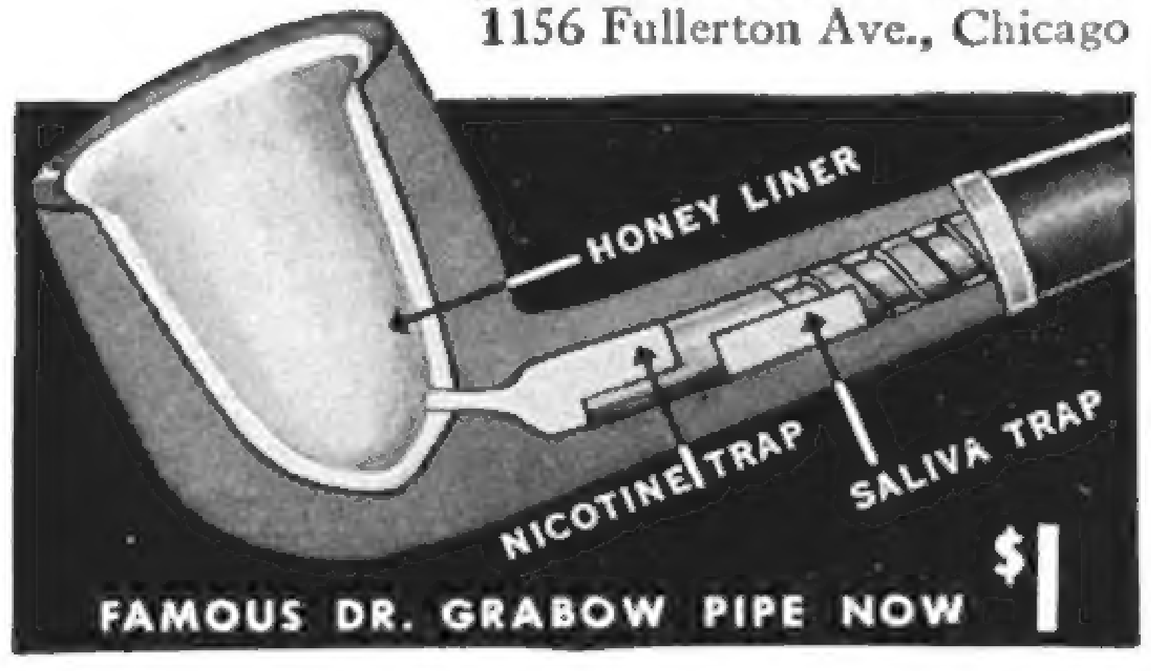

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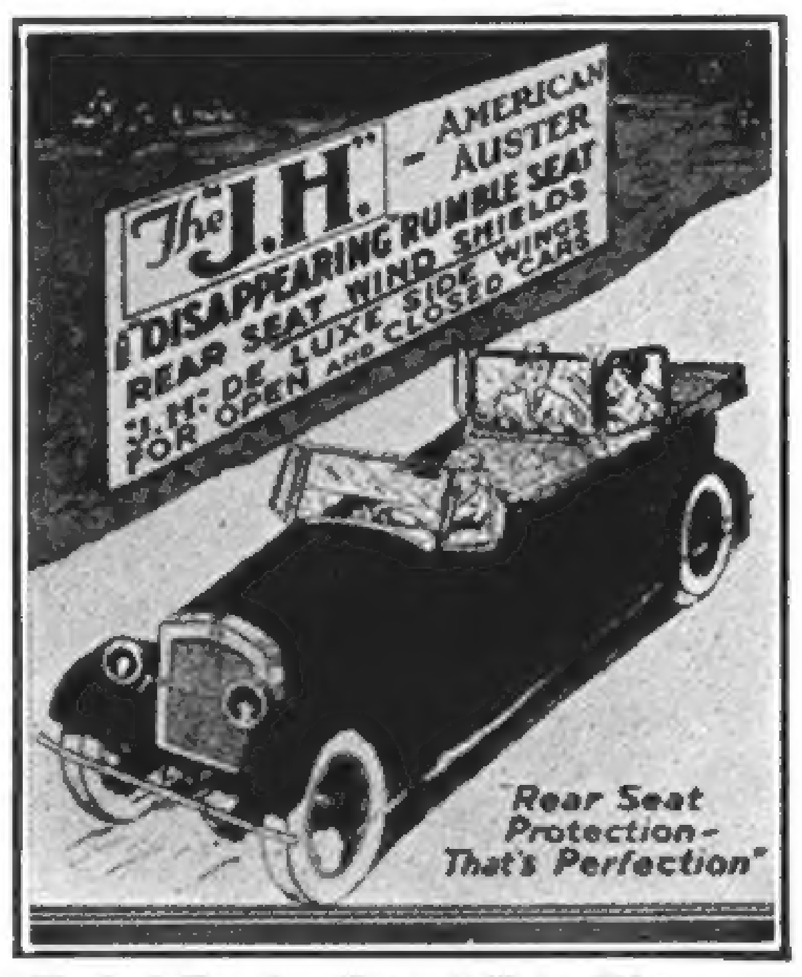
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made it easy for the wise guys who wanted to shove a former president of Princeton and governor of New Jersey into the White House. All they had to do was to say that their lamb was agin' the rich and for the common people.

When Wilson was elected to office, he began to take the slogans of his press-agents, which had got him into office, seriously. This was a great embarrassment to his press-agents and his party-leaders. An obscure bird by the name of Lansing, who somehow got himself nominated Secretary of State, couldn't get over this. He kept on writing books of memoirs showing how the President didn't pay any attention to him and showing, very elaborately, why (though Lansing didn't know this) there was no earthly reason why the President should. (For the readers of this department I may say there is another book out by Lansing and it is published by somebody and its title is I forget what. It is over there somewhere among the new books that have come in. If you itch to know its title, ask your librarian to look it up for you. One must say this for Lansing: he was the *neatest* looking Secretary of State we have ever had.)

I did not put much reliance upon the gaunt, abstracted pedagogue and when he ran for reelection in 1916, I didn't think any too sanguinely about the good he might accomplish. But his press-agents did have a good slogan: "He kept us out of war."

He didn't. I never thought that *he* could or couldn't. I was idiot enough to imagine that we wouldn't go to war, for some matter that didn't concern us anyway. Not that a draft would affect me: I was married, "underprivileged," with a son born a month after the European War began and a daughter three months old when we entered the conflict: I was not eligible. All I could contribute to the success of the Allies was the hope that my younger brother and some friends of mine would survive it; that I should be able to meet the stiff monthly payments to the loan shark from whom I had found it necessary to borrow money to pay my first income tax—about 80 per cent, I later figured out, was the rate of interest—and to borrow money for the payment of the $300 worth of Liberty bonds alotted me, for which, four years afterwards, I was able to get, in the open market, $87 per $100 each, less commissions for sale and federal tax.

The war and its aftermath were a great encouragement to me in my inborn idealism—in a pig's you know what. I began to hate everybody, including myself, and with a damned good reason. If I ever knew a sour-puss, fraidy-cat, scared to lose his $50 a week job and scared to get a punch in the jaw, it was I, Burton Rascoe, with a young wife and two kids to whom I thought this world might, with my help, be a happy tarrying place.

I was cured of that mooniness about fifteen minutes after we got the A. P. dispatch in *The Tribune* office, carrying President Wilson's speech before the joint sessions of the Senate and Legislature asking that a state of war be declared against Germany. Almost instantly a lot of people who had been my friends, became, by act of congress, my enemies. We weren't really enemies; but it soon became expedient not to be too friendly to them. Shall I ever forget that pathetic end of a usual Saturday night's Chicago Symphony Orchestra concert, when Stock, trembling all over, called for and directed his cohorts into the unfamiliar, unpracticed and exceedingly cacophonous *Star Spangled Banner*. Poor Stock's best buddy and most hated aesthetic rival, Karl Muck, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was already peeling potatoes in a concentration camp near Atlanta.

Ah, yes, we who weren't born yesterday, remember those days—with bitterness, if we have the courage to remember them at all. Can you remember the nice old ladies who told you that their boys, who were at the front, were fighting *your* battles for you? Or the flappers who tactfully asked you what you were going to tell your son when he asked: "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" My son, I hasten to add, has never asked me such a question. If he ever had I should have kicked his pratt from here to Siberia. During the war I was entangled with loan sharks, paying $14 for the cheapest pair of shoes, 15 cents for a loaf of bread, 30 cents a pound for round steak, and sugar and milk almost too prohibitive to buy, and trying desperately to keep my small family decently fed, housed and clothed. It didn't help my patriotic spirit any to see a lot of fellows in executive offices at my paper, who had some cash laid by, speculating in "war babies" and making thousands of dollars (in paper) each day and hoping the war would keep on so their paper profits would keep up. It makes me sick to think of what happened to some of those war boosters of 1917-18. I didn't envy them then: I am sorry for most of them now.

What wrecks the last war made of most of us—combatants and non-combatants! I see men some few years younger than myself who fought in the war and to whom life has been since a dreadful anti-climax. I know men who were seriously injured in the war, and they left much of them back there in agony on the battle-field. I know those of us who remained at home whose hearts were blistered by the scorching flame of hate, intolerance and greed.

Let us turn, then, shriven, from the dreadful portent of *It Can't Happen Here* to *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.00) by Barry Benefield. This is a soothing book and it will remind you of that kindliness you

*Continued on page 218*

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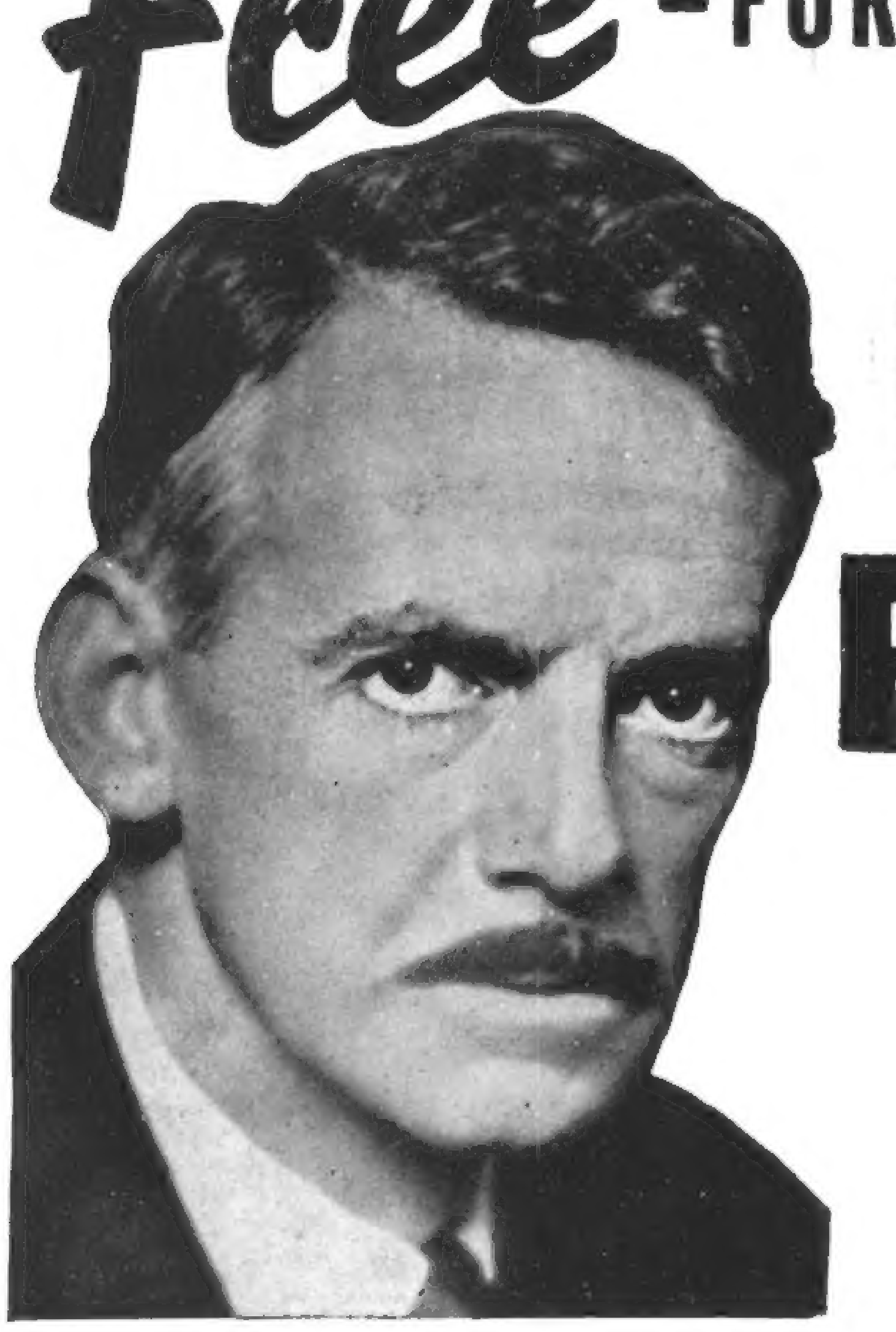

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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages115 -217*

have experienced in people when you have been kind to them. You don't even have to be kind to most people to get them to play fair with you: all you have to do is be straightforward and honest and kindly disposed toward them. Sure, you will be gypped, with that attitude, and quite a number of people you are kindly disposed to will give you the run-around; but what the hell? Take it on the chin and let them crack their knuckles. It's better to give your love to somebody who will break it into little pieces than to let your heart shrivel in your breast.

*Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* is the story of an ex-harlot lady who simultaneously achieved vicarious motherhood and conventional respectability by kidnapping two waifs and bringing them up as her adopted children. Carrie, when the story opens, is the youngish, blonde woman out on the cemetery road in Crebillon, Louisiana, who has a high board fence keeping her private business and her rose garden from the eyes of the townswomen. She has never loved anybody but she knows what love is. She has many friends, among the males of the small town, and she is a square-shooter. At thirty-two she falls in love, maternally, with a seven-year-old ragamuffin and when he assumes a brotherly attitude toward another waif, a girl younger than himself, Carrie draws them both to her. She takes them to New York, enters a respectable business, that of the cleaning and dyeing trade, and prospers. She gives her growing waifs all the benefits of life she has missed; but she has also instilled into them, by precept and example, the true qualities of character. The girl-waif is in love with the boy-waif and he doesn't know it. He, through his pity for the underdog, allows himself to be drawn into a desperate scheme of a nurse who is in love with an abortionist who is in prison; and there are tragic complications. But everything works out, in the end, precisely as things would, taking the characters into consideration; for Barry Benefield depicts people not only like Euripides, as they are, but, like Sophocles, as they should be. This novel of Benefield's is a tender and wholesome benefaction, a balm to us who have been slightly sickened by *Butterfield 8* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) by John O'Hara.

Don't mistake me. O'Hara can write with precision, concision and clarity. He is as smooth a cataloguer as a male Katharine Brush. But he is hag-ridden by the superstitions of the callowest Yale-Harvard-Princeton snobs and his Puritanical complexes will amaze any man who has ever lived west of Manhattan Transfer. His attitude toward women and love is that of a compliant St. Anthony in plus-fours: his terrors are not of temptation but of the hang-overs after he has indulged in temptation. And I am not speaking of Mr. O'Hara himself. For all I know he may be a perfectly swell, agreeable sort of chap. And, don't forget it, he has talent. I am talking about the point of view that is reflected in his work. There are several old men in *Butterfield 8* and they are all lecherous degenerates; one is a seemingly respectable professor of Latin in an exclusive New England school for boys. And the younger men in the novel are on their way toward offering little girls presents with ulterior designs. That will give you a general idea. There is a preachment, toward the end, too. It is that the boys and girls who are living in sin in Greenwich Village should get married right away and have a flock of children. And when the male children grow up they must be sure to wear Brooks Brothers clothes. That will give them distinction. They will be dressed just like that dude uncle of mine who was such a knockout with the ladies in 1897. Mr. O'Hara kow-tows to that comic valentine tradition, so prevalent among the half-baked sophomores of the Eastern schools. You wouldn't think it, him being a Mick and a former reporter on a tabloid, or would you? Anyway I don't like the novel but I read every word of it, which is more than I can say of *Only a Boy* or *The Memoirs of Fanny Hill.*

Next month I will review in recapitulation the better books of the year 1935. I will be dealing, therefore, with quite a number of items. This month I can, for lack of space, call your attention only to the following books as being among the better offerings which I have read since last I discoursed here: *I Live in Virginia* (Longmans, Green, $2.50) by Julian R. Meade—an audacious and entertaining book about people and things he has seen as an observant young man in Richmond, Danville, Virginia Military Institute and Virginia Beach; *Smith* (Robert M. McBride, $2.50) by James Branch Cabell—Smirt in a new avatar is this urbane and delightful new dream series Cabell is writing; *The Wedge* (Stokes, $2.50) by Herman B. Deutsch—a thrilling and informative novel of Mexico, its peons, its bandits, its dictators, and its people; *Autobiography* (Norton, $2.00) by Sigmund Freud—a short history of the evolution of the theory of psychoanalysis; *Three Flights Up* (Dodd Mead, $3.00) by Helen Woodward—the hitherto undisclosed forepart of the life Helen Woodward so candidly and so charmingly revealed in *Through Many Windows; Diaghileff* (Simon and Schuster, $3.75) by Arnold L. Haskell—a worshipful but fascinating story of the career of a strange, gifted, and sinister man; *Mules and Men* (Lippincott, $3.00) by Zora Hurston—a marvelous record of Negro folklore in authentic dialect. ⧺

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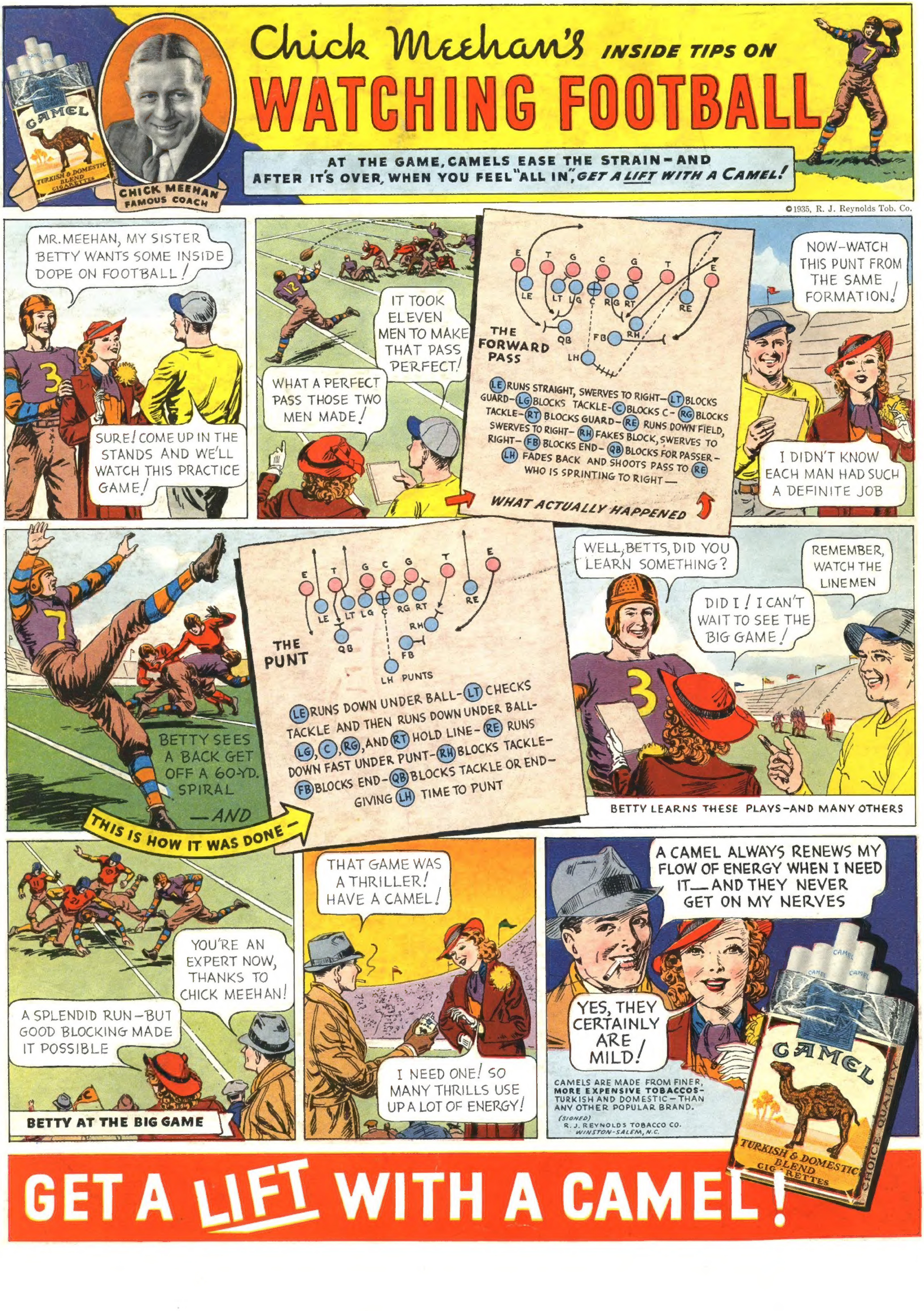
Chick Meehan's INSIDE TIPS ON
WATCHING FOOTBALL
CHICK MEEHAN FAMOUS COACH
CAMEL TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN—AND AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN", GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!
©1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!
SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!
IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!
WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!
THE FORWARD PASS
E T G C G T E
LE LT LG C RG RT RE
QB FB RH LH
LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT—LT BLOCKS GUARD—LG BLOCKS TACKLE—C BLOCKS C—RG BLOCKS TACKLE—RT BLOCKS GUARD—RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT—RH FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER—LH FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT—
WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED
NOW—WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!
I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB
BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL —AND
THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE
THE PUNT
E T G C G T E
LE LT LG C RG RT RE
QB RH FB LH PUNTS
LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE—RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT—RH BLOCKS TACKLE—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END—GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT
WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?
DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!
REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN
BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS—AND MANY OTHERS
YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!
A SPLENDID RUN—BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE
BETTY AT THE BIG GAME
THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!
I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!
A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT—AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES
YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!
CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
CAMEL TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES CHOICE QUALITY
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!